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THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THE

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OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE LAST ORIGINAL EDITIONS

WITH CRITICAL NOTES

AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

A NEW EDITION

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

WITH THE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

LEIPSIC:

PRINTED FOR ERNEST FLEISCHER.

1833.

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A Biographical and Critical Sketch

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

COMPRISING ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT MINSTRELSY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE "IRISH MELODIES."

BY J. W. LAKE.

(1827.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of literary men to whom Ireland has given birth, there is very little connected with their names which conveys to us any thing of a national association; for the land of their nativity scarcely enjoys a single ray of that brilliant mind, which sheds its intellectual brightness over the sister country. Congreve was an apostate, and Swift only by accident a patriot; whilst Goldsmith was weak enough to affect an air of contempt for a people whose accent was indelibly stamped on his tongue. We could protract the list of her ungrateful and thoughtless "men of mind" even to our own day; but the task would be invidious, and we gladly turn from it to one who forms a splendid exception — one who is not ashamed of Ireland, and of whom Ireland is justly proud. —

> Land of the Muse! in glory's lay,
> In history's leaf thy name shall soar,
> When, like a meteor's noxious ray,
> The reign of tyranny is o'er;
> Immortal names have honour'd thee —
> A Sheridan, a Wellesley;
> And still is beaming round thy shore
> The spirit bright of Liberty,
> For thou canst boast a patriot, *Moore!*

Mr. Moore is every way an Irishman, in heart, in feelings, and in principles. For his country he has done more than any man living: he has associated her name, her wrongs, and her attributes, with poetry and music, neither of which can ever die, while taste, patriotism, and literature subsist in the world; and whilst these survive, Ireland will form the theme of Beauty's song, and Irish music the charm of every cultivated mind. But, all extrinsic circumstances apart, there is in the melodies of Mr. Moore a sacred fire, which conveys its vividness to the soul of his readers; and they must be made of sterner stuff than the ordinary race of men, if their bosoms do not glow with liberal and patriotic enthusiasm, while they peruse the harmonious creations of a poet who has clothed the wild and eccentric airs of his country in words that burn, and sentiments that find an echo in every generous breast.

Had Mr. Moore done no more than this, he would be entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen; but his genius, like his own Peri, seems never pleased, but while hovering over the region he loves; or if it makes a short excursion, it is only in the hope of securing some advantage that may accelerate the removal of those disqualifications, which are supposed to exclude happiness from the limits of his country. In "Lalla Rookh" he has given his fire-worshippers the wrongs and feelings of Irishmen; while, in the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," he has accomplished a most difficult task — written a history of Ireland that has been read.

On such grounds we may well claim for Mr. Moore what he deserves — the crown of patriotism; but it is not on this head alone he is entitled to our praise. As a poet, since the lamented death of Byron, he stands almost without a competitor; and as a prose-writer, he is highly respectable.

Mr. Moore is the only son of the late Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a respectable tradesman in Dublin, where our poet was born on the 28th of May, 1780. He has two sisters; and his infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November, 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home, with a sensibility as exquisite as that which breathes through the lines of Cowper on receiving his mother's picture.

He acquired the rudiments of an excellent education under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Grafton-street, Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan. He evinced such talent in early life, as determined his father to give him the advantages of a superior education, and at the early age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Moore was greatly distinguished while at the University, by an enthusiastic attachment to the liberty and independence of his country, which he more than once publicly asserted with uncommon energy and eloquence, and he was equally admired for the splendour of his classical attainments, and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th November 1799, Mr. Moore entered himself a member of the honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and in the course of the year 1800, before he had completed the 20th year of his age, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse with notes, from whence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has ever since been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on executing this performance, which, if not a close version, must be confessed to be a fascinating one, of this favourite bard. The work is introduced by a Greek ode from the pen of the Translator, and is dedicated, with permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, now George the Fourth. When Mr. Moore first came to London, his youthful appearance was such, that being at a large dinner-party, and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "Ah! le petit bon homme qui s'en va!" Mr. Moore's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like Gay, "in wit a man." Assuming the appropriate name of Little, our author published, in 1801, a volume of original poems, chiefly amatory. Of the contents of this volume it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Several of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius: they were the productions of an age, when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination, which may in some degree palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of lubricity which pervades too many of them. In the same year, his "Philosophy of Pleasure" was advertised, but was never published.

Mr. Moore's diffidence of his poetical talents induced him to adopt, and with reluctance to reject, as a motto for this work, the quotation from Horace,

> Primum ego me illorum, quibus dederim esse poetis,
> Excerpam numero; neque enim concludere versus
> Dixeris esse satis —

and at a later period, when his reputation was fully established, he spoke of himself with his wonted modesty. "Whatever fame he might have acquired, he attributed principally to the verses which he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. His verses, in themselves, could boast of but little merit, but, like flies preserved in amber, they were esteemed in consequence of the precious material by which they were surrounded."

Mr. Sheridan, in speaking of the subject of this memoir, said, "That there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

Towards the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda;* where he had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it. From this situation, however, he never derived any emolument; though, a few years since, he suffered some pecuniary inconvenience, owing to the misconduct of his deputy. Alluding to his trip across the Atlantic, in a work published soon after his return to Europe, he says: "Though curiosity, therefore, was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Having remained about a week at New York," he continues, "where I saw Madame, the half repudiated wife of Jerome Buonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed

* The scene of Shakspeare's inimitable tragedy of "The Tempest," is said to have been laid in the island of Bermuda.

again for Norfolk, where I proceeded on my tour northward through Williamsburgh, Richmond," &c. In October, 1804, he quitted America on his return to England, in the Boston frigate, commanded by Capt. Douglas, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. In 1806, he published his remarks on the Manners and Society of America, in a work entitled Odes and Epistles. The preface to this little work sufficiently evinced the talent of Mr. Moore as a writer of prose.

The fate of Addison with his Countess Dowager holding out no encouragement for the ambitious love of Mr. Moore, he wisely and happily allowed his good taste to regulate his choice in a wife, and some years ago married Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal beauty, most amiable disposition, and accomplished manners, in whose society he passes much of his time in retirement at his cottage near Devizes, diversified by occasional visits to London. To complete this picture of domestic happiness, he is the father of several lovely children, on whose education he bestows the most judicious and attentive care.

Mr. Moore appears equally to have cultivated a taste for music as well as for poesy, and the late celebrated Dr. Burney was perfectly astonished at his talent, which he emphatically called "peculiarly his own." Nor has he neglected those more solid attainments which should ever distinguish the well-bred gentleman, for he is an excellent general scholar, and particularly well read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great, and his modest and unassuming manners have placed him in the highest rank of cultivated society.

The celebrated poem of Lalla Rookh appeared in 1817; in the summer of which year our poet visited the French capital, where he collected the materials for that humorous production, "The Fudge Family in Paris." In the following year, he went to Ireland, on which occasion a dinner was given to him, on the 8th of June, 1818, at Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, which was graced by a large assemblage of the most distinguished literary and political characters. The Earl of Charlemont took the head of the table; Mr. Moore sat on his right hand, and Mr. Moore sen. (since dead), a venerable old gentleman, the father of our bard, was on his left. As soon as the cloth was removed, *Non nobis, Domine*, was sung by the vocalists present; numerous loyal and patriotic toasts followed. The Earl of Charlemont then proposed the memory of the late lamented Princess Charlotte, which was drank in solemn silence, after which a sweet and plaintive song was sung, in commemoration of her late Royal Highness. After a short interval, the Earl of Charlemont again rose, and, with a suitable eulogium, proposed the health of the distinguished Irishman who had honoured the country with his presence. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Moore rose much affected, and spoke to the following effect: —

"I feel this the very proudest moment of my whole life; to receive such a tribute from an assembly like this around me, composed of some of the warmest and manliest hearts that Ireland can boast, is indeed a triumph that goes to my very heart, and awakens there all that an Irishman ought to feel, whom Irishmen like you have selected for such a distinction. — Were my merits a hundred times beyond what the partiality of the noble chairman has invested me with, this moment, this golden moment of my life, would far exceed them all. There are some among you, gentlemen, whose friendship has been the strength and ornament, the 'dulce decus' of my existence; who, however they differ from my public sentiments, have never allowed that transient ruffle on the surface to impede the progress of the deep tide of friendship beneath; men who feel that there is something more sacred than party, and whose noble natures, in the worst of times, would come out of the conflict of public opinion, like pebbles out of the ocean, but more smooth and more polished from its asperities by the very agitation in which they had been revolving. To see them beside me on a day like this, is pleasure that lies too deep for words. To the majority of you, gentlemen, I am unknown; but as your countryman, as one who has ventured to touch the chords of Ireland's Harp, and whose best fame is made out of the echoes of their sweetness; as one whose humble talents have been ever devoted, and, with the blessing of God, ever shall be devoted to the honour and advancement of his country's name; whose love for that country, even they, who condemn his manner of showing it, will at least allow to be sincere, and perhaps forgive its intemperance for its truth — setting him down as 'one who loved, not wisely, but too well:' — to most of you, gentlemen, I say, I am but thus known. We have hitherto been strangers to each other; but may I not flatter myself that from this night a new era of communion begins between us? The giving and receiving of a tribute like this is the very hot-bed of the heart, forcing at once all its feeling into a fulness of fruit, which it would take years of ordinary ripening to produce; and there is not a man of you who has pledged the cup of fellowship this night, of whom I would not claim the privilege of grasping by the hand, with all the cordiality of a long and well-cemented friendship. I could not say more if I were to speak for ages. With a heart full as this glass, I thank you for your kindness to me, and have the sincere gratification of drinking all your healths."

Lord Allen gave "the memory of Mr. Curran;" on which a very modest, pa tic, and eloquent speech was delivered by his son, in a tone and manner that prod the most lively emotion throughout the room.

A gentleman afterwards sang a lively and well-written song, composed for occasion. The subject was the poets' Election in Olympus, at which there were veral candidates, such as Byron, Scott, Southey, &c.; but which ended in a du turn of Moore, who had a great majority of votes. This *jeu d'esprit* produced r merriment, and the health of the author was drank with applause.

Lord Charlemont then gave 'the living Poets of Great Britain;' on which Moore said:

"Gentlemen, notwithstanding the witty song which you have just heard, and flattering elevation which the author has assigned me, I cannot allow such a mar respect to be paid to the illustrious names that adorn the literature of the present without calling your attention awhile to the singular constellation of genius, and ing you to dwell a little on the brightness of each particular star that forms Can I name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts recollections of all his mighty genius has awakened there; his energy, his burning words, his intense sion, that disposition of fine fancy to wander only among the ruins of the heart dwell in places which the fire of feeling has desolated, and, like the chesnut-tree, grows best in volcanic soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion left its mark? Need I mention to you a Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as most golden harvest of the south, whose beautiful creations succeed each other fruits in Armida's enchanted garden — 'one scarce is gathered ere another grow Shall I recall to you a Rogers (to me endeared by friendship as well as genius), has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory among the most imperishable blets there? A Southey, *not the Laureate*, but the author of "Don Roderick," on the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language? A Campbell, the polished spirited Campbell, whose song of "Innisfal" is the very tears of our own Irish m crystalized by the touch of genius, and made eternal? A Wordsworth, a poet, e in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great pool of Norway, draws into vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minute weeds and refuse? Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, giving not only motion, but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it? could enumerate, gentlemen, still more, and from thence would pass with deligh dwell upon the living poets of our own land; — the dramatic powers of a Maturin a Sheil, the former consecrated by the applause of a Scott and a Byron, and latter by the tears of some of the brightest eyes in the empire; the rich imaginatio a Philips, who has courted successfully more than one muse — the versatile ge of a Morgan, who was the first that mated our sweet Irish strains with po worthy of their pathos and their force. But I feel I have already trespassed too l upon your patience and your time. I do not regret, however, that you have deig to listen with patience to this humble tribute to the living masters of the English l which I, 'the meanest of the throng,' thus feebly, but heartily, have paid them."

In 1822, our author made a second visit to Paris, where he resided for a co derable time with his amiable wife and family. The fame of his genius, his social yet pretending manners, and his muscial talents and conversation, acquired him much est with the most eminent literary and literary-loving characters of the French capi The writer of this sketch may perhaps be excused for introducing here an impromptu wrote, in the blank leaf of a book belonging to a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Mo at his house in the Champs Elysées, Paris: —

Sweet child! when on thy beauteous face,
The blush of innocence I view,
Thy gentle mother's features trace,
Thy father's eye of genius too,
If envy wakes a transient sigh,
That face is my apology.

Previous to Mr. Moore leaving Paris, the British nobility and gentry resident in t capital gave him a most splendid dinner at Roberts's. About 60 persons were prese Lord Trimblestown was in the chair, supported on his right by Mr. Moore, and his left by the Earl of Granard. The vice-presidents were Sir Godfrey Webster, John Byerley, and the Reverend Archibald Douglas, who superintended the preparati for the banquet, which consisted of every luxury the gastronomic art could prod Mr. Moore was in high health and spirits; songs, catches, and glees, blended delig fully with the sparkling Champagne. Several speeches were made by Lord Trimb town, Messrs. Byerley, Kenney, Grattan, &c.; and Mr. Moore introduced the to of "Prosperity to Old England" in the following eloquent language: —

"As the noble chairman has, in compliment to the land of my birth, given the ever-welcome toast of 'Prosperity to Ireland,' I beg leave to suggest a similar tribute to that other country to which we all belong, and to whose real greatness and solid glory—all Irishman as I am, and with my political and historical recollections fresh about me—I am most ready to bear testimony and homage before the world. Yes, gentlemen, there may be, and there are (for God forbid that I should circumscribe virtue within any particular latitude), there may be, and there are high minds, warm hearts, and brave arms every where. But for that genuine high-mindedness, which has honesty for its basis—the only sure foundation upon which any thing lofty was ever built—which can distinguish between real, substantial greatness, and that false, inflated glory of the moment, whose elevation, like that of the balloon, is owing to its emptiness, or if not to its emptiness, at least, to the levity of its freight—for that good faith, that punctuality in engagements, which is the soul of all commercial as well as all moral relations, and which, while it gives to business the confidence and good understanding of friendship, introduces into friendship the regularity and matter-of-fact steadiness of business—for that spirit of fairness and liberality among public men, which extracts the virus of personality out of party zeal, and exhibits so often (too often, I am sorry to say, of late) the touching spectacle of the most sturdy political chieftains pouring out at the grave of their most violent antagonists such tributes, not alone of justice, but of cordial eulogy, as show how free from all private rancour was the hostility that separated them—and lastly (as I trust I may say, not only without infringing, but in strict accordance with, that wise tact which excludes party politics from a meeting like the present), for that true and well-understood love of liberty, which, through all changes of chance and time, has kept the old vessel of the Constitution sea-worthy—which, in spite of storms from without, and momentary dissensions between the crew within, still enables her to ride, the admiration of the world, and will, I trust in God, never suffer her to founder—for all these qualities, and many, many more that could be enumerated, equally lofty and equally valuable, the most widely-travelled Englishman may proudly say, as he sets his foot once more on the chalky cliffs,—'This is my own, my native land, and I have seen nothing that can, in the remotest degree, compare with it.'—Gentlemen, I could not help,—in that fulness of heart, which they alone can feel towards England who have been doomed to live for some time out of it—paying this feeble tribute to that most noble country, nor can I doubt the cordiality with which you will drink—'Prosperity, a long prosperity to Old England.'"

This speech was hailed with the warmest acclamations, and the utmost hilarity prevailed till "morning grey began to peep." Never did more gaiety, good humour, and cordiality grace a poet's festival, than at this farewell dinner to "Tom Moore."

To the above specimens of our author's oratorical powers, we subjoin here two other speeches, of more recent date, which he delivered on occasions which called forth all the glow of his heart, and sympathy of his nature.

On the 6th of last May, the anniversary meeting of the patrons and friends of the "Artists' Benevolent Fund" was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Right Hon. Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the chair. In the course of the evening, Mr. Shee, R. A., proposed as a toast "The health of Thomas Moore, and Thomas Campbell," which was drunk with enthusiastic applause. Immediately after this Mr. Moore rose, and returned thanks as follows:—

"I assure the meeting that I feel very sensibly and very strongly the high honour which has been conferred on me, nor do I feel it the less sensibly, from the kind and warm-hearted manner in which the toast has been proposed by my excellent friend and fellow-countryman. To have my name coupled with that of Mr. Campbell, I feel to be no ordinary distinction. If a critical knowledge of the arts were necessary for a just admiration of them, I must at once admit, much as I delight in them, that I cannot boast of that knowledge. I am one of those uninitiated worshippers who admire very sincerely, though perhaps I could not, like the initiated, give a perfectly satisfactory reason for my admiration. I enjoy the arts, as a man unacquainted with astronomy enjoys the beauty of sun-set, or the brilliant wonders of a starry night. Amongst the many objects of commiseration with which the world unfortunately abounds, there is not one that appeals more intensely to the feelings than the family which a man of genius leaves behind him, desolate and forsaken; their only distinction the reflected light of a name which renders their present misery more conspicuous, and the contemplation of which must add poignancy to their sufferings. There is no object under heaven more sure to be visited with the blessings of success than that which has in view the alleviation of such misery. I am happy to find that the Government, of which the Right Honourable Chairman forms a part, has taken the fine arts under their protection. It is for them a proud and honourable distinction, that, while they show they possess the talents of statesmen, they also prove they have the liberal feelings which belong to men of taste."

This speech was received with repeated cheering, and the eloquent speake down amidst the loudest applause.

At the 37th Anniversary of the "Literary Fund Society," Sir John Malcols troduced the health of our poet in the following manner: —

"It is another remarkable feature of this Institution, that its applause may be luable to genius, when its money is not wanted. I allude to one now present amo us, whom I have not the honour of knowing personally, but whose fame is known all over the world. I now claim the liberty to pay my tribute of admir to the individual in question; for, although I have spent a great part of my li distant climes, his fame has reached me; and the merit of one of his works I am self well able to appreciate — I mean Lalla Rookh—in which the author has comb the truth of the historian with the genius of the poet, and the vigorous classical of his own country with the fervid imagination of the East. I propose the heal Mr. Thomas Moore."

The health was then received with all the honours; upon which Mr. Moore and said:

"I feel highly flattered by the compliment now paid me, although there are o who might more justly have laid claim to it—I allude to the translator of Oberon Sotheby), whose genius instructed, enlightened, and delighted the world, lon a lay of mine appeared before the public. I cannot, however, but feel myself hi honoured by the manner in which my health has been received in such an assembl the present. The soldier is delighted with the applause of his companions in a the sailor loves to hear the praises of those who have encountered the perils o deep and of naval warfare; so I cannot help feeling somewhat like a similar plea from the approbation of those who have laboured with me in the same field. T the highest honour which they can offer, or I can receive. As to the Honour Baronet who has proposed my health in so flattering a manner, I feel that muc what he has said may arise from the influence of the sparkling glass which has circulating among us. (A laugh.) I do not by any means say that we have yet rea the state of double vision (a laugh), but it is well known that objects seen throu glass appear magnified and of a higher elevation. There is an anecdote in the his of literature not unconnected with this topic. When the art of printing was firs troduced, the types with which the first works were printed were taken down converted into drinking-cups, to celebrate the glory of the invention. — To be s there have been other literary glasses not quite so poetical; for it has been said, as the warriors of the North drank their mead in the hall of Odin out of the s of those whom they had slain in battle — so booksellers drank their wine out o skulls of authors. (Laughter and applause.) But different times have now arri for authors have got their share of the *aurum potabile*, and booksellers have got ra the worst of it. There is one peculiarity attendant upon genius, which is well w mentioning, with reference to the great objects of this admirable Institution. Me genius, like the precious perfumes of the East, are exceedingly liable to exhaust and the period often comes when nothing of it remains but its sensibility; and light, which long gave life to the world, sometimes terminates in becoming a bu to itself. (Great applause.) When we add to that the image of Poverty - - wher consider the situation of that man of genius, who, in his declining years and exhau resources, sees nothing before him but indigence — it is then only that we can mate the value of this Institution, which stretches out its friendly hand to save from the dire calamity. (Applause.) This is a consideration which ought to hav due effect upon the minds of the easy and opulent, who may themselves be me genius; but there may be others who have no property to bestow upon them; and person who now addresses you speaks the more feelingly, because he cannot be that the fate of genius, which he has just been depicting, may not one day b own." (Immense applause.)

In 1823, Mr. Moore published "The Loves of the Angels," of which two Fr translations soon after appeared in Paris. While Mr. Moore was composing this p Lord Byron, who then resided in Italy, was, by a singular coincidence, writi similar poem, with the title of "Heaven and Earth," both of them having take subject from the second verse of the 6th chapter of Genesis: "And it came to that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they them wives of all which they chose."

The two poets presumed that the Sons of God were angels, which opinion is entertained by some of the fathers of the Church.

We have already alluded to our author's "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the lebrated "Rinaldo Rinaldini" of Ireland; or rather the designation adopted by "Rob Roys" of that unfortunately divided country. Mr. Moore has since incre his reputation, as a prose writer, by his publication of the Life of the late R Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which, from the superior sources of i

ation at his command, is, in a literary point of view at least, a valuable acquisition to the lovers of biography.

We here annex a list of Mr. Moore's works, with their respective dates of publication, as far as we have been able to verify them.

The Odes of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with notes; dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales 4to. 1800.

A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the present Crisis. 8vo. 1803.

Corruption and Intolerance, two poems.

Epistles, Odes, and other Poems. 1806.

Poems, under the assumed name of the late Thomas Little, Esq. 8vo. 1808.

A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin. 8vo. 1810.

M. P., or the Blue Stocking, a comic opera in three acts, performed at the Lyceum. 1811.

Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny-Post Bag (in verse), by Thomas Brown the Younger. 8vo. 1812.—Of this upwards of fourteen editions have appeared in England.

A Selection of Irish Melodies, continued to 9 numbers.

Mr. Moore completed the translation of Sallust, which had been left unfinished by Mr. Arthur Murphy, and he superintended the printing of the work for the purchaser, Mr. Carpenter.

The Sceptic, a philosophical satire.

Lalla Rookh, an oriental romance, dedicated to Samuel Rogers, Esq. 1817.

The Fudge Family in Paris, letters in verse. 1818.

National Airs, continued to four numbers.

Sacred Songs, two numbers.

Ballads, Songs, &c.

Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, in verse.

Trifles Reprinted, in verse.

Loves of the Angels. 1823.

Rhymes on the Road, extracted from the journal of a travelling member of the Pococurante Society.

Miscellaneous Poems, by different members of the Pococurante Society.

Fables for the Holy Alliance, in verse.

Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c.

Memoirs of Captain Rock.

The Life of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

For Lalla Rookh Mr. Moore received 3,000 guineas of Messrs. Longman and Co. For the Life of Sheridan he was paid 2,000 guineas by the same house.—Mr. Moore enjoys an annuity of 500 l. from Power, the music-seller, for the Irish Melodies and other musical pieces. He has, moreover, lately, we understand, engaged to write for the Times newspaper, at a salary of 500 l. per annum.

It is well known that the Memoirs of the late Lord Byron, written by himself, had been deposited in the keeping of Mr. Moore, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. It is also known that the latter, with the consent and at the desire of his lordship, had long ago sold the manuscript to Mr. Murray, the bookseller, for the sum of two thousand guineas. These memoirs are, however, lost to the world: the leading facts relative to which were related in the following letter addressed by Mr. Moore to the English journals:—

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and myself to the property in these memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one), it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous revisal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, *and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us.* The manuscript was, accordingly, torn and burnt before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr. Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand guineas, with interest, &c., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co.

"Since then the family of Lord Byron have, in a manner highly honourable to themselves, proposed an arrangement, by which the sum thus paid to Mr. Murray might be reimbursed to me; but, from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully, but peremptorily, declined their offer."

Before we proceed to offer a few unprejudiced observations on this unpleasant subject, we deem it proper to lay before our readers the various opinions, *pro et contra*, to which this letter of Mr. Moore gave rise. It is but justice, however, to

Mr. Moore's high and unblemished reputation to premise, that neither by those regretted the burning of Byron's Memoirs, as a public loss, nor by those who demned it as a dereliction of the most important duty he owed to the memory and f of his noble-minded friend — by none of these, nor by any one we ever heard of, Mr. Moore's honour, disinterestedness, or delicacy — extreme delicacy — ever b in the slightest degree impeached.

The enemies of "The Burning" said, that Mr. Moore's *explanatory* letter wa ingenious but not an ingenuous one — for that, at any rate, it threw no *light* on subject. — They cavilled at the words "and it was the *only* point on which there exist any difference between us," professing to wonder what other "point" of consequence could possibly have been in discussion, save that of preserving or stroying the manuscript. They could not see, or were incapable of feeling, w paramount sense of delicacy or duty could operate upon a mind like Mr. Moore counterbalance the delicacy and duty due to his dead friend's fame, which, accor to them, he had thus abandoned to a sea of idle speculation. — Moreover, they w unable to comprehend what business Mr. Murray the bookseller, or any of the gen men present, had with the business, when Mr. Moore had redeemed the MS., "" interest, &c.," and with his *own* money (that is, the sum he borrowed for the p pose). Finally, it was past their understanding to conceive, how any person c allow his own fair, just, and honourably-acquired property to be burnt and destro before his eyes, and against his own protested opinion, even if, from an honest too sensitive deference for others, he had conceded so far as to withhold its publi tion to "a more convenient season;" or simply to preserve it as a precious relic in family.

To this, the firm supporters of church and state — the pure sticklers for pu morals — the friends of decorum and decency — the respecters of the inviolability domestic privacy — the foes to unlicensed wit and poetic license — the disintere and tender regarders of Lord Byron's character itself, — one and all, proudly repl that Mr. Moore had performed one of the most difficult and most delicate duties t ever fell to the lot of man, friend, citizen, or christian to perform, in the most m ly, friendly, patriotic, and christian-like manner. As a man, he had nobly sa ficed his private interest and opinion, out of respect to Lord Byron's living connexio as a friend, he had evinced a real and rare friendship by withholding, at his o personal loss, those self-and-thoughtlessly-intruded specks and deformities of a gr character from the popular gaze, which delights too much to feast on the infirmi of noble minds. As a citizen, he had forborne to display sparkling wit at the e pense of sound morality; and, finally, as a christian, he had acted like a good a faithful servant of the church, in leaving his friend's memory, and exposing his o reputation, to martyrdom, from the most religious and exalted motives.

The private and particular friends of Mr. Moore briefly and triumphantly refer to his unspotted character,

> Which never yet the breath of calumny had tainted,

and they properly condemned uncharitable conjecture on a subject of which the m that could be said was

> —— Causa latet, vis est notissima

The *Examiner* newspaper gave the subjoined statement, which, if it were p perly authenticated, would at once set the matter at rest, to the entire justificati of the Bard of Erin.

"We were going to allude again this week to the question between Mr. Moore a the public, respecting the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs. We have receiv several letters expressing the extreme mortification of the writers on learning the fa and venting their indignation in no very measured terms against the perpetrators, a we should not have concealed our own opinion that, however nobly Mr. Thomas Moo may have acted as regards his own interest, his *published letter* makes out no justi cation either in regard to his late illustrious friend, whose reputation was thus abs doned without that defence, which probably his own pen could alone furnish, of ma misrepresented passages in his conduct; or in regard to the world, which is thus ro bed of a treasure that can never be replaced. But we have learnt one fact, whi puts a different face upon the whole matter. It is, that *Lord Byron himself did n wish the Memoirs published.* How they came into the hands of Mr. Moore and t bookseller — for what purpose and under what reservations — we shall probably be liberty to explain at a future time; for the present, we can only say that such is t fact, as the noble poet's intimate friends can testify."

This is indeed an explanation "devoutly to be wished," nor can we conceive w it should be still delayed. It is highly probable, however, that Mr. Moore will hi self fully and satisfactorily elucidate the affair, in the life *he* is said to be writing Lord Byron.

Such were the conflicting opinions of the time relating to this mysterious and ...ly delicate subject; on which, however, we are bound to introduce a few ...ary remarks.

When Lord Byron's death was once ascertained, the whole interest of society ...ed centered in his Memoirs. Curiosity swallowed up grief; and people, beco...g wearied by the comments of other writers on him who was no more, turned with ...ampled anxiety to know what he had written upon himself. Whether or not the ...lic had a right to these Memoirs, is a question which it is not, perhaps, quite ...less to discuss. It is, at any rate, our opinion that they had the right; and that ...depository of the manuscript was no more than a trustee for the public, however ...individual interest was concerned or consulted. Lord Byron bequeathed his Me...irs to the world. The profits of their sale were alone meant for Mr. Moore. Lord ...on's family had no pretension whatever to the monopoly. And though the delicate ...sideration of Mr. Moore prompted his offer of having the manuscript perused and ...ified, if such be the proper word, by the nearest surviving relative of Lord Byron, ...maintain that he was right, strictly right, in *protesting* against its unconditional ...truction.

For ourselves, we think that, in respect to the burning, Mr. Moore's conduct is ...t clearly understood or appreciated. Some blame, as we have shown, appears to ...e been attached to his share in the matter, not only in Great Britain, but on the ...tinent, where the subject excited an interest quite as lively as in England. But it ...our opinion that Mr. Moore's conduct in the affair has been too hastily condemned. ...duty, we think, remains for his performance — but *one*, and that most impera...ve it is to give to the world the genuine work of Lord Byron, if it be in his power ...do so. The opinion is at all events wide spread, if not well founded, that one ...y *at least* of the original work is in existence. That opinion is afloat, and nothing ...ink it. If the Life which Mr. Moore is supposed to be preparing come out as his ...production, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to convince the public that it ...not a compilation from the copy which we allude to, or from a memory powerfully ...ches of the original. If it be not avowed as such, its genuineness will be doubted, ...d a dozen spurious lives will probably appear, professing to be that identical copy, ...whose existence no one will consent to doubt. No reasoning, nothing, in fact, ...t of Mr. Moore's positive assertion to the contrary, will persuade people that he ...d, for years, have run the risk of leaving so interesting a manuscript, or that he ...d have entrusted it, without possessing a duplicate, in the hands of any one. ...d, at all events, it will be thought morally certain, that *more than one* of those to ...m it was entrusted had curiosity enough to copy it; and very improbable that ...one had honesty enough to confess it.

Besides these reasons for the publication of the real Memoirs, supposing a copy ...ist, there is one of such paramount importance, that we are sure it must have ...ck every body who has thought at all upon the subject. We mean the retro...tive injury done to the character of the deceased, by the conjectures which are ...ed, as to the nature of the Memoirs he left behind. We do not pretend to be in ...secret of their contents, but we are quite sure they can be in no way so repre...ible, as the public imagination, and the enemies of Lord Byron, have figured ...to be; and there is one notion concerning them, of a nature too delicate to touch ..., and for the removal of whose sacrifice of individual or family *vanity* would be ...ice too high. We have, moreover, good authority for believing that the Me...s might and ought to have been published, with perfect safety to public morals, ...with a very considerable gratification to public anxiety. Curiosity, which is so ...ptible in individuals, assumes a very different aspect when it is shared by so...y at large; and a satisfaction which may be, in most instances, withheld from ...one, ought very rarely to be refused to the other. Nothing has ever had such power ...citement upon the mass of mankind as private details of illustrious individuals, ..., most of all, what may be called their *confessions:* and if those individuals chuse to ...their opinions as much the property of the world after their death, as their con...and their works had been before, we repeat, that it is nothing short of a fraud ...the public to snatch away the treasure of which they were the just inheritors. ...must it be said that the property in question is of no intrinsic value. Every thing ...ministers to the public indulgence is of wealth proportioned to its rarity — and ...s point of view Lord Byron's Memoirs were beyond price. If they contain gross ...al, or indecent disclosure, let such parts be suppressed; and enough will remain ...y to satisfy all readers. But we say this merely for the sake of supposition, and ...the purpose of refuting an argument founded in an extreme case; we have great ...ure in believing that the only pretence for such an imputation on the manuscript, ...as the selfish or squeamish act of its suppression.

We trust that Mr. Moore will yet consider well the part he has to perform; that ...e is not insensible to the narrow scrutiny which the public displays in this affair, and ...which posterity will confirm; and that he will, on this occasion, uphold the character

for integrity and frankness which is so pre-eminently his. We speak with certi of his disinterested and upright feelings throughout; we only hope his delicacy tow others may not lead him too far towards the risk of his own popularity, or the sacri of what we designate once more the public property.

If credit may be given to Captain Medwin, Lord Byron was most desirous the posthumous printing of his Memoirs; and he seems, indeed, to have entru them to Mr. Moore, as a safeguard against that very accident into which the hi wrought notions of delicacy of the trustee, and his deference to the relations friends of the illustrious deceased, actually betrayed them. Lord Byron seem have been aware of the prudery of his own immediate connexions; and in the wa which he bestowed the manuscript, to have consulted at once his generous disposi towards a friend, and his desire of security against mutilation or suppression. On subject Captain Medwin's Journal makes him speak as follows: — "I am sorry no have a copy of my Memoirs to show you. I gave them to Moore, or rather to Moo little boy."*

"I remember saying, 'Here are two thousand pounds for you, my young frie I made one reservation in the gift — that they were not to be published till after death."

"I have not the least objection to their being circulated; in fact they have b read by some of mine, and several of Moore's friends and acquaintances; am others they were lent to Lady Burghersh. On returning the manuscript, her ladys told Moore that she had transcribed the whole work. This was *un peu fort*, and suggested the propriety of her destroying the copy. She did so, by putting it into fire in his presence. Ever since this happened, Douglas Kinnaird has been reco mending me to resume possession of the manuscript, thinking to frighten me by sayi that a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go forth to the wo I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all that they contain There are v few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes that will affect othe in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part v prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one peri and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, a none that will not, be read by women."

In this particular Lord Byron's fate has been singular; and a superstitious pers might be startled at the coincidence of so many causes, all tending to hide his char ter from the public. That scandal and envy should have been at work with suc man is not very extraordinary; but the burning of his Memoirs, and the subsequ injunction on the publication of his Letters to his Mother, seem as if something m than mere chance had operated to preserve unconfuted the calumnies of the day, the benefit of future biographers. Of these Letters a friend of ours was fortun enough to obtain a glimpse, and never, he told us, was more innocent, and at t same time more valuable matter, so withheld from the world. It were, he observ but an act of cold justice to the memory of Lord Byron to state, publicly, that th appear the reflections of as generous a mind as ever committed its expression to pap for though, indeed, the traces of his temperament, and of his false position in socie are there, still the sentiments are lofty and enthusiastic; and every line betrays t warmest sympathy with human suffering, and a scornful indignation against mean a disgraceful vice.

The extempore song, addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, on the latte last visit to Italy, proves the familiar intercourse and friendship that subsist between him and the subject of this memoir. The following stanzas are very e pressive:

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to *thee* that I would drink.
In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — Peace to thine and mine,
And a health to *thee*, *Tom Moore!*

When Lord Byron had published his celebrated satire of "English Bards a Scotch Reviewers," in which our poet, in common with most of his distinguish contemporaries was visited rather "too roughly" by the noble modern Juvenal, h lordship expected to be "called out," as the fashionable phrase is; but no one h courage to try his prowess in the field, save Mr. Moore, who did not relish the jo about "Little's leadless pistols," and sent a letter to his lordship in the nature of

* There is some trifling inaccuracy in this, as Moore's son was not with him in Italy. is nevertheless true, as we are assured, that this was the turn which Lord Byron gave to h present, in order to make it more acceptable to his friend.

challenge, but which he, by his leaving the country, did not receive. On Byron's return, Mr. Moore made inquiry if he had received the epistle, and stated that, on account of certain changes in his circumstances, he wished to recall it, and become the friend of Byron, through Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and who was intimate with both the distinguished bards. The letter, addressed to the care of Mr. Hanson, had been mislaid; search was made for it, and Byron, who at first did not like this offer, of one hand with a pistol, and the other to shake in fellowship, felt very awkward. On the letter being recovered, however, he delivered it unopened to Mr. Moore, and they afterwards continued to the last most particular friends.

It is but justice to the unquestionable courage and spirited conduct of the Bard of Erin, to observe here, that, though Byron had stated the truth about the said "leadless pistols," he had not stated the whole truth. The facts were these: Mr. Jeffrey, the celebrated critic, and editor of the Edinburgh Review, had, in "good set phrase," abused the Poems of Thomas Little, Esq., *alias* Thomas Moore, Esq.; and the latter, not chusing to put up with the flagellation of the *then* modern Aristarchus, challenged him. When they arrived at Chalk Farm, the place fixed on for the duel, the police were ready, and deprived them of their fire-arms. On drawing their contents, the compound of "villanous saltpetre" was found, but the cold lead,

> The pious metal most in requisition
> On such occasions,

had somehow disappeared. The cause was this: One of the balls had fallen out in the carriage, and the seconds, with a laudable anxiety to preserve the public peace, to save the shedding of such valuable blood, and to make both equal, drew the other ball.

In his youth Mr. Moore was in the high road to court favour, and had his spirit been less independent, we might even have had a Sir Thomas *More* in our days. It is said that when the juvenile Anacreon was introduced to the then Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness inquired of him whether he was a son of Dr. Moore, the celebrated author of Zeluco; and that the bard promptly replied, "No, Sir; I am the son of a grocer at Dublin!"

The following anecdote shows that His Majesty King George the Fourth did not forget to pay off the Prince of Wales's "old score" with our poet:—In the king's presence, a critic, speaking of the "Life of Sheridan," declared that Moore had murdered his friend. "You are too severe," said his Majesty, "I cannot admit that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life*."

It was not till after the Prince of Wales's investment with regal power, that Mr. Moore levelled the keen shafts of his "grey goose quill" against that illustrious personage. He had previously dedicated the translation of Anacreon to His Royal Highness, by whom, it is said, his poetry was much admired. We question, though, if his verse was as palatable to the Prince *Regent* as it had been to the Prince of *Wales*. Mr. Moore, perhaps, thought as one of his predecessors had done on this subject, of whom the following anecdote is recorded. Pope, dining one day with Frederic, Prince of Wales, paid the prince many compliments. "I wonder," said His Royal Highness, "that you, who are so severe on kings, should be so complaisant to me." "It is," replied the witty bard, "because I like the lion before his claws are grown."

The name of Anacreon Moore, by which our author is distinguished, is not so much his due from the mere circumstance of his having translated the odes of the Teian bard, as from the social qualities which he is known to possess, and the convivial spirit of his muse. Mr. Moore seems to be of opinion, that

> If with water you fill up your glasses,
> You'll never write any thing wise
> For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
> Which hurries a bard to the skies.

He is not, however, ungrateful for whatever share conviviality may have had in inspiring his muse, but has amply acknowledged it in the elegant and glowing terms in which he has celebrated its praises. No individual presides with more grace at the convivial board, nor is there one whose absence is more liable to be regretted by his friends.

Being on one occasion prevented from attending a banquet where he was an expected guest, and where, in consequence, every thing seemed (to use a familiar phrase) out of sorts, a gentleman, in the fervour of his disappointment, exclaimed, "Give us but one Anacreon *more*, ye gods, whatever else you deny us."

Presiding once at a tavern dinner, where some of the company were complaining that there was no game at the table, a gentleman present, alluding to the fascinating manners of Mr. Moore, who "kept the table in a roar," said, "Why, gentlemen, what better game would you wish than *moor* game, of which I am sure you have abundance?"

At another time, after the pleasures of the evening had been extended to a pretty late hour, Mr. D. proposed, as a concluding bumper, the health of Mr. Moore; a toast which, having been twice drank in the course of the evening, was objected to as unnecessary. Mr. D., however, persisted in giving the toast; and quoted in support of it the following passage from Mr. Moore's translation of the eighth ode of Anacreon. "Let us drink it now," said he,

> For death may come with brow unpleasant,
> May come when least we wish him present,
> And beckon to the sable shore,
> And grimly bid us—drink no *More!*

We here terminate the biographical part of our sketch; and, after a few introductory and general remarks, shall proceed to take a critical review of our author's principal works, including some interesting sketches and anecdotes of ancient minstrelsy, illustrative of the "Irish Melodies."

Moore is not, like Wordsworth or Coleridge, the poet's poet; nor is it necessary, in order to enjoy his writings, that we should create a taste for them other than what we received from nature and education. Yet his style is contemned as tinsel and artificial, whereas the great praise bestowed on those preferred to it is, that they are the only true natural.—Now if it requires study and progressive taste to arrive at a sense of the natural, and but common feeling to enjoy the beauties of the artificial, then certainly these names have changed places since we met them in the dictionary.

Formerly, people were content with estimating books—persons are the present objects universally. It is not the pleasure or utility a volume affords, which is taken into consideration, but the genius which it indicates. Each person is anxious to form his scale of excellence, and to range great names, living or dead, at certain intervals and in different grades, self being the hidden centre whither all the comparisons verge. In former times works of authors were composed with ideal or ancient models,—the humble crowd of readers were content to peruse and admire. At present it is otherwise,—every one is conscious of having either written, or at least having been able to write a book, and consequently all literary decisions affect them personally:—

> *Scribendi* nihil a me alienum puto,

is the language of the age, and the most insignificant calculate on the wonders they might have effected, had chance thrown a pen in their way.—The literary character has, in fact, extended itself over the whole face of society, with all the evils that D'Israeli has enumerated, and ten times more—it has spread its fibres through all ranks, sexes, and ages. There no longer exists what writers used to call a public—that disinterested tribunal has long since merged in the body it used to try. Put your finger on any head in a crowd—it belongs to an author, or the friend of one, and your great authors are supposed to possess a quantity of communicable celebrity: an intimacy with one of them is a sort of principality, and a stray anecdote picked up rather a valuable sort of possession. These people are always crying out against personality, and personality is the whole business of their lives. They can consider nothing as it is by itself; the cry is, "who wrote it?"—"what manner of man is he?"—"where did he borrow it?" They make puppets of literary men by their impatient curiosity; and when one of themselves is dragged from his malign obscurity in banter or whimsical revenge, he calls upon all the gods to bear witness to the malignity he is made to suffer.

It is this spirit which has perverted criticism, and reduced it to a play of words. To favour this vain eagerness of comparison, all powers and faculties are resolved at once into *genius* — that vague quality, the supposition of which is at every one's command; and characters, sublime in one respect, as they are contemptible in another, are viewed under this one aspect. The man, the poet, the philosopher, are blended, and the attributes of each applied to all without distinction. One person inquires the name of a poet, because he is a reasoner; another, because he is mad; another, because he is conceited. Johnson's assertion is taken for granted — that genius is but great natural power directed towards a particular object: thus all are reduced to the same scale, and measured by the same standard. This fury of comparison knows no bounds; its abettors, at the same time that they reserve to themselves the full advantage of dormant merit, make no such allowance to established authors. They judge them rigidly by their pages, assume that their love of fame and emolument would not allow them to let any talent be idle, and will not hear any arguments advanced for their unexpected capabilities.

The simplest and easiest effort of the mind is egotism, — it is but baring one's own breast, disclosing its curious mechanism, and giving exaggerated expressions to every-day feeling. Yet no productions have met with such success; — what authors can compete, as to popularity, with Montaigne, Byron, Rousseau? Yet we cannot but believe that there have been thousands of men in the world who could have walked

the same path, and perhaps met with the same success, if they had had the same confidence. Passionate and reflecting minds are not so rare as we suppose, but the boldness that sets at nought society is. Nor could want of courage be the only obstacle: there are, and have been, we trust, many who would not exchange the privacy of their mental sanctuary, for the indulgence of spleen, or the feverish dream of popular celebrity. And if we can give credit for this power to the many who have lived unknown and shunned publicity, how much more must we not be inclined to allow to him of acknowledged genius, and who has manifested it in works of equal beauty, and of greater merit, inasmuch as they are removed from self? It has been said by a great living author and poet,* that "the choice of a subject removed from self is the test of genius."

These considerations ought, at least, to prevent us from altogether merging a writer's genius in his works, and from using the name of the poem and that of the poet indifferently. For our part, we think that if Thomas Moore had the misfortune to be metaphysical, he might have written such a poem as the Excursion, - that had he condescended to borrow, and at the same time disguise the feelings of the great Lake Poets, he might perhaps have written the best parts of Childe Harold — and had he the disposition or the whim to be egotistical, he might lay bare a mind of his own as proudly and as passionately organized as the great lord did, whom some one describes "to have gutted himself body and soul, for all the world to walk in and see the show."

So much for the preliminary cavils which are thrown in the teeth of Moore's admirers. They have been picked up by the small fry critics, who commenced their career with a furious attack on him, Pope, and Campbell, but have since thought it becoming to grow out of their early likings. And at present they profess to prefer the great works which they have never read, and which they will never be able to read, to those classic poems, of which they have been the most destructive enemies, by bethumbing and quoting their beauties into triteness and common-place.

The merits of Pope and of Moore have suffered depreciation from the same cause — the facility of being imitated to a certain degree. And as vulgar admiration seldom penetrates beyond this degree, the conclusion is that nothing can be easier than to write like, and even equal to, either of these poets. In the universal self-comparison, which is above mentioned, as the foundation of modern criticism, feeling is assumed to be genius — the passive is considered to imply the active power. No opinion is more common or more fallacious — it is the "flattering unction" which has inundated the world with versifiers, and which seems to under-rate the merit of compositions, in which there is more ingenuity and elegance than passion. Genius is considered to be little more than a capability of excitement — the greater the passion the greater the merit; and the school-boy key on which Mr. Moore's love and heroism are usually set, is not considered by any reader beyond his reach. This is certainly Moore's great defect; but it is more that of his taste than of any superior faculty.

We shall now proceed to notice the most laboured and most splendid of Mr. Moore's productions — "Lalla Rookh:" —

> Then if, while scenes so grand,
> So beautiful, shine before thee,
> Pride, for thine own dear land,
> Should haply be stealing o'er thee;
> Oh! let grief come first,
> O'er pride itself victorious,
> To think how man hath curst,
> What Heav'n hath made so glorious.

Several of our modern poets had already chosen the luxuriant climate of the East for their imaginations to revel in, and body forth their shapes of light; but it is no less observable that they had generally failed, and the cause we believe to be this — that the partial conception and confined knowledge which they naturally possessed of a country, so opposed in the character of its inhabitants and the aspect of its scenery to their own, occasioned them, after the manner of all imperfect apprehenders, to seize upon its prominent features and obvious characteristics, without entering more deeply into its spirit, or catching its retired and less palpable beauties. The sudden transplantation of an European mind into Asiatic scenes can seldom be favourable to its well-being and progress; at least none but those of the first order would be enabled to keep their imaginations from degenerating into inconsistency and bombast, amid the swarms of novelties which start up at every step. Thus it is that, in nearly all the oriental poems added to our literature, we had the same monotonous assemblage of insipid images, drawn from the peculiar phenomena and natural appearances of the country.

We have always considered Asia as naturally the home of poetry, and the creator of poets. What makes Greece so poetical a country is, that at every step we

* Coleridge.

stumble over recollections of departed grandeur, and behold the scenes where the human mind has glorified itself for ever, and played a part the records of which can never die. But in Asia, to the same charm of viewing the places of former power — of comparing the present with the past — there is added a luxuriance of climate, and an unrivalled beauty of external nature, which, ever according with the poet's soul,

> Temper, and do befit him to obey
> High inspiration.

It was reserved for Mr. Moore to redeem the character of oriental poetry, in a work which stands distinct, alone, and proudly pre-eminent above all that had preceded it on the same subject.

Never, indeed, has the land of the sun shone out so brightly on the children of the north — nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth — nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe, as in the fine oriental romance of Lalla Rookh. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendours, the breathing odours of the East, found, at last, a kindred poet in that Green Isle of the West, whose genius has long been suspected to be derived from a warmer clime, and here wantons and luxuriates in these voluptuous regions, as if it felt that it had at length recognized its native element. It is amazing, indeed, how much at home Mr. Moore seems to be in India, Persia, and Arabia; and how purely and strictly Asiatic all the colouring and imagery of his poem appears. He is thoroughly imbued with the character of the scenes to which he transports us; and yet the extent of his knowledge is less wonderful than the dexterity and apparent facility with which he has turned it to account, in the elucidation and embellishment of his poetry. There is not a simile, a description, a name, a trait of history, or allusion of romance, which belongs to European experience, or does not indicate entire familiarity with the life, nature, and learning of the East.

Nor are the barbaric ornaments thinly scattered to make up a show. They are showered lavishly over the whole work; and form, perhaps, too much the staple of the poetry, and the riches of that which is chiefly distinguished for its richness. We would confine this remark, however, to the descriptions of external objects, and the allusions to literature and history — to what may be termed the *matériel* of the poetry we are speaking of. The characters and sentiments are of a different order. They cannot, indeed, be said to be copies of an European nature; but still less like that of any other region. They are, in truth, poetical imaginations; — but it is to the poetry of rational, honourable, considerate, and humane Europe that they belong — and not to the childishness, cruelty, and profligacy of Asia.

There is something very extraordinary, we think, in this work — and something which indicates in the author, not only a great exuberance of talent, but a very singular constitution of genius. While it is more splendid in imagery — and for the most part in very good taste — more rich in sparkling thoughts and original conceptions, and more full indeed of exquisite pictures, both of all sorts of beauties, and all sorts of virtues, and all sorts of sufferings and crimes, than any other poem we know of; we rather think we speak the sense of all classes of readers, when we add, that the effect of the whole is to mingle a certain feeling of disappointment with that of admiration, — to excite admiration rather than any warmer sentiment of delight — to dazzle more than to enchant — and, in the end, more frequently to startle the fancy, and fatigue the attention, with the constant succession of glittering images and high-strained emotions, than to maintain a rising interest, or win a growing sympathy, by a less profuse or more systematic display of attractions.

The style is, on the whole, rather diffuse, and too unvaried in its character. But its greatest fault is the uniformity of its brilliancy — the want of plainness, simplicity, and repose. We have heard it observed by some very zealous admirers of Mr. Moore's genius, that you cannot open this book without finding a cluster of beauties in every page. Now, this is only another way of expressing what we think its greatest defect. No work, consisting of many pages, should have detached and distinguishable beauties in every one of them. No great work, indeed, should have *many* beauties: if it were perfect it would have but *one*, and that but faintly perceptible, except on a view of the whole. Look, for example, at what is the most finished and exquisite production of human art — the design and elevation of a Grecian temple, in its old severe simplicity. What penury of ornament — what neglect of beauties of detail — what masses of plain surface — what rigid economical limitation to the useful and the necessary! The cottage of a peasant is scarcely more simple in its structure, and has not fewer parts that are superfluous. Yet what grandeur — what elegance — what grace and completeness in the effect! The whole is beautiful — because the beauty is in the whole; but there is little merit in any of the parts except that of fitness and careful finishing. Contrast this with a Dutch, or a Chinese pleasure-house, where every part is meant to be beautiful, and the result is deformity—where there is not an inch of the surface that is not brilliant with colour, and rough with curves and angles, — and where the effect of the whole is displeasing to the eye and the taste. We are as

far as possible from meaning to insinuate that Mr. Moore's poetry is of this description; on the contrary, we think his ornaments are, for the most part, truly and exquisitely beautiful; and the general design of his pieces extremely elegant and ingenious: all that we mean to say is, that there is too much ornament — too many insulated and independent beauties — and that the notice and the very admiration they excite, hurt the interest of the general design, and withdraw our attention too importunately from it.

Mr. Moore, it appears to us, is too lavish of his gems and sweets, and it may truly be said of him, in his poetical capacity, that he would be richer with half his wealth. His works are not only of rich materials and graceful design, but they are every where glistening with small beauties and transitory inspirations — sudden flashes of fancy that blaze out and perish; like earth-born meteors that crackle in the lower sky, and unseasonably divert our eyes from the great and lofty bodies which pursue their harmonious courses in a serener region.

We have spoken of these as faults of style — but they could scarcely have existed without going deeper; and though they first strike us as qualities of the composition only, we find, upon a little reflection, that the same general character belongs to the fable, the characters, and the sentiments — that they all are alike in the excess of their means of attraction — and fail to interest, chiefly by being too interesting.

We have felt it our duty to point out the faults of our author's poetry, particularly in respect to Lalla Rookh, but it would be quite unjust to characterize that splendid poem by its faults, which are infinitely less conspicuous than its manifold beauties. There is not only a richness and brilliancy of diction and imagery spread over the whole work, that indicate the greatest activity and elegance of fancy in the author; but it is every where pervaded, still more strikingly, by a strain of tender and noble feeling, poured out with such warmth and abundance, as to steal insensibly on the heart of the reader, and gradually to overflow it with a tide of sympathetic emotion. There are passages indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very genius of poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment — where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively through long reaches of delight. Mr. Moore's poetry, indeed, where his happiest vein is opened, realizes more exactly than that of any other writer, the splendid account which is given by *Comus** of the song of

> His mother Circe, and the sirens three,
> Amid the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
> Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
> And lap it in Elysium.

And though it is certainly to be regretted that he should occasionally have broken the measure with more frivolous strains, or filled up its intervals with a sort of brilliant *falsetto*, it should never be forgotten, that his excellencies are as peculiar to himself as his faults, and, on the whole, we may assert, more characteristic of his genius.

The legend of Lalla Rookh is very sweetly and gaily told; and is adorned with many tender as well as lively passages — without reckoning among the latter the occasional criticisms of the omniscient Fadladeen, the magnificent and most infallible grand chamberlain of the haram — whose sayings and remarks, by the by, do not agree very well with the character which is assigned him — being for the most part very smart, snappish, and acute, and by no means solemn, stupid, and pompous, as one would have expected. Mr. Moore's genius, perhaps, is too inveterately lively, to make it possible for him even to counterfeit dulness. We must now take a slight glance at the poetry.

The first piece, entitled the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, is the longest, and, we think, certainly not the best of the series. The story, which is not in all its parts extremely intelligible, is founded on a vision, in d'Herbelot, of a daring impostor of the early ages of Islamism, who pretended to have received a later and more authoritative mission than that of the Prophet, and to be destined to overturn all tyrannies and superstitions on the earth, and to rescue all souls that believed in him. To shade the celestial radiance of his brow, he always wore a veil of silver gauze, and was at last attacked by the Caliph, and exterminated with all his adherents. On this story Mr. Moore has engrafted a romantic and not very probable tale: yet, even with all its faults, it possesses a charm almost irresistible, in the volume of sweet sounds and beautiful images, which are heaped together with luxurious profusion in the general texture of the style, and invest even the faults of the story with the graceful amplitude of their rich and figured veil.

"Paradise and the Peri" has none of the faults just alluded to. It is full of spirit, elegance, and beauty; and, though slight in its structure, breathes throughout a most pure and engaging morality.

* Milton, who was much patronized by the illustrious House of Egerton, wrote the *Mask of Comus* upon John Egerton, then Earl of Bridgewater, when that nobleman, in 1634, was appointed Lord President of the principality of Wales. It was performed by three of his Lordship's children, before the Earl, at Ludlow Castle. — *See the Works of the present Earl of Bridgewater.*

"The Fire-worshippers" appears to us to be indisputably the finest and m powerful poem of them all. With all the richness and beauty of diction that belong the best parts of Mokanna, it has a far more interesting story; and is not liabl the objections that arise against the contrivance and structure of the leading po The general tone of the Fire-worshippers is certainly too much strained, but, in sp of that, it is a work of great genius and beauty; and not only delights the fancy its general brilliancy and spirit, but moves all the tender and noble feelings wit deep and powerful agitation.

The last piece, entitled "The Light of the Haram," is the gayest of the whc and is of a very slender fabric as to fable or invention. In truth, it has scarcely s story at all; but is made up almost entirely of beautiful songs and fascinating descriptio

On the whole, it may be said of "Lalla Rookh," that its great fault consists its profuse finery; but it should be observed, that this finery is not the vulgar osten tion which so often disguises poverty or meanness — but, as we have before hint the extravagance of excessive wealth. Its great charm is in the inexhaustible copiou ness of its imagery — the sweetness and ease of its diction — and the beauty of t objects and sentiments with which it is conceived.

Whatever popularity Mr. Moore may have acquired as the author of Lalla Rook &c., it is as the author of the "Irish Melodies" that he will go down to posterity u rivalled and alone in that delightful species of composition. Lord Byron has ve justly and prophetically observed, that "Moore is one of the few writers who will su vive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Mel dies'; they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Irelan or as music and poetry."

If, indeed, the anticipation of lasting celebrity be the chief pleasure for the attai ment of which poets bestow their labour, certainly no one can have engaged so mu of it as Thomas Moore. It is evident that writers who fail to command immedia attention, and who look only to posterity for a just estimate of their merits, must fe more or less uncertainty as to the ultimate result, even though they should apprecia their own productions as highly as Milton his Paradise Lost; while they who succee in obtaining a large share of present applause, cannot but experience frequent misgi vings as to its probable duration: prevailing tastes have so entirely changed, an works, the wonder and delight of one generation, have been so completely forgotte in the next, that extent of reputation ought rather to alarm than assure an autho in respect to his future fame.

But Mr. Moore, independently of poetical powers of the highest order — inde pendently of the place he at present maintains in the public estimation — has secure to himself a strong hold of celebrity, as durable as the English tongue.

Almost every European nation has a kind of primitive music, peculiar to itself consisting of short and simple tunes or melodies, which at the same time that the please cultivated and scientific ears, are the object of passionate and almost exclusiv attainment by the great body of the people, constituting, in fact, pretty nearly the sum of their musical knowledge and enjoyment. Being the first sounds with which the infant is soothed in his nursery, with which he is lulled to repose at night, and excited to animation in the day, they make an impression on the imagination that can neve afterwards be effaced, and are consequently handed down from parent to child, from generation to generation, with as much uniformity as the family features and dispositions. It is evident, therefore, that he who first successfully invests them with language, becomes thereby himself a component part of these airy existences, and commits his bark to a favouring wind, before which it shall pass on to the end of the stream of time.

Without such a connexion as this with the national music of Scotland, it seems to us, that Allan Ramsay's literary existence must have terminated its earthly career long since; but, in the divine melody of "*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie*," he has secured a passport to future ages, which mightier poets might envy, and which will be heard and acknowledged as long as the world has ears to hear.

This is not a mere fancy of the uninitiated, or the barbarous exaggeration of a musical savage who has lost his senses at hearing Orpheus's hurdy-gurdy, because he never heard any thing better. One of the greatest composers that ever charmed the world — the immortal Haydn — on being requested to add symphonies and accompaniments to the Scotch airs, was so convinced of their durability, that he replied — "Mi vanto di questo lavoro, e per ciò mi lusingo di vivere in Scozia molti anni dopo la mia morte."

It is not without reason, therefore, that Mr. Moore indulges in this kind of second-sight, and exclaims (on hearing one of his own melodies re-echoed from a bugle in the mountains of Killarney),

> Oh, forgive if, while listening to music, whose breath
> Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
> He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
> Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of fame;

Even so, though thy mem'ry should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!

In truth, the subtile essences of these tunes present no object upon which time or violence can act. Pyramids may moulder away, and bronzes be decomposed; but the breeze of heaven which fanned them in their splendour shall sigh around them in decay, and by its mournful sound awaken all the recollections of their former glory. Thus, when generations shall have sunk into the grave, and printed volumes been consigned to oblivion, traditionary strains shall prolong our poet's existence, and his future fame shall not be less certain than his present celebrity.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when the Bard of Love is gone,
His mem'ry lives in Musics breath!

Almost every European nation, as we before observed, has its own peculiar set of popular melodies, differing as much from each other in character as the nations themselves; but there are none more marked or more extensively known than those of the Scotch and Irish. Some of these may be traced to a very remote era; while of others the origin is scarcely known; and this is the case, especially, with the airs of Ireland. With the exception of those which were produced by Carolan, who died in 1738, there are few of which we can discover the dates or composers.

That many of these airs possess great beauty and pathos, no one can doubt who is acquainted with the selections that have been made by Mr. Moore; but as a genus or a style, they also exhibit the most unequivocal proofs of a rude and barbarous origin; and there is scarcely a more striking instance of the proneness of mankind to exalt the supposed wisdom of their ancestors, and to lend a ready ear to the marvellous, than the exaggerated praise which the authors of this music have obtained.

It is natural to suppose that in music, as in all other arts, the progress of savage man was gradual; that there is no more reason for supposing he should have discovered at once the seven notes of the scale, than that he should have been able at once to find appropriate language for all the nice distinctions of morals or metaphysics. We shall now pass to some interesting accounts of the Bards of the "olden time," which come within the scope of our subject when speaking of the present Bard of Erin, and his "Irish Melodies."

Dr. Burney observes, that "the first Greek musicians were gods; the second, heroes; the third, bards; the fourth, beggars!" During the infancy of music in every country, the wonder and affections of the people were gained by surprise; but when musicians became numerous, and the art was regarded of easier acquirement, they lost their favour, and, from being seated at the tables of kings, and helped to the first cut, they were reduced to the most abject state, and ranked amongst rogues and vagabonds. That this was the cause of the supposed retrogradation of Irish music, we shall now proceed to show, by some curious extracts from contemporary writers.

The Bards, the earliest professors of whom we have not any account, having united to their capacity of musicians the function of priests, could not fail to obtain for themselves, in an age of ignorance and credulity, all the influence and respect which that useful and deserving class of men have never failed to retain, even among nations who esteem themselves the most enlightened. But the remotest period in which their character of musician was disengaged from that of priest is also the period assigned to the highest triumph of their secular musical skill and respectability. "It is certain," says Mr. Bunting (in his Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Harp), "*that the farther we explore, while yet any light remains, the more highly is Irish border minstrelsy extolled.*"

"The *oldest* Irish tunes (says the same writer) are said to be the *most perfect*," and history accords with this opinion. Vin. Galilei, Bacon, Stanihurst, Spenser, and Camden, in the 16th century, speak warmly of Irish version, but not so highly as Polydore Virgil and Major, in the 15th, Clynn, in the middle of the 14th, or Fordun, in the 13th. As we recede yet further, we find Giraldus Cambrensis, G. Bromptan, and John of Salisbury, in the 12th century, bestowing still more lofty encomiums; and these, again, falling short of the science among us in the 11th and 10th centuries. In conformity with this, Fuller, in his account of the Crusade conducted by Godfrey of Bologne, says, "Yea, we might well think that all the concert of Christendom in this war would have made no music, if the *Irish Harp* had been wanting."

In those early times the Irish bards were invested with wealth, honours, and influence. They wore a robe of the same colour as that used by kings; were exempted from taxes and plunder, and were billeted on the country from Allhallow-tide to May, while every chief bard had thirty of inferior note under his orders, and every second-rate bard fifteen.

John of Salisbury, in the 12th century, says, that the great aristocrats of h day imitated Nero in their extravagant love of fiddling and singing; that "they pr stituted their favour by bestowing it on minstrels and buffoons; and that, by a certa foolish and shameful munificence, they expended immense sums of money on their fi volous exhibitions." "The courts of princes," says another contemporary writer, "a filled with crowds of minstrels, who extort from them gold, silver, horses, and ves ments, by their flattering songs. I have known some princes who have bestowed these minstrels of the Devil, at the very first word, the most curious garments, beaut fully embroidered with flowers and pictures, which had cost them twenty or thir marks of silver, and which they had not worn above seven days!"

From the foregoing account, by Salisbury John, the twelfth century must, v rily, have been the true *golden* age for the sons of the lyre; who were then, it seem clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. It is true, the were flatterers and parasites, and did "dirty work" for it in those days; but, at an rate, princes were then more generous to their poet-laureates, and the sackbut an the song were better paid for than in a simple butt of sack.

According to Stowe, the minstrel had still a ready admission into the presence kings in the 4th century. Speaking of the celebration of the feast of Pentecost Westminster, he says, "In the great hall, when sitting royally at the table, with h peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a gre horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode about the table showing pastime, an at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and, forthwit turning her horse, saluted every one and departed: when the letter was read, it wa found to contain animadversions on the king. The door-keeper, being threatened fo admitting her, replied, that it was not the custom of the king's palace to deny admis sion to minstrels, especially on such high solemnities and feast-days."

In Froissart, too, we may plainly see what necessary appendages to greatne the minstrels were esteemed, and upon what familiar terms they lived with their mas ters. When the four Irish kings, who had submitted themselves to Richard II. England, were sat at table, "on the first dish being served they made their minstre and principal servants sit beside them, and eat from their plates, and drink from thei cups." The knight appointed by Richard to attend them having objected to this cus tom, on another day "ordered the tables to be laid out and covered, so that the king sat at an upper table, the minstrels at a middle one, and the servants lower still. Th royal guests looked at each other, and refused to eat, saying, that he deprived the of their good old custom in which they had been brought up."

However, in the reign of Edward II., a public edict was issued, putting a chec upon this license, and limiting the number of minstrels to four per diem admissible t the tables of the great. It seems, too, that about this period the minstrels had sun into a kind of upper servants of the aristocracy: they wore their lord's livery, an sometimes shaved the crown of their heads like monks.

When war and hunting formed almost the exclusive occupation of the great when their surplus revenues could only be employed in supporting idle retainers, an no better means could be devised for passing the long winter evenings than drunken ness and gambling, it may readily be conceived how welcome these itinerant musician must have been in baronial halls, and how it must have flattered the pride of our nobl ancestors to listen to the eulogy of their own achievements, and the length of thei own pedigrees.

Sir William Temple says, "the great men of the Irish septs, among the man officers of their family, which continued always in the same races, had not only physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and a tale-teller. Th first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company a feasts; the latter amused them with tales when they were melancholy and could no sleep; and a very gallant gentleman of the north of Ireland has told me, of his ow experience, that in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be abroad in the moun tains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not wel sleep, they would bring him one of these tale-tellers, that when he lay down woul begin a story of a king, a giant, a dwarf, or a damsel, and such rambling stuff, an continue it all night long in such an even tone, that you heard it going on whenev you awaked, and believed nothing any physicians give could have so good and so in nocent an effect to make men sleep, in any pains or distempers of body or mind."

In the reign of Elizabeth, however, civilization had so far advanced, that th music which had led away the great lords of antiquity no longer availed to delude th human understanding, or to prevent it from animadverting on the pernicious effects pro duced by those who cultivated the tuneful art. Spenser, in his view of the state o Ireland, says, "There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called Barde which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dis draises of men in their poems or rithmes; the which are had in so high regard and es timation among them, that none dare displease them, for fear to run into reproach

through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them. These Irish Bardes are, for the most part, so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition: him they set up and glorifie in their rithmes; him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow." The moralizing poet then continues to show the "effect of evil things being decked with the attire of goodly words," on the affections of a young mind, which, as he observes, "cannot rest;" for, "if he be not busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bardes do for *little reward*, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent, and half mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself; as of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life-time of spoils and robberies, one of their bardes in his praise will say, that he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up to the fire-side; but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises — that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night in slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but, where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor the lays of love, but the cries of people and the clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death."

It little occurred to Spenser that, in thus reprobating these poor bards, he was giving an admirable analysis of the machinery and effects of almost all that poets have ever done!

In 1563 severe enactments were issued against these gentlemen, to which was annexed the following — "*Item*, for that those *rhymers* do, by their ditties and rhymes, made to dyvers lordes and gentlemen in Ireland, *in the commendacion and highe praise of extorsion*, *rebellion*, *rape*, *raven*, *and outhere injustice*, *encourage those lordes and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leve them*, *and for making of such rhymes*, *rewards are given by the said lordes and gentlemen;* that for abolishinge of soo heynouse an abuse," &c., &c.

The feudal system, which encouraged the poetical state of manners, and afforded the minstrels worthy subjects for their strains, received a severe blow from the policy pursued by Elizabeth. This was followed up by Cromwell, and consummated by King William, of Orange memory.

More recently a Scotch writer observes, "In Ireland the harpers, the original composers, and the chief depositories of that music, have, till lately, been uniformly cherished and supported by the nobility and gentry. They endeavoured to outdo one another in playing the airs that were most esteemed, with correctness, and with their proper expression. The taste for that style of performance seems now, however, to be declining. The native harpers are not much encouraged. A number of their airs have come into the hands of foreign musicians, who have attempted to fashion them according to the model of the modern music; and these acts are considered in the country as capital improvements."

We have gone into the above details, not only because they are in themselves interesting and illustrative of the "Irish Melodies," but because we fully coincide with the bard of "Childe Harold," that the lasting celebrity of Moore will be found in his lyrical compositions, with which his name and fame will be inseparably and immortally connected.

Mr. Moore possesses a singular facility of seizing and expressing the prevailing association which a given air is calculated to inspire in the minds of the greatest number of hearers, and has a very felicitous talent in making this discovery, even through the envelopes of prejudice or vulgarity. The alchemy by which he is thus accustomed to turn dross into gold is really surprising. The air which now seems framed for the sole purpose of giving the highest effect to the refined and elegant ideas contained in the stanzas "Sing, sing — music was given," has for years been known only as attached to the words of, "Oh! whack! Judy O'Flanagan, &c.," and the words usually sung to the tune of *Cumilum* are of the same low and ludicrous description. He possesses, also, in a high degree, that remarkable gift of a poetical imagination, which consists in elevating and dignifying the meanest subjects on which it chuses to expatiate:

***

As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

The ingenuity with which the above simile is applied, is not more remarkable than the success with which the homely image of putting out the bed-candle before we sleep, is divested of every particle of vulgarity.

In the same way, and with equal facility, the sudden revival of forgotten feelings, at meeting with friends from whom we have been long separated, is compared to the discovering, by the application of heat, letters written invisibly with sympathetic ink:

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out to the sight,
So many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

"Rich and Rare," taken music, words and all, is worth an epic poem to the Irish nation,—simple, tender, elegant, sublime, it is the very essence of poetry and music;—there is not one simile or conceit, nor one idle crotchet to be met with throughout.

The musical as well as the poetical taste of the author is evident in every line, nor is one allowed to shine at the expense of the other. Moore has composed some beautiful airs, but seems shy of exercising this faculty, dreading, perhaps, that success in that pursuit would detract from his poetical fame. The union of these talents is rare, and some have affirmed that they even exclude one another. When Gretry visited Voltaire at Ferney, the philosopher paid him a compliment at the expense of his profession: "Vous êtes musicien," said Voltaire, "et vous avez de l'esprit: cela est trop rare pour que je ne prenne pas à vous le plus vif intérêt." Nature certainly may be supposed not over-inclined to be prodigal in bestowing on the same object the several gifts that are peculiarly hers; but, as far as the assertion rests on experience, it is powerfully contradicted by the names of Moore and Rousseau.

The late Mr. Charles Wolfe, having both a literary and a musical turn, occasionally employed himself in adapting words to national melodies, and in writing characteristic introductions to popular songs. Being fond of "The Last Rose of Summer" (Irish Mel. No. V), he composed the following tale for its illustration:

"This is the grave of Dermid:—He was the best minstrel among us all,—a youth of romantic genius, and of the most tremulous, and yet the most impetuous feeling. He knew all our old national airs, of every character and description: according as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or funeral; but if Dermid were in his merry mood, the lads and lasses hurried into a dance, with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it:— with all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's indignation, he struck the chords that never spoke without response, and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended the minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid; and the song and the dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw our minstrel approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and maidens assembled on the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of their poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for them; it was the merriest of his collection; the ring was formed; all looked eagerly to the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favourite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared; he came slowly, and languidly, and loiteringly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive cheerfulness which marked his features, even in his more melancholy moments; his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm; it seemed a burthen to him; it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments, then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sate down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends;— he first looked up sharp in our faces, next down upon his harp; then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it.—Again we paused:—then knowing well that, if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would soon follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we

found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part; it was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were more gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast; and he had gotten in their stead that one dreary simple melody; it was about a Lonely Rose, that had outlived all its companions; this he continued singing and playing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village: he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and continued repairing thither to sing it to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly resorted there to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learnt it, and still chaunt it over Dermid's grave."

"The Fudge Family in Paris" is a most humorous work, written partly in the style of "The Twopenny-Post Bag." These poetical epistles remind many persons of the Bath Guide, but a comparison can hardly be supported; the plan of Mr. Moore's work being less extensive, and the subject more ephemeral. We pity the man, however, who has not felt pleased with this book; even those who disapprove the author's politics, and his treating Royalty with so little reverence, must be bigoted and loyal to an excess if they deny his wit and humour.

Mr. Moore, in his preface to the "Loves of the Angels," states, that he had somewhat hastened his publication, to avoid the disadvantage of having his work appear after his friend Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth;" or, as he ingeniously expresses it, "by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, to give myself the chance of what astronomers call a *heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear." This was an amiable, but by no means a reasonable modesty. The light that plays round Mr. Moore's verses, tender, exquisite, and brilliant, was in no danger of being extinguished even in the sullen glare of Lord Byron's genius. One might as well expect an aurora borealis to be put out by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Though both bright stars in the firmament of modern poetry, they were as distant and unlike as Saturn and Mercury; and though their rising might be at the same time, they never moved in the same orb, nor met or jostled in the wide trackless way of fancy and invention.

Though these two celebrated writers in some measure divided the poetical public between them, yet it was not the same public whose favour they severally enjoyed in the highest degree. Though both read and admired in the same extended circle of taste and fashion, each was the favourite of a totally different set of readers. Thus a lover may pay the same attention to two different women; but he only means to flirt with the one, while the other is the mistress of his heart. The gay, the fair, the witty, the happy, idolize Mr. Moore's delightful muse, on her pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. Lord Byron's severer verse is enshrined in the breasts of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall, whose fair exterior has a canker within — whose mirth has received a rebuke as if it were folly, from whom happiness has fled like a dream! By comparing the odds upon the known chances of human life, it is no wonder that the admirers of his lordship's works should be more numerous than those of his more agreeable rival. We are not going to speak of any preference we may have, but we beg leave to make a distinction. The poetry of Moore is essentially that of *fancy*, the poetry of Byron that of *passion*. If there is passion in the effusions of the one, the fancy by which it is expressed predominates over it; if fancy is called to the aid of the other, it is still subservient to the passion. Lord Byron's jests are downright earnest; Mr. Moore, when he is most serious, seems half in jest. The latter dallies and trifles with his subject, caresses and grows enamoured of it; the former grasped it eagerly to his bosom, breathed death upon it, and turned from it with loathing or dismay. The fine aroma that is exhaled from the flowers of poesy, every where lends its perfume to the verse of the bard of Erin. The noble bard (less fortunate in his muse) tried to extract poison from them. If Lord Byron cast his own views or feelings upon outward objects (jaundicing the sun), Mr. Moore seems to exist in the delights, the virgin fancies of nature. He is free of the Rosicrucian society; and in etherial existence among troops of sylphs and spirits, — in a perpetual vision of wings, flowers, rainbows, smiles, blushes, tears, and kisses. Every page of his works is a vignette, every line that he writes glows or sparkles, and it would seem (to quote again the expressive words of Sheridan) "as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations, to regain that native source of light and heat." The worst is, our author's mind is too vivid, too active, to suffer a moment's repose. We are cloyed with sweetness, and dazzled with splendour. Every image must blush celestial rosy red, love's proper hue; — every syllable must breathe a sigh. A sentiment is lost in a simile — the simile is overloaded with an epithet. It is "like morn risen on mid-noon." No eventful story, no powerful contrast, no *moral*, none of the sordid details of human life (all is etherial); none of its sharp calamities, or, if they inevitably occur, his muse throws a soft, glittering, veil over them,

Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

We do not believe that Mr. Moore ever writes a line that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious common-place. Lord Byron wrote whole pages of sullen, crabbed prose, that, like a long dreary road, however, leads to doleful shades or palaces of the blest. In short Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden, and Lord Byron's a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last you see the naked stem and rough bark; but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of a human voice within.

Critically speaking, Mr. Moore's poetry is chargeable with two peculiarities: first, the pleasure or interest he conveys to us is almost always derived from the first impressions or physical properties of objects, not from their connexion with passion or circumstances. His lights dazzle the eye, his perfumes soothe the smell, his sounds ravish the ear; but then they do so for and from themselves, and at all times and places equally — for the heart has little to do with it. Hence we observe a kind of fastidious extravagance in Mr. Moore's serious poetry. Each thing must be fine, soft, exquisite in itself, for it is never set off by reflection or contrast. It glitters to the sense through the atmosphere of indifference. Our indolent luxurious bard does not whet the appetite by setting us to hunt after the game of human passion, and is therefore obliged to hamper us with dainties, seasoned with rich fancy and the *sauce piquante* of poetic diction. Poetry, in his hands, becomes a kind of *cosmetic* art — it is the poetry of the toilet. His muse must be as fine as the Lady of Loretto. Now, this principle of composition leads not only to a defect of dramatic interest, but also of imagination. For every thing in this world, the meanest incident or object, may receive a light and an importance from its association with other objects, and with the heart of man; and the variety thus created is endless as it is striking and profound. But if we begin and end in those objects that are beautiful or dazzling in themselves and at the first blush, we shall soon be confined to a human reward of self-pleasing topics, and be both superficial and wearisome. It is the fault of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry that he has perversely relied too much (or wholly) on this reaction of the imagination on subjects that are petty and repulsive in themselves, and of Mr. Moore's, that he appeals too exclusively to the flattering support of sense and fancy. Secondly, we have remarked that Mr. Moore hardly ever describes entire objects, but abstract qualities of objects. It is not a picture that he gives us, but an inventing of beauty. He takes a blush, or a smile, and runs on whole stanzas in ecstatic praise of it, and then diverges to the sound of a voice, and "discourses eloquent music" on the subject; but it might as well be the light of heaven that he is describing, or the voice of echo — We have no human figure before us, no palpable reality answering to any substantive form or nature. Hence we think it may be explained why it is that our author has so little picturesque effect — with such vividness of conception, such insatiable ambition after ornament, and such an inexhaustible and delightful play of fancy. Mr. Moore is a colourist in poetry, a musician also, and has a heart full of tenderness and susceptibility for all that is delightful and amiable in itself, and that does not require the ordeal of suffering, of crime, or of deep thought, to stamp it with a bold character. In this we conceive consists the charm of his poetry, which all the world feels, but which it is difficult to explain scientifically, and in conformity to *transcendant rules*. It has the charm of the softest and most brilliant execution; there is no wrinkle, no deformity on its smooth and shining surface. It has the charm which arises from the continual desire to please, and from the spontaneous sense of pleasure in the author's mind. Without being gross in the smallest degree, it is voluptuous in the highest. It is a sort of sylph-like spiritualised sensuality. So far from being licentious in his Lalla Rookh, Mr. Moore has become moral and sentimental (indeed he was always the last), and tantalizes his young and fair readers with the glittering shadows and mystic adumbrations of evanescent delights. He, in fine, in his courtship of the Muses, resembles those lovers who always say the softest things on all occasions; who smile with irresistible good humour at their own success; who banish pain and truth from their thoughts, and who impart the delight they feel in themselves unconsciously to others! Mr. Moore's poetry is the thornless rose—its touch is velvet, its hue vermilion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Lord Byron's, on the contrary, is a prickly bramble, or sometimes a deadly upas, of form uncouth and uninviting, that has its root in the clefts of the rock, and its head mocking the skies, that wars with the thunder-cloud and tempest, and round which the loud cataracts roar.

We here conclude our Sketch of

Anacreon Moore,
To whom the Lyre and Laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song —
He won them well, and may he wear them long!

LALLA ROOKH,

AN

ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE

May 19. 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh [1]; — a Princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses [2]; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, — and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles; — the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold; — the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; — the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were enshrined; — the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own magnificent litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of every thing, — from the penciling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, — "Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars." — And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from he

1 Tulip cheek. 2 Gul Reazee.

high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her c campments, — sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from whi the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidd embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as "places of m lancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacoc and turtle-doves;" — she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to he which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALL ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of h Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, a mitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which we devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian sla who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess t sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezr the fairhaired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rusta with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those gracef dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pa goda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, wh could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinklin of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all thei charm, and the nights and noondays were beginning to move heavily, when, a length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, wa a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manne of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred th privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help t beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. A the mention of a poet FADLADEEN elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having re freshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens o gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her; — she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna *, — such as he appears to their young imagination, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence; — nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar; — such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra — and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began: —

* The Indian Apollo.

THE

VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.[1]

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's [2] bright palaces and groves; —
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were e'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's [3] cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night [4],
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;
Their weapons various; — some equipp'd, for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems [5] that bloom on Iran's rivers;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below. —
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heaven hath plac'd you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No — wrongful thought! — commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise)
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades! —

1 Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province, or Region of the Sun. — Sir W. Jones.
2 One of the royal cities of Khorassan.
3 Moses.
4 Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.
5 Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts [1],
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;
From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY [2];
And GEORGIA's bloom, and AZAB's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there; — each Land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath th' invisible West-wind's sighs!
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine, —
What dazzling mimickry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?
Not such the pageant now, though not less proud, —
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And far-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky; —
That youth to-day, — a proselyte, worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords, —
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young AZIM's fame; — beyond th' Olympian snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek [3],
He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains; —
Oh! who could, e'n in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior, — no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart; — proud views of human-kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd; —
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet! —
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause; — never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,

1 The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy. — *Turner.*
2 China.
3 In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which v. *Gibbon*, vol. x.

Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motly crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN!
Then thus he spoke: — "Stranger, though new the frame
"Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
"For many an age[1], in every chance and change
"Of that Existence, through whose varied range, —
"As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand
"The flying youths transmit their shining brand, —
"From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
"Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
"With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
"That run this course; — Beings, the most divine,
"Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
"Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,
"To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One, knelt[2]:
"Such the refin'd Intelligence that glow'd
"In MOUSSA's frame; — and, thence descending, flow'd
"Through many a Prophet's breast; — in ISSA[3] shone,
"And in MOHAMMED burn'd; till, hastening on,
"(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
" In many a maze descending, bright through all,
"Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
"In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
"That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
"From lapse or shadow, centers all in me!"

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung: the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth; — like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th' Immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
"That claim a holier mood and calmer time
"Than earth allows us now — this sword must first
"The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
"Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
"Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
"But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
"Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
"When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
"His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
"The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
"And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
"Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
"That whole dark pile of human mockeries; —
"Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
"And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
"Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
"Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
"Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow

[1] The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines: — v. *D'Herbelot*.
[2] "And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis, (Lucifer,) who refused." — *The Koran*, chap. ii.
[3] Jesus.

"Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,
"And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
"Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome! — thou hast yet
"Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
"Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave; —
"But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"

The Pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone —
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA's own!
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;
The Old deep pondering on the promis'd reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death; — you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wandering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own, —
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aërial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes — brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before, — but ah! not bright for thee:
No — dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight: —
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair! — in proud BOKHARA's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood*, which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,
And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length; —
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision — far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
His ZELICA's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away — but, ah! how cold and dim
E'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
Just ere he dies, —) at length, those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"
Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die; —
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
E'n reason sunk blighted beneath its touch;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray; —
A wandering bark, upon whose path-way shone
All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul* utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young ZELICA, — that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies! —
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught; —
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth — ha! durst they say "of *some?*"
No — of the one, one only object trac'd
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd
With every broken link of her lost mind;
Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he, — of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim, — shining came

* The nightingale.

From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
No — had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death! —
But lost, inflam'd, — a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms, — too well th' Impostor nurs'd
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.
No art was spar'd, no witchery; — all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns —
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breath'd around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride! —
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house; — through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine! —
And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd —
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
Such — oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies — he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever. —
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and — she believ'd, lost maid! — to heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
The Priestess of the Faith! — how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
When round, in trances only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own: —
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild

As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look! — oh! where's the heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth — now crost
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without controul,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA — so chang'd
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
The almond groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth, whom she had lov'd,
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd; —
When — bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light —
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, wakened in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest!
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But, though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about, — but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath — *there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if best to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain, — tears, floods of tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came,
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;
Sometimes alone — but, oftener far, with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
When the death-caverns echoed every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,

Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,
As e'n across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt; —
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone; — and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
E'n purer than before, — as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies —
And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again! —
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think e'n damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance — oh how terrible, if true! —
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep; —
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
MOKANNA waited her — too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground, —
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,
While lamps around — not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy KOOM [1], or MECCA's dim arcades, —
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood Vases, filled with KISHMEH's [2] golden wine,
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness [3], had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke: —

1 The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia. — *Chardin.*
2 An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.
3 The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
"Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
"God's images, forsooth! — such gods as he
"Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity; [1] —
"Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
"To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,
"Refus'd, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
"To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right! —
"Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
"Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
"Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
"My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name! —
"Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
"As hooded falcons, through the universe
"I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
"Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
"By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
"Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
"From dead men's marrow guides them best at night [2] —
"Ye shall have honours — wealth, — yes, Sages, yes —
"I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
"Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
"But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
"How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
"In lying speech, and still more lying song,
"By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
"Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
"A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
"Whose faith inshrines the monsters which it breeds;
"Who, bolder e'n than NEMROD, think to rise,
"By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
"Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
"Seen, heard, attested, every thing — but true.
"Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to seek
"One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
"Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
"For truths too heavenly to be understood;
"And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,
"That works salvation; — as on AVA's shore,
"Where none *but* priests are privileg'd to trade
"In that best marble of which Gods are made; [3] —
"They shall have mysteries — aye, precious stuff
"For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enough;
"Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
"Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
"While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
"A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust, —
"A splendid Paradise, — pure souls, ye must:
"That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
"Who finds not Heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;
"Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
"And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
"Vain things! — as lust or vanity inspires,
"The Heav'n of each is but what each desires,
"And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
"Man would be man to all eternity!
"So let him — EBLIS! grant this crowning curse.
"But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse." —

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said, —
MOKANNA started — not abash'd, afraid, —

1 The god Hanuman.
2 A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.
3 Symes's Ava, vol. ii. p 376.

He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
"Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!" — thus, with ready wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her — "thou, whose smile
"Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
"Beyond th' Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream!
"Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
"So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
"Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
"The Heav'n thou preachest or the Heav'n thou art!
"What should I be without thee? without thee
"How dull were power, how joyless victory!
"Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
"Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
"But — why so mournful, child! those eyes, that shone
"All life last night — what! — is their glory gone?
"Come, come — this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,
"They want rekindling — suns themselves would fail
"Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
"From Light's own fount supplies of brilliancy!
"Thou seest this cup — no juice of earth is here,
"But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
"Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
"Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.
"Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —
"Nay, drink — in every drop life's essence burns;
"'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light —
"Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
"There is a youth — why start? — thou saw'st him then;
"Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
"Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above; —
"Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
"Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
"The world calls virtue — we must conquer this; —
"Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
"To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery.
"The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
"Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
"This very night I mean to try the art
"Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
"All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
"Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
"Shall tempt the boy; — young Mirzala's blue eyes,
"Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
"Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
"And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
"Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
"And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
"Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep! —
"All shall combine their witching powers to steep
"My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
"From which to Heav'n is but the next advance; —
"That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
"On which Religion stamps her image best.
"But hear me, Priestess! — though each nymph of these
"Hath some peculiar, practis'd power to please,
"Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
"First charms herself, then all the world beside;
"There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,
"One, who in every look joins every lure;
"Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd pass,
"Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass;

"Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
"Whose words, e'n when unmeaning, are adored,
"Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
"Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
"Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
"To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
"Such the refined enchantress that must be
"This hero's vanquisher, — and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From which these words, like south winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence*:
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
And the wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, tho' mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"
All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried — "Great God! to whom
"I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
"Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
"My purity, my pride, then come to this, —
"To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
"The pander of his guilt — oh infamy!
"And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
"In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
"Others? — ha! yes — that youth who came to-day —
"*Not* him I lov'd — not him — oh! do but say,
"But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
"And I will serve, dark fiend! will worship even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing! — in time beware,
"Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
"E'n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice,
"The boy must feel their magic — I rejoice
"To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
"Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
"And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
"*Indeed* resemble thy dead lover's form,
"So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
"As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
"Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
"Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were made
"For love, not anger — I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd! — 'tis well — yes, I deserve it all —
"On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
"Too heavily — but Azim, brave and true
"And beautiful — must *he* be ruin'd too?
"Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
"A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
"Like me? — weak wretch, I wrong him — not like me;
"No — he's all truth and strength and purity!
"Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
"Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
"Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
"He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
"Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
" Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
"Though ruin'd — lost — my memory like a charm
"Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
"Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
"He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now —
"Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,

* "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him." — *Thevenot.*

"Whom once he lov'd — once! — *still* loves dotingly!
"Thou laugh'st, tormentor, — what! — thou'lt brand my name?
"Do, do — in vain — he'll not believe my shame —
"He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
"Could tempt or change me, and — so once thought I.
"But this is past — though worse than death my lot,
"Than hell — 'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
"Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
"Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
"Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
"But I may fade and fall without a name!
"And thou — curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
"Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
"And spread'st it — oh! so quick! — thro' soul and frame
"With more than demon's art, till I became
"A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame! —
"If, when I'm gone ——"

"Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
"Nor tempt my rage — by Heav'n not half so bold
"The puny bird, that dares with teazing hum
"Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come! [1]
"And so thou'lt fly, forsooth? — what! — give up all
"Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
"Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,
"Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
"As doth MEDINA's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
"Thou'lt fly? — as easily may reptiles run
"The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
"As easily, when caught, the prey may be
"Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
"No, no, 'tis fix'd — let good or ill betide,
"Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA's bride!
"Hast thou forgot thy oath?" —

At this dread word,
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,
That burst and lighten'd e'n through her despair! —
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn Bride, let others seek in bowers
"Their bridal place — the charnel vault was ours!
"Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
"Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality; —
"Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
"And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
"(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt,)
"From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
"That oath thou heardst more lips than thine repeat —
"That cup — thou shudderest, Lady — was it sweet?
"That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
"Hath bound thee — aye — body and soul all mine;
"Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
"No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
"Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
"Look wild, look — any thing but sad; yet stay —
"One moment more — from what this night hath pass'd,
"I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
"Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
"And that I love mankind! — I do, I do —
"As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
"Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
"Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
"That rank and venomous food on which she lives! [2] —

1 The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java. — *Barrow's Cochin-china.*

2 Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert. — *Solinus.*

"And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
"'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too; —
"This brow, whose light — oh rare celestial light!
"Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;
"These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
"Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake —
"Would that they *were* Heav'n's lightnings for his sake!
"But turn and look — then wonder, if thou wilt,
"That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
"Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
"Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
"And on that race who, though more vile they be
"Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
"Here — judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,
"Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!" —

He rais'd his veil — the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him — shriek'd — and sunk upon the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mangotrees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who raised it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, — and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay, young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded: —

Prepare thy soul, young Azim! — thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslaved;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now, —
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendors, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid.
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites; —

From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like SEBA's Queen could vanquish with that one: [1]
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue, [2]
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye, [3]
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair CIRCASSIA's vales, so beautiful!
All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where: — some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold, [4]
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,
Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —
The sweet Elcaya, [5] and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy, [6]
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around,
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd, — nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tesselated floors
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of TIBET, [7] send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode! —
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through

1 Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes. — *Sol. Song.*

2 "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resemble branches of coral." — *Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush.*

3 "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol." — *Russel.*

4 "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women, has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions." — See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

5 A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen. — *Niebuhr.*

6 Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade." — *Niebuhr.*

7 "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence." — *Turner's Tibet.*

The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate, — in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness — is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine; —
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of COMORIN, [1]
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen; —
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree [2]
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, [3] and the thrush
Of Hindostan, [4] whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top; —
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood; [5]
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon; [6] —
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds [7] that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagining, —
More like the luxuries of that impious King, [8]
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted e'n in Pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heav'n's sword, for man's enfranchisement —
Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the way
"To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
"Of worldly sloth; — to teach him while he lives,
"To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
"And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
"A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?
"It was not so, land of the generous thought
"And daring deed! thy godlike sages taught;
"It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
"Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
"Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
"Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
"With which she wreath'd her sword, when she would dare
"Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
"Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,

1 C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité. — *D'Herbelot.*

2 "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees." *Barrow.*

3 "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill." *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

4 "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song." — *Pennant's Hindostan.*

5 Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

6 "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon." — *Brown's Vulgar Errors.*

7 "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds." — *Gibbon*, vol. ii. p. 421.

8 Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

"Etherial virtue, which alone can breathe
"Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!
"Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
"This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
"This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
"The past, the future, two eternities! —
"Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
"When he might build him a proud temple there,
"A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
"And be each purer soul's high resting-place!
"But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God
"Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod, —
"A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
"Its rights from Heav'n, should thus profane its cause
"With the world's vulgar pomps; — no, no — I see —
"He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury
"Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
"Of my young soul; — shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth; — but, e'n while he defied
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through every sense. The perfume breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit; — the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep! *
And music too — dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream; —
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid; —
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy — as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

"Oh, my lov'd mistress! whose enchantments still
"Are with me, round me, wander where I will —
"It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
"The paths of glory — to light up thy cheek
"With warm approval — in that gentle look,
"To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
"And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
"I gain a smile worth immortality!
"How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
"To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
"Though of such bliss unworthy, — since the best
"Alone deserve to be the happiest! —
"When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,
"I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
"And find those tears warm as when last they started,
"Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
"Oh my own life! — why should a single day,
"A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps, — like the rich track which Day

* "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus name because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms." — *Sir W. Jones*

Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous; —
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers; —
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery.
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others wak'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heav'nlier still!
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun, —
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind, —
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came; — then sat her down
Upon a musnud's [1] edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of Isfahan [2]
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began: —

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's [3] stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

1 Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.
2 The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.
3 A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert sent,
"With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
"To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
"Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.
"For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
"Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
"But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay
"Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
"And leads thy soul — if e'er it wander'd thence —
"So gently back to its first innocence,
"That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
"When swift returning to its home of love,
"And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
"Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair,
That sat so still and melancholy there —
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit: —
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray, —
But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore; [1]
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze, [2]
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words: —

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
  Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
  Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
  And his floating eyes — oh! *they* resemble

1 "To the north of us, (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku), was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals, with which it abounds." — *Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

2 "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music." — *Sale*.

Blue water-lilies,[1] when the breeze
  Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
  Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
  And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
  Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
  When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
  When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
  From the heat of the sky;

By the first love-beat
  Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
  And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
  To mortals given,
Which — oh! could it last,
  This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
  Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
  And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round, —
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense; —
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows e'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best,
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half-retir'd looks loveliest!
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering
With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise;[2] —
Here fond ZULEIKA[3] woos with open arms
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won!
And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his MARY's smile; —
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love![4]

1 The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.
2 For the loves of King Solomon, (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.
3 The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.
4 The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,
Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
As though the distance, and that heav'nly ray
Through which the sounds came floating, took away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.
Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,
And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'd?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep in Heav'n!
Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrin'd in solitude — thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone; —
Alone? — no, not alone — that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh —
Whose could it be? — alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near; — not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,[1]
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away; —
And such as Zelica had on that day
He left her, — when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him, — more
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks ere she reach his arms, upon the ground; —
Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his knees —
"Tis she herself! — 'tis Zelica he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd — none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
The once ador'd divinity! e'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, e'n when grief was heaviest — when loth
He left her for the wars — in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,[2]
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

1 "Deep blue is their mourning colour." — *Hanway.*
2 The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sun-set.

"Look up, my ZELICA — one moment show
"Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
"Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
"But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
"Come, look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,
"Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance
"Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
"There — my sweet lips — they move — that kiss hath run
"Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
"And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
"Oh the delight — now, in this very hour,
"When had the whole rich world been in my power,
"I should have singled out thee, only thee,
"From the whole world's collected treasury —
"To have thee here — to hang thus fondly o'er
"My own best, purest ZELICA once more!" —

It was indeed the touch of those lov'd lips
Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his, — not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, e'n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his belov'd caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh 'twas too much — too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, "pure! — oh Heaven!" —

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the withering blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light —
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves; * —
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself; — it needs not to be told —
No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,
That could from heav'n and him such brightness sever,
'Tis done — to heav'n and him she's lost for ever!
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand tow'rds heav'n — "though I am lost,
"Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
"No, no — 'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
"Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath ceas'd —
"I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,
"That every spark of reason's light must be
"Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee!
"They told me thou wert dead — why, Azim, why
"Did we not, both of us, that instant die

* "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular enquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda." — *Bruce.*

"When we were parted? — oh! could'st thou but know
"With what a deep devotedness of woe
"I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again
"Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
"And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
"Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
"Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
"My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
"And, all the long, long night of hope and fear
"Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —
"Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,
"When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
"When I heard frightful voices round me say:
"*Azim is dead!* — this wretched brain gave way,
"And I became a wreck, at random driven,
"Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven —
"All wild — and e'n this quenchless love within
"Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
"Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would'st — that sky
"Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
"The fiend, who lur'd me hither — hist! come near,
"Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —
"Told me such things — oh! with such devilish art,
"As would have ruin'd e'n a holier heart —
"Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
"Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,
"I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
"And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
"Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
"To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
"Thou weep'st for me — do, weep — oh! that I durst
"Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are curst,
"They must not touch thee; — one divine caress,
"One blessed moment of forgetfulness
"I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
"Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die!
"The last of joy's last relics here below,
"The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
"My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,
"To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
"But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go;
"This place is not for thee — for thee! oh no,
"Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
"Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
"Enough, that Guilt reigns here — that hearts, once good,
"Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food. —
"Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls
"A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
"Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
"As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!" —

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclaim'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
Almost to madness — "by that sacred Heav'n,
"Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be forgiven,
"As thou art here, — here, in this writhing heart,
"All sinful, wild and ruin'd as thou art!
"By the remembrance of our once pure love,
"Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
"The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in thee
"Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
"I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —
"If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
"Fly with me from this place, —"
"With thee! oh bliss,
"'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
"What! take the lost one with thee? — let her rove
"By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
"When we were both so happy, both so pure —

"Too heav'nly dream! if there's on earth a cure
"For the sunk heart, 'tis this — day after day
"To be the blest companion of thy way; —
"To hear thy angel eloquence — to see
"Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
"And in their light re-chasten'd silently,
"Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
"Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
"And thou wilt pray for me — I know thou wilt —
"At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
"Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
"Full of sweet tears unto the darkening skies,
"And plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
"To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;
"Till the good angels, when they see me cling
"For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
"Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
"And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven!
"Oh yes, I'll fly with thee ——"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of MONKER, waking up the dead
From their first sleep — so startling 'twas to both —
Rung through the casement near "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look! —
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moon-light fields were seen, calm as before —
"'Tis he, and I am his — all, all is o'er —
"Go — fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too —
"My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
"True as the worm in this cold heart it is —
"I am MOKANNA's bride — his, AZIM, his —
"The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
"Their blue lips echoed it — I hear them now!
"Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,
"'Twas burning blood — I feel it in my soul!
"And the Veil'd Bridegroom — hist! I've seen to-night
"What angels know not of — so foul a sight,
"So horrible — oh! never may'st thou see
"What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
"But I must hence — off, off — I am not thine,
"Nor Heav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine —
"Hold me not — ha! — think'st thou the fiends that sever
"Hearts, cannot sunder hands? — thus, then — for ever!"

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek, —
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears, —
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with

oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowe had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously wato ing its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had dra up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity; — when one of her attendan who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so freque that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over wi lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,) informed the Princess that it was t usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offe ed up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen w disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entir ly out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe ho the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it w still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life we no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journe was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melanchol which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her ow breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touch lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which sh had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, aft a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating him self in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evenin and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued: —

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
The City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR, [1]
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armory! —
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold; —
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, on the locust-bird [2]
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard; —
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind!
The neigh of cavalry; — the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs; —
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies; —
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime; —
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet, [3] swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army? — ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow, [4] over yonder tent?
It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.
Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,

1 The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

2 A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

3 "This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle." — *Note of Bruce's editor.*

4 The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — See *Gibbon.*

That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam [1] and the world; —
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign,
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave [2]
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nurs'd in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.
Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
Such pomp before; — not e'n when on his way
To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury; [3]
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of MECCA's sun, with urns of Persian snow: [4] —
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock, [5]
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock: [6]
Then, Chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry; [7] —
Men, from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks
From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh, [8]
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of th' Impostor throng'd.
Beside his thousands of Believers, — blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind, —
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner; — Chiefs of th' UZBEK race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace; [9]
TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the North;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills, [10] — and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of HINDOO KOSH, [11] in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed,
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,

1 The Mahometan religion.

2 "The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Cashin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave." — *Struy.*

3 Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

4 Vinum Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut rare visam. — *Abulfeda.*

5 The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petraea, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." — *Ebn Haukal.*

6 "These horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds." — *Niebuhr.*

7 "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." — *Asiat. Misc.* v. i.

8 Azab or Saba.

9 "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans." — *Account of Independent Tartary.*

10 In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises. — *Ebn Haukal.*

11 For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

Or sterner hate than IRAN's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire [1] — all panting then
For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.
From YEZD's [2] eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire;
From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the CASPIAN, [3] fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet-Chief — all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the Sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;
While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to Heav'n — hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!
"On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls, —
"Thrones for the living — Heav'n for him who falls!" —
"On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,
"And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day —
They clash — they strive — the CALIPH's troops give way!
MOKANNA's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp — when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,
And now they turn — they rally — at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths, who led,
In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BEDER's vale, [4]
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
In vain MOKANNA, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds, that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky! —
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals Death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy!
The panic spreads — "a miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

1 The Ghebers, or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

2 "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain. — *Stephen's Persia.*

3 "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible." — *Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.*

4 In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. — See *The Koran and its Commentators.*

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst!
But vain his speed — though in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all: —
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries e'n *him* along;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
Of flying thousands — he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forc'd flight is — murdering as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprizes in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, e'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla illa Alla!" — the glad shout renew —
"Alla Akbar!"[1] — the Caliph's in MEROU.
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets;[2]
The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
Who doth not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heav'n his name —
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls! —
He turns away coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illume; —
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!
Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake,[3]
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden — over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —
'Twas then, e'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;
E'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd — like fount-drops, frozen as they start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance! — dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight

[1] The Teebir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbar!" says Ockley, means "God is most mighty."
[2] The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russel.*
[3] The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Far, far away, after that fatal night, —
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief, — for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists — like lightning-fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,
He gain'd MEROU — breath'd a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the JIHON's flood,[1]
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB's gates,[2]
And there, untam'd, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love — not for her beauty's light —
For ZELICA stood withering 'midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead![3]
No, not for love — the deepest Damn'd must be
Touch'd with Heav'n's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim; — *there* lie all
Her charms for him — charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of Heav'n is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin, — to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul —
This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him among demons all but first!
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumes
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him — tasks that need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives[4] have gifted him — for mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
That spangle INDIA's fields on showery nights,[5]
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet; —
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,

1 The ancient Oxus. 2 A city of Transoxiania.

3 "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground, (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers,) others come forth in their stead," &c. &c. — *Nieuhoff.*

4 The Demons of the Persian mythology.

5 Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. — See his Travels.

E'n thus a match for myriads such as they!
"Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
"Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian King [1]
"To darkness in a moment, that I might
"People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
"But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
"Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan;
"Let who will torture him, Priest — Caliph — King —
"Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
"With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave, —
"Sounds, that shall glad me e'n within my grave!"
Thus to himself — but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain: —
"Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
"I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall drown
"Nor shadow of earth eclipse; — before whose gems
"The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
"The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
"Of Parviz, [2] and the heron crest that shone, [3]
"Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes, [4]
"Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
"Warriors, rejoice — the port, to which we've pass'd
"O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
"Victory's our own — 'tis written in that Book
"Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
"That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
"Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
"When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
"From Nekshebb's Holy Well portentously shall rise!
"Now turn and see!" ———
They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles, [5] —
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair roof'd minaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when they set!
Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke — "Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol Star
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark, [6] and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all —
Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp, — who, in their rounds,
Had pass'd and e'n forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night, [7]
To gaze upon that supernatural light, —

[1] Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Moussal. — *D'Herbelot.*
[2] Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot.*
[3] "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban." — From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb. — See *Chardin.*
[4] The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali. — *Chardin.*
[5] "Il sembla pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb en faisant sortir toutes les eaux du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portait sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles." — *D'Herbelot.* Hence he was called Sazendéh mah, or the Moon-maker.
[6] The Sheekinah, called Sakinat in the Koran. — See *Sale's Note*, chap. ii.
[7] The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums. — See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 113.

Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen, [1]
"Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
"There rests the CALIPH — speed — one lucky lance
"May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
Desperate the die — such as they only cast,
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate's no longer with him — blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot, — like bees of KAUZEROON [2]
To the shrill timbrel's summons, — till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And back to NEKSHEB's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.
Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest; —
And they believe him! — oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away: —
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow; — alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, 'mid these last, bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.
Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it — Death had come
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so — a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke, —
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom, —
Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath! —
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted bride
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide! [3]

1 The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to inclose a considerable space round the royal tents. — *Notes on the Bahardanush.*

2 "From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeroon the bees call a celebrated honey." — *Morier's Travels.*

3 "A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly

And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now, — and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts — despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd: — in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promis'd spears
Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers;
They come not — while his fierce beleaguerers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new; [1] — javelines, that fly
Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount,
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go,
Like those wild birds [2] that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide!
All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city — while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore; —
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd; —
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood; — and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer; —
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more; —
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?" — thus, with unblushing cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying; —
"What! drooping now? — now, when at length we press
"Home o'er the very threshold of success;
"When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away
"Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
"Of favour from us, and we stand at length
"Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
"The chosen few who shall survive the fall
"Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all!
"Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
"All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?

sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river." — *Sonnini.*

1 The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

2 "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Seze, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced." — *Richardson's Dissertation.*

"Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
"Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
"Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
"Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?
"Long have its lightnings slept — too long — but now
"All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
"To-night — yes, sainted men! this very night,
"I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
"Where, — having deep refresh'd each weary limb
"With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,
"And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
"With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids above
"Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,* —
"I will myself uncurtain in your sight
"The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
"Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
"Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen — while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts; —
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "to-night!" —
"To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims — never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out; —
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danc'd like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around; —
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now — a fearful pause
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica — alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part! —
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went — a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage, that her own dark doom was near,
Rous'd every feeling, and brought Reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil — e'n the foe had ceas'd,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heav'ns look'd red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark! — she stops — she listens — dreadful tone!
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh — and now, a groan
A long death-groan comes with it — can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters — Holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing — garlands overhead, —

* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk. — *Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.

The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but — what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
As if they sought, but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd; — but as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls' tormentor to the last; —
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
On its own brood; — no Demon of the Waste,*
No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery shows —
"There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star, —
"Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
"Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
"Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
"Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
"Is but the trance, with which Heav'n's joys begin;
"That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd
"E'n monstrous man, is — after God's own taste;
"And that — but see! — ere I have half-way said
"My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
"Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
"If Eblis loves you half so well as I. —
"Ha, my young bride! — 'tis well — take thou thy seat;
"Nay, come — no shuddering — did'st thou never meet
"The Dead before? — they grac'd our wedding, sweet;
"And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
"Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
"But — how is this? — all empty? all drunk up?
"Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
"Young bride, — yet stay — one precious drop remains
"Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins; ——
"Here, drink — and should thy lover's conquering arms
"Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
"Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
"And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me* — I too must die — but not like these
"Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
"To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
"With all death's grimness added to its own,
"And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
"Of slaves, exclaiming 'There his Godship lies!'
"No — cursed race — since first my soul drew breath,
"They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, e'n in death.
"Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade — 'tis fill'd
"With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd; —
"There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame —

* "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste." — *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

"Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame! —
"There perish, all — ere pulse of thine shall fail —
"Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
"So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
"Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave —
"That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
"To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
"So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
"Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
"Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
"Written in blood — and Bigotry may swell
"The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!
"So shall my banner, through long ages, be
"The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy; —
"Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA's name,
"And, though I die, my Spirit, still the same,
"Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
"And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
"But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall —
"Why, *let* it shake — thus I can brave them all.
"No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
"And I can trust thy faith, for — thou'lt be dumb.
"Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
"In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said —
Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,
And ZELICA was left — within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost, — such as, they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent* dwell,
And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
Each by its own pale carcase, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire, (the dread artillery, lent
By GREECE to conquering MAHADI,) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along, —
All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning AZIM — oh! could he but see
Th' Impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor Boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach — "once more, one mighty swing
"Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There — the wall shakes — the shouting troops exult
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
"Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own!" —
'Tis done — the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!
But strange! no signs of life — nought living seen
Above, below — what can this stillness mean?

* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes." — *Elphinstone.*

A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —
"In through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile. —
Just then, a figure with slow step, advanc'd
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanc'd
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver-Veil! — "'Tis He, 'tis He,
"MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout around;
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground —
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
"To crush yon daring wretch — 'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,
And, casting off the Veil in falling shows —
Oh! — 'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear —
"I meant not *thou* should'st have the pain of this: —
"Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
"Thou would'st not rob me of, did'st thou but know
"How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
"But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow; —
"To linger on were maddening — and I thought
"If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caught
"The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
"Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
"But this is sweeter — oh! believe me, yes —
"I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
"This death within thy arms I would not give
"For the most smiling life the happiest live!
"All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
"Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
"A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
"Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
"And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
"Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
"But live, my AZIM; — oh! to call thee mine
"Thus once again; *my* AZIM — dream divine!
"Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
"Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
"Oh live to pray for her — to bend the knee
"Morning and night before that Deity,
"To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
"As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain, —
"And pray that He may pardon her, — may take
"Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
"And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
"Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
"Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
"Our youthful hearts together — every wind
"That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
"Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
"Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
"For thy poor ZELICA as thou did'st then.
"So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
"To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
"With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
"And should they — but, alas! my senses fail —
"Oh for one minute! — should thy prayers prevail —
"If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
"Reveal their joy to those they love in this, —
"I'll come to thee — in some sweet dream — and tell —
"Oh Heav'n — I die — dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fleeted — years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still — when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down — and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death — like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim, —
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept:
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died. —
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doon to hear FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accide had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first pla those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Tab had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, lad with his fine antique porcelain, had in an unusual fit of liveliness shattered whole set to pieces: — an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exq sitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reign many years before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the ide tical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nest had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spirit alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthod Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspect of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular co of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putti the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we m easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficie degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, " convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever ——" "My go FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deser that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we ha just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any furth waste of your valuable erudition." — "If that be all," replied the critic, — ev dently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thin but the subject immediately before him; — "if that be all that is required, t matter is easily dispatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in th strain, (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi,) whose censures were infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the hon extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the sto were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil ov his face; — a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited t poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise; — and a youth in one of those hideo Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinit "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected? — after rivalling ea other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as i digestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqu fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that is her last: and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, yo

will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling." [1]

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter; — it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments, mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's [2] apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable; — for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such; —

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said FADLADEEN, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?" — He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: — "Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man: — so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion; — to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome — but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the ladies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient; — the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep; — while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone — and Love knew why — persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi, — "Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!" — that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth; [3] — it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever: — but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!" [4] — FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the

1 La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenait de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontaient étaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples. — *D'Herbelot.*

2 The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

3 The Hume.

4 The Story of Sinbad.

small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris, the beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost, — the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began: —

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
  "'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  "One blossom of Heav'n out-blooms them all!
"Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,[1]
  "And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
"Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
"And the golden floods that thitherward stray,[2]
"Yet — oh 'tis only the Blest can say
  "How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
"From world to luminous world, as far
  "As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
"And multiply each through endless years,
  "One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
  From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which — Bramins say —
  Blooms no where but in Paradise!
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"

1 Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it. — *Forster.*

2 "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

Gently he said — "One hope is thine.
"'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
"The Peri yet may be forgiven
"Who brings to this Eternal gate
"The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin —
"'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun: —
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands[1]
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyrial heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heav'n? — "I know
"The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
"Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;[2] —
"I know where the Isles of Perfume are
"Many a fathom down in the sea,
"To the south of sun-bright ARABY;[3]
"I know too where the Genii hid
"The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID,[4]
"With Life's elixir sparkling high —
"But gifts like these are not for the sky.
"Where was there ever a gem that shone
"Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
"And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be
"In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood — the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades!
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis He of GAZNA[5] — fierce in wrath
He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path. —
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,

1 "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens." — *Fryer.*

2 The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. — *D'Herbelot, Volney.*

3 The Isles of Panchaia.

4 "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis." — *Richardson.*

5 Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century. — See his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm.*

Torn from the violated necks
  Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;[1] —
  Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
  Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
  Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
  Alone, beside his native river, —
The red blade broken in his hand
  And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
  And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
  Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
"Though foul are the drops that oft distil
  "On the field of warfare, blood like this,
  "For Liberty shed, so holy is,
"It would not stain the purest rill,
  "That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
"A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
"'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

  "Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
    The gift into his radiant hand,
  "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
    "Who die thus for their native Land —
  "But see — alas! — the crystal bar
  "Of Eden moves not — holier far
  "Than e'n this drop the boon must be,
  "That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

  Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
    Now among AFRIC'S Lunar Mountains,[2]
  Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
    And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
  Of that Egyptian tide — whose birth
  Is hidden from the sons of earth,
  Deep in those solitary woods,
  Where oft the Genii of the Floods
  Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
  And hail the new-born Giant's smile![3]
  Thence, over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
    Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings[4]
  The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;

1 "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey-hounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls." — *Universal History*, vol. iii.

2 "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunae of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise." — *Bruce*.

3 "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy or the Giant." — *Asiat. Research*. vol. i. p. 387.

4 See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale [1] — now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Moeris' Lake. [2]
'Twas a fair scene — a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'n's serenest light; —
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds; [3] —
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake; —
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana [4] sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an Idol bird! —
Who could have thought, that there, e'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyaena stalks [5]
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies —
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes [6]
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall —
"Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept — the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;

1 "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves." — *Sonnini.*
2 Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Moeris.
3 "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep." — *Dafard el Hadad.*
4 "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana." — *Sonnini.*
5 Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyaenas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries, &c.
6 *Bruce.*

For there's a magic in each tear,
  Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy —
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
  Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
  Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
  Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
  Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him — none to slake
  The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'n a sprinkle from that lake,
  Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well-known through many a day,
  To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
  Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
  Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
  Was safe from this foul midnight's breath; —
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see, — who yonder comes by stealth,
  This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
  With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim,
  He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
  Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
  His livid cheek to her's she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
  In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
  Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
  Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
  "The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
"And, whether on its wings it bear
  "Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
"There, drink my tears while yet they fall, —
  "Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
"And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
  "To give thy brow one minute's calm.

"Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
"Am I not thine — thy own lov'd bride —
"The one, the chosen one, whose place
"In life or death is by thy side!
"Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
"In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
"Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
"That must be her's, when thou art gone?
"That I can live, and let thee go,
"Who art my life itself? — No, no, —
"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
"Out of its heart must perish too!
"Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
"Before like thee I fade and burn;
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
"The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast —
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
"In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
"The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
"Who sings at the last his own death lay, [1]
"And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping; —
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take! [2]

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier clos'd — "not yet,"

[1] "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are confined to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself." *Richardson.*

[2] "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave." — From *Chateaubriand's* Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity.*

The Angel said, as with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
"True was the maiden, and her story,
"Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
"By seraph eyes shall long be read.
"But, PERI, see — the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not — holier far
"Than e'n this sigh the boon must be
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses [1]
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls; —
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls [2]
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light; —
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, [3] with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banqueting through the flowery vales; —
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own, [4]
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

1 Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous; — hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

2 "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them." — *Bruce.*

3 The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria. — *Russel.*

4 The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;
  Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
  Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither; —
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
  Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
  As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
  The beautiful blue damsel-flies,*
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems: —
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
  From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small minaret's rustic fount
  Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
  To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
  Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid — the shrine profan'd —
Oaths broken — and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests! — *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play: —
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
  Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
  Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
  As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
  From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight — that Heav'n — that Child —
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
E'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,

* "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels." — *Sonnini.*

Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — "thou blessed child!
"When young and haply pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —"
He hung his head — each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept! —

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
"Falls through the withering airs of June
"Upon EGYPT's land,[1] of so healing a power,
"So balmy a virtue, that e'n in the hour
"That drop descends, contagion dies,
"And health reanimates earth and skies! —
"Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
"The precious tears of repentance fall?
"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
"One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the enraptur'd PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
"Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,[2]
"And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die,
"Passing away like a lover's sigh; —
"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,[3]
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief, —
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
"To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's Throne,[4]
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

1 The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

2 The Country of Delight — the name of a Province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the city of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

3 The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* — Touba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

4 Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filligree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.[1] They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success; — as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence; — who, like them, flung the jereed[2] carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark; — "and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies, — a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous, — puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects[3] should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places, — reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them; — that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman, — no one had ever yet reached its summit.[4] Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eye-brows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen: — he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters, — worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, dispatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence — which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure, — convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at

[1] "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams. — Ibn Haukal.

[2] The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise, see *Castellan*, *Moeurs des Ottomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

[3] For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, see *Parson's Travels*, p. 262.

[4] "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit." — *Kinneir*.

first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love wi
out knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ too, — what misery would be l
if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have sto
into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; — if, notwithstanding her ra
and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to
influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delight
scenes of nature, — all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to wal
by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the dese
bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone![1] She saw but one way to prese
herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful,
was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence.
have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in
while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart
had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at le
be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had
joyed, — like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caug
a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever![2]

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enth
siastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certa
distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than
strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through
city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected
all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; wh
the artisans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited
badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of
and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, ma
the city altogether like a place of enchantment; — particularly on the day wh
LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to
gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks
beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over th
heads[3] as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree
gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to ma
illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilio
soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary; — FADLADEEN felt the lo
of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Gui
(of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,[4] at le
as far as the mountains of Cashmere; — while the Ladies, who had nothing no
to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seem
heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's cri
cisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as th
were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the fre
enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by
small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, wh
she but too well knew, singing the following words: —

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes; —
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood — all its pain —
Would, for e'n Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went

1 The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them. *P. Vansleb., Relat. d' Egypte.*
2 See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.
3 Ferishta.
4 The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted wi trees on each side.

LALLA ROOKH's heart; — and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra, — that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.[1] In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and fearful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested, that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but before either of them could speak, a slave was dispatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them, — looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,[2] when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals "Bigoted conquerors; — sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" — while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse; — he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers: —

'Tis moonlight over OMAN's Sea;[3]
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA's[4] walls,
And through her EMIR's porphyry halls,

[1] The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. — *Sir W. Jones.*
[2] The "Ager ardens" described by *Kempfer*, *Amoenitat. Exot.*
[3] The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.
[4] The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,[1]
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd — there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven; —
The wind-tower on the EMIR's dome[2]
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

E'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on IRAN's[3] name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike; —
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven.
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;[4] —
Nay, who can cooly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book, —
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
E'n as those bees of TREBIZOND, —
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad![5]

Never did fierce ARABIA send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd —
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land, — no more their own, —
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where MITHRA once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines — oh shame! — were turn'd,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance; — hearts that yet, —
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays

1 A Moorish instrument of music.
2 "At Gombaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses." — *Le Bruyn.*
3 "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia." — *Asiat. Res. Disc.* 5.
4 "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed." — *Russel.*
5 "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad." — *Tournefort.*

They've treasur'd from the sun that's set, —
  Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
  To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
  Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray!
Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
  By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —
None but the loving and the lov'd
  Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those rocks
  That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks,
  As glossy as a heron's wing
  Upon the turban of a king,[1]
Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race; —
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain![2]

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
  Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
  One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —
  The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
  Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh what transport for a lover
  To lift the veil that shades them o'er! —
Like those who, all at once, discover
  In the lone deep some fairy shore,
  Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
  On summer-eves, through YEMEN's[3] dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
  Behind their litters' roseate veils; —
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
  Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
  And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
  In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
  Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness; —
With eyes so pure, that from their ray,
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze

[1] "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." — *Hanway.*
[2] "The fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the east." — *Richardson.*
[3] Arabia Felix.

Upon the emerald's virgin blaze![1] —
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus, — with tearful eyes
And beating heart, — she us'd to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height! —

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the day-beam's withering fire,[2]
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair: —
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
Nôr wake to learn what Love can dare —
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease; —
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water!
Yes — Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would clime th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,[3]
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led!
E'n now thou seest the flashing spray; —
That lights his oar's impatient way; —
E'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,[4]
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scal'd the terrace of his bride; —

1 "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind." — *Ahmed ben Abdalaziz*, Treatise on Jewels.

2 At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water. — *Marco Polo.*

3 This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

4 In one of the books of Shah Nameh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent; — he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam. — See *Champion's Ferdosi.*

When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who fleet and bold
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.
See — light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber,[1]
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves — but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came; —
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover?
Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,[2]
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And — though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast, —
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words, — and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring Spirit, cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes!
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow; —
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,

[1] "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats." — *Niebuhr.*
[2] "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco." — *Toderini, translated by De Courmenard.*

So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
"To-night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bowers,
"Were wafted off to seas unknown,
"Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
"And we might live, love, die alone!
"Far from the cruel and the cold, —
"Where the bright eyes of angels only
"Should come around us, to behold
"A paradise so pure and lonely!
"Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
"My dreams have boded all too right —
"We part — for ever part — to-night!
"I knew, I knew it *could* not last —
"'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
"I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
"I never lov'd a tree or flower,
"But 'twas the first to fade away.
"I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
"To glad me with its soft black eye,
"But when it came to know me well,
"And love me, it was sure to die!
"Now too — the joy most like divine
"Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
"To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
"Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
"Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —
"Those frightful rocks — that treacherous sea —
"No, never come again — though sweet,
"Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
"Farewell — and blessings on thy way,
"Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
"Better to sit and watch that ray,
"And think thee safe, though far away,
"Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger! — oh, tempt me not to boast —"
The youth exclaim'd — "thou little know'st
"What he can brave, who, born and nurst
"In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst!
"Upon whose ear the signal-word
"Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
"Who sleeps with head upon the sword
"His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!
"Danger! —"
"Say on — thou fear'st not then,
"And we may meet — oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so, — beneath the skies
"I now fear nothing but those eyes.
"If aught on earth could charm or force
"My spirit from its destin'd course, —
"If aught could make this soul forget
"The bond to which its seal is set,
"'Twould be those eyes; — they, only they,
"Could melt that sacred seal away!
"But no — 'tis fix'd — *my* awful doom
"Is fix'd — on this side of the tomb
"We meet no more — why, why did Heaven

"Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
"Has rent asunder wide as ours?
"Oh, Arab maid! as soon the Powers
"Of Light and Darkness may combine,
"As I be link'd with thee or thine!
"Thy Father ——"
"Holy ALLA save
"His grey head from that lightning glance!
"Thou know'st him not — he loves the brave;
"Nor lives there under heav'n's expanse
"One who would prize, would worship thee,
"And thy bold spirit, more than he.
"Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
"With the bright falchion by his side,
"I've heard him swear his lisping maid
"In time should be a warrior's bride,
"And still, whene'er, at Haram hours,
"I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
"He tells me, when in playful mood,
"A hero shall my bridegroom be,
"Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
"And won with shouts of victory!
"Nay, turn not from me — thou alone
"Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
"Go — join his sacred ranks — thou know'st
"Th' unholy strife these Persians wage: —
"Good Heav'n, that frown! — e'n now thou glow'st
"With more than mortal warrior's rage.
"Haste to the camp by morning's light,
"And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,
"Oh still remember Love and I
"Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
"One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
"Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
"Abhors ——"
"Hold, hold — thy words are death —"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung. [1] —
"Here, maiden, look — weep — blush to see
"All that thy sire abhors in me!
"Yes — *I* am of that impious race,
"Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
"Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
"Among the living lights of heaven! [2]
"Yes — *I* am of that outcast few,
"To IRAN and to vengeance true,
"Who curse the hour your Arabs came
"To desolate our shrines of flame,
"And swear, before God's burning eye,
"To break our country's chains, or die!
"Thy bigot sire — nay, tremble not —
"He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
"With me is sacred as the spot
"From which our fires of worship rise!
"But know — 'twas he I sought that night,
"When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
"I caught this turrets glimmering light,
"And up the rude rocks desperately
"Rush'd to my prey — thou know'st the rest —
"I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
"And found a trembling dove within; —
"Thine, thine the victory — thine the sin —
"If Love hath made one thought his own,

1 "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it." — *Grose's* Voyage. — Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portait comme Ghebr, &c. &c. — *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

2 They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary. — *Hanway*.

"That Vengeance claims first — last — alone!
"Oh! had we never, never met,
"Or could this heart e'n now forget
"How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
"Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
"Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
"In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
"Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
"At the same kindling altar knelt, —
"Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
"In which the charm of Country lies,
"Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
"Till IRAN's cause and thine were one; —
"While in thy lute's awakening sigh
"I heard the voice of days gone by,
"And saw in every smile of thine
"Returning hours of glory shine! —
"While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
"Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee, —
"God! who could then this sword withstand?
"Its very flash were victory!
"But now — estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,
"Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
"Our only ties what love has wove, —
"Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide; —
"And then, then only, true to love,
"When false to all that's dear beside!
"Thy father IRAN's deadliest foe —
"Thyself, perhaps, e'n now — but no —
"Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
"No — sacred to thy soul would be
"The land of him who could forget
"All but that bleeding land for thee!
"When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,
"Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
"Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
"And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
"But look——"
With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals, *
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heaven again.
"My signal-lights! — I must away —
"Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
"Farewell — sweet life! thou cling'st in vain —
"Now — Vengeance! — I am thine again."
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd — but from the lattice dropp'd
Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe; —
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
"I come — I come — if in that tide
"Thou sleep'st to-night — I'll sleep there too,
"In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
"Oh! I would ask no happier bed
"Than the chill wave my love lies under; —
"Sweeter to rest together dead,
"Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"

* The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars." — *Baumgarten.*

But no — their hour is not yet come —
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

The Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country; — through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story: —

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea [1] palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's [2] groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's [3] sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath, —
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen as they pass'd,
Had tow'rd that holy head-land cast —
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn, — bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar [4]
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see — the Sun himself! — on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir

[1] The Persian Gulf. — "To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf" — *Sir W. Jones.*

[2] Islands in the Gulf.

[3] Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage." — *Morier.*

[4] In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, "the dew is of such a pure nature, that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
  Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd? —
  When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
  Who, on CADESSIA's[1] bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From IRAN's broken diadem,
  And bind her ancient faith in chains: —
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,[2]
  Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
  Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own belov'd but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod! —
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
  Where freedom and his god may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
  That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,
  Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves? —
No — she has sons that never — never —
  Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves.
  While heav'n has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm,[3]
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,
  And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
  How safe e'n tyrant heads may rest —
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue, — blest to be
E'n for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well — 'tis some moons since
  Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince!
  Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, e'n here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here — ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er —
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

1 The Place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

2 Derbend. — "Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiae Portae des anciens." — *D'Herbelot.*

3 The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon. — *Thunberg.*

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
  Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
  Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
  Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
  Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again; —
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthron'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he that wields the might
  Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
  The eyes of YEMEN's warrior wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers?
Those mountaineers that truest, last,
  Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
  Their closing gleam on IRAN's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED — name of fear, whose sound
  Chills like the muttering of a charm; —
Shout but that awful name around,
  And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,*
  Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
  Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales, that won belief,
  And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm and dauntless Chief, —
  One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
  For happy homes and altars free, —
His only talisman, the sword,
  His only spell-word Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names, that have sanctified their blood;
As LEBANON's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks

* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-Land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Of sainted cedars on its banks![1]
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny; —
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears! —
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast —
No — far he fled — indignant fled
  The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
  Fell on his soul, like drops of flame;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
  Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
  For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour — vain the flower
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,
Against AL HASSAN's whelming power. —
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way —
In vain — for every lance they rais'd,
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er, —
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood — but one short league away
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay —
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of OMAN beetling awfully.
A last and solitary link
  Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
  Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
  As if to guard the Gulf across;
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
  That oft the sleeping albatross[2]
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started — to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in; —
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd, —
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,

1 This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.
2 These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
  No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
  And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
  The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
  Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;[1]
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone, —
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!
Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
  His little army's last remains; —
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
  "Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers, —
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours —
"Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
  "Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
"Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
  "To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
"Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
"Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
"Here, — happy that no tyrant's eye
"Gloats on our torments — we may die!"

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glar'd on his features, as he spoke: —
"'Tis o'er — what men could do, we've done —
"If IRAN *will* look tamely on,
"And see her priests, her warriors driven
  "Before a sensual bigot's nod,
"A wretch, who takes his lusts to Heaven,
  "And makes a pander of his God!
"If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
  Men, in whose veins — oh last disgrace!
"The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM[2] rolls, —
  "If they *will* court this upstart race,
"And turn from MITHRA's ancient ray,
"To kneel at shrines of yesterday!
"If they *will* crouch to IRAN's foes,
  "Why, let them — till the land's despair
"Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows
  "Too vile for e'n the vile to bear!
"Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
"Their inmost core, and conscience turns
"Each coward tear the slave lets fall
"Back on his heart in drops of gall!
"But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
"And souls that thraldom never stain'd; —

[1] The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.
[2] Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Guebres there are some, who boast their descent from Rustam." — *Stephen's Persia.*

"This spot, at least, no foot of slave
"Or satrap ever yet profan'd;
"And though but few — though fast the wave
"Of life is ebbing from our veins,
"Enough for vengeance still remains.
"As panthers, after set of sun,
"Rush from the roots of LEBANON
"Across the dark-sea robber's way,[1]
"We'll bound upon our startled prey; —
"And when some hearts that proudest swell
"Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
"When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
"And e'n Despair can prompt no more,
"This spot shall be the sacred grave
"Of the last few who, vainly brave,
"Die for the land they cannot save!"

His Chiefs stood round — each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid —
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering Spirits of their Dead;[2]
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;[3]
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;[4]
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame —
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled Shrine!
Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe —
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,
'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd, —
Tranquil as on some battle plain
The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood —
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,

1 See Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

2 "Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves. — *Richardson.*

3 In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

4 "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun — *Rabbi Benjamin.*

Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear?
Far other feelings Love hath brought —
  Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,
  And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words — "for *my* sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
  Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away
  In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
  But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There's not an arrow wings the sky,
  But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
And, — had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes —
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech — the look estrang'd —
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd —
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
  In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
  Into one knot of happiness!
No, Hinda, no, — thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame. —
  A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
  It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure, —
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
  Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
  Hurry her Gheber's bark away, —
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep, —
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
  And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banquetting —
  Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn — Al Hassan's brow
  Is brighten'd with unusual joy —
What mighty mischief glads him now,
  Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
When tost at midnight furiously,*
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,

* "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds, it sparkles like fire." — *Travels of two Mohammedans.*

More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter, up — the Kerna's[1] breath
"Has blown a blast would waken death,
"And yet thou sleep'st — up, child, and see
"This blessed day for Heaven and me,
"A day more rich in Pagan blood
"Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.
"Before another dawn shall shine,
"His head — heart — limbs — will all be mine;
"This very night his blood shall steep
"These hands all over ere I sleep!" —
"*His* blood!" she faintly scream'd — her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind —
"Yes — spite of his ravines and towers,
"HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
"Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
"Without whose aid the links accurst,
"That bind these impious slaves, would be
"Too strong for ALLA's self to burst!
"That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
"My path with piles of Moslem dead,
"Whose baffling spells had almost driven
"Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
"This night, with all his band, shall know
"How deep an Arab's steel can go,
"When God and Vengeance speed the blow.
"And — Prophet! — by that holy wreath
"Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,[2]
"I swear, for every sob that parts
"In anguish from these heathen hearts,
"A gem from PERSIA's plunder'd mines
"Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
"But, ha! — she sinks — that looks so wild —
"Those livid lips — my child, my child,
"This life of blood befits not thee,
"And thou must back to ARABY.
"Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
"In scenes that man himself might dread,
"Had I not hop'd our every tread
"Would be on prostrate Persian necks —
"Curst race, they offer swords instead!
"But cheer thee, maid, — the wind that now
"Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
"To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
"And, ere a drop of this night's gore
"Have time to chill in yonder towers,
"Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true —
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount, —
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their Sacred Height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight.
He lay — but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave; —
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress mourn'd

1 A kind of trumpet; — it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles." — *Richardson.*

2 "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod." — *Universal History.*

For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim, —
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die, —
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

Lalla Rookh had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the evening, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the dew-mask has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer ——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets; — the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued: —

The day is lowering — stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past; —
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast; —
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound

The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land; — upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear, and dark,
As her now soul, when HINDA's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore —
No music tim'd her parting oar,[1]
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more; —
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.[2]

And where was stern AL HASSAN then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No — close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath![3]
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter, —
As a young bird of BABYLON,[4]
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nurs'd — the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves —
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filletted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount;[5] —
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower. —
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No — silent, from her train apart, —
As if e'n now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom, —
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,

1 "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music." — *Harmer.*

2 "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean." — *Richardson.*

3 "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear." — *Pennant.*

4 "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdad, or Babylonian pigeon." — *Travels of certain Englishmen.*

5 "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them." — *Harris.*

Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
"So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
"Foe — Gheber — infidel — whate'er
"Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear.
"Still glorious — still to this fond heart
"Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art
"Yes — ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes —
"If there be wrong, be crime in this,
"Let the black waves, that round us roll,
"Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
"Forgetting faith, — home, — father, — all —
"Before its earthly idol fall,
"Nor worship e'n Thyself above him —
"For oh! so wildly do I love him,
"Thy Paradise itself were dim
"And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd — her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd — though wandering earthward now, —
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes — for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, e'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm — the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd —
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head —
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky. —
But hark! — that war-whoop on the deck —
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
'Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful heav'n! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shuddered as she rode
O'er mountain-waves — "Forgive me, God!
"Forgive me" — shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over — for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd, —
When, hark! — a second crash — a third —
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in — what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm; —
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on — and some that call
"For God and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not — for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,

Beneath the red volcano's shower!
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck — the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above —
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The struggler's heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags — the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands [1] — as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too — but no — it could not be —
'Twas fancy all — yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul, — e'n then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of Egypt, [2] whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West, [3]
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame!
But no — 'twas but the minute's dream —
A fantasy — and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone:
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm; —
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem [4]
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears, —
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And e'n that swell the tempest leaves

1 The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

2 "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates." — *Brown.*

3 See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

4 A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.

Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when HINDA woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide. —
But where is she? — her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still — is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay
Bore her at morn — whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd? — no — strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
  Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
  Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around — there lay
  A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
  Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA! who shall save her now?
  There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
  From her own Faithful Moslem land.
Their garb — the leathern belt[1] that wraps
  Each yellow vest[2] — that rebel hue —
The Tartar fleece upon their caps[3] —
  Yes — yes — her fears are all too true,
And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power; —
HAFED, the Gheber! — at the thought
  Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
  To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive, — thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels — all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
  She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
  That e'n the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought!

1 *D'Herbelot.* Art. Agduani.
2 "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes." — *Thevenot.*
3 "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary." — *Waring.*

But no — she sees him not — 'tis gone, —
The vision that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled — 'twas but a phantom form —
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
  Scales the blue wave — the crew's in motion
The oars are out, and with light sound
  Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees — with horror sees
  Their course is tow'rd that mountain hold, —
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
  Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
  In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid th' illumin'd land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone. —
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass —
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands! —
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch,
  Through which departed spirits go; —
Not e'n the flare of brand and torch
  Its flickering light could further throw
  Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated — as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark, — so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft — they pause — the current turns
  Beneath them from its onward track; —
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
  The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;
When, hark! — some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks — the chain is flung —
The oars are up — the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous — but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties

A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet, —
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
E'n HINDA, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had ris'n from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled —
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom — 'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry — the distant moan
Of the hyaena, fierce and lone; —
And that eternal saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful — e'n to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near —
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream — all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice — she could not err —
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil, *
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think,
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make e'n ruin dear, —
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose." — *Jami.*

On her — a maid of ARABY —
A Moslem maid — the child of him,
  Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
  And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
  Which comes so fast — oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
  Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries —
"Save him this night — and if thine eyes
  "Have ever welcom'd with delight
"The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
  "Of sinners' hearts — guard him this night,
"And here, before thy throne, I swear
"From my heart's inmost core to tear
  "Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
"Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
  "And give it bleeding all to Thee!
"Let him but live, the burning tear,
"The sighs so sinful, yet so dear,
"Which have been all too much his own,
"Shall from this hour be Heav'n's alone.
"Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
"In long and painful pilgrimage,
"Shall leave no traces of the flame
"That wastes me now — nor shall his name
"Ere bless my lips, but when I pray
"For his dear spirit, that away
"Casting from its angelic ray
"Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
"Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
"Think — think what victory to win
"One radiant soul like his from sin; —
"One wandering star of virtue back
"To its own native, heav'n-ward track!
"Let him but live, and both are Thine,
  "Together Thine — for, blest or crost,
"Living or dead his doom is mine,
  "And if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind; — much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after her dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus: —

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting — when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes

Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all — the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,[1]
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and aw'd as those who waken
In their dark tombs — when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave[2] appear, —
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying e'n the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear —
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
"HAFED, the Chief" — and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes — the rock resounds his tread —
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night![3]
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell!

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band, —
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till HAFED with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"HINDA!" — that word was all he spoke,

1 "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers." — *Eben Haukel.*

2 The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir; who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans," given by Ockley, vol. ii.

3 "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night." — *Richardson.*

And 'twas enough — the shriek that broke
  From her full bosom told the rest —
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
  To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he — the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiends brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight, —
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smil'd
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believ'd her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse —
  Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
  Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past — the future — all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

E'n he, this youth — though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on —
His glories lost — his cause betray'd —
Iran, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves! —
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
  To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
  Then lay him down, and share her death —
E'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
  With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
  In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was lov'd — well, warmly lov'd —
Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe; —
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup — how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
  That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
  Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty Ruins where they stood,
  Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
  Where lightly o'er th' illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark that all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright, —

As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
  The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
  Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell — heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.
But ah! too soon that dream is past —
  Again, again her fear returns; —
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
  More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts — then wildly cries
"At night, he said — and, look 'tis near —
  "Fly, fly — if yet thou lov'st me, fly —
"Soon will his murderous band be here,
  "And I shall see thee bleed and die. —
"Hush! — heard'st thou not the tramp of men
"Sounding from yonder fearful glen? —
"Perhaps e'n now they climb the wood —
  "Fly, fly — though still the West is bright,
"He'll come — oh! yes — he wants thy blood —
  "I know him — he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors e'n to agony
  She clings around the wondering Chief;
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
  "Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.
"Lost as I am, nought ever grew
"Beneath my shade but perish'd too —
"My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
"And nothing lives that enters there!
"Why were our barks together driven
"Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
"Why, when I saw the prize that chance
  "Had thrown into my desperate arms, —
"When, casting but a single glance
  "Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
"I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
  "Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
"To meet th' unmanning sight no more —
"Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
"Why weakly, madly met thee now? —
"Start not — that noise is but the shock
  "Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd —
"Dread nothing here — upon this rock
  "We stand above the jarring world,
"Alike beyond its hope — its dread —
"In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
"Or, could e'n earth and hell unite
"In league to storm this Sacred Height,
"Fear nothing thou — myself, to-night,
"And each o'erlooking star that dwells
"Near God will be thy sentinels; —
"And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
"Back to thy sire ——"
  "To-morrow! — no —"
The maiden scream'd — "thou'lt never see
"To-morrow's sun — death, death will be
"The night-cry through each reeking tower,
"Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour;
"Thou art betray'd — some wretch who knew
"That dreadful glen's mysterious clew —
"Nay, doubt not — by yon stars, 'tis true —
"Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;

"This morning, with that smile so dire
"He wears in joy, he told me all,
"And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
"As though thy heart already beat
"Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
"Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then
"His victim was my own lov'd youth! —
"Fly — send — let some one watch the glen —
"By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"
Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it — deeply felt — and stood,
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
So maz'd and motionless was he; —
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie![1]

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days!
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise; —
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal-lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come — his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret, — and by its light,
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes!
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never — while breath of life shall live
Within them — never to forgive
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did Saint of Issa[2] gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers, — his distant funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-god's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death

1 For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant.*
2 Jesus.

The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er —
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd! *

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance where'er it bends —
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
"Hafed, my own beloved Lord,"
She kneeling cries — first, last ador'd!
"If in that soul thou'st ever felt
"Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
"Here, on my knees that never knelt
"To any but their God before,
"I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly —
"Now, now — ere yet their blades are nigh.
"Oh haste — the bark that bore me hither
"Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
"East — west — alas, I care not whither,
"So thou art safe, and I with thee!
"Go where we will, this hand in thine,
"Those eyes before me smiling thus,
"Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
"The world's a world of love for us!
"On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
"Where 'tis no crime to love too well; —
"Where thus to worship tenderly
"An erring child of light like thee
"Will not be sin — or, if it be,
"Where we may weep our faults away,
"Together kneeling, night and day,
"Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
"And I — at *any* God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke —
Then hung her head, and wept for shame
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heav'd sob that came:
While he, young, warm — oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath — his cause — that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees,
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come — o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray; —
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.
Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,

* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." — *Tavernier.*

Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,
"Yes — if there be some happier sphere,
"Where fadeless truth like ours is dear; —
"If there be any land of rest
"For those who love and ne'er forget,
"Oh! comfort thee — for safe and blest
"We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn [1] hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm fiend at his rising blows. —
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came — his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all —
Alas, how few? — the worn remains
Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun —
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind, [2]
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came; —
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they pass'd before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all — the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed — night gems the skies —
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heav'n, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet; —
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand — that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;

1 "The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound." — *Pennant.*

2 "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies." — *Tehenot.*

Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
Gives hope — so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess —
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth — assurance — tenderness —
'Twas any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
"But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
"And, by to-morrow's dawn — oh bliss!
"With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
"Far off, I'll but remember this,
"As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
"And thou ——" but ha! — he answers not —
Good Heav'n! — and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the Angel ISRAFIL'S, *
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy —
Yet now — oh now, he is not nigh —
"HAFED! my HAFED! — if it be
"Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
"Let me but stay to die with thee,
"And I will bless thy loved name,
"Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
"Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
"But near each other while they fade;
"Let us but mix our parting breaths,
"And I can die ten thousand deaths!
"You too, who hurry me away
"So cruelly, one moment stay —
"Oh! stay — one moment is not much
"He yet may come — for *him* I pray —
"HAFED! dear HAFED! —" all the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods — no HAFED came: —
No — hapless pair — you've look'd your last:
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er — your doom is cast —
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries! —
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see — he starts — what heard he then?
That dreadful shout! — across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come — the Moslems come!" — he cries,

* "The Angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." — *Sale.*

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,
"Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
"Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,
"Rejoice — for souls of kindred fire
"Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said — and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine — his Chiefs stood round —
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark! — again — again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm — oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their Chief — could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts — they were his own —
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
"Shall we die tamely? die alone?
"Without one victim to our shades,
"One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
"The sabre from its toil may sleep?
"No — God of IRAN's burning skies!
"Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
"No — though of all earth's hope bereft,
"Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
"We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
"Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
"Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
"Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
"Follow, brave hearts! — this pile remains
"Our refuge still from life and chains;
"But his the best, the holiest bed,
"Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart. — Th' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA's vale *
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need — so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untam'd and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way; —
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fall'n before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,
The guards, with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of IRAN's last avengers stand; —
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem's tread

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come — that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now — if e'er your blades
  Had point or prowess, prove them now —
Woe to the file that foremost wades!
  They come — a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band
  So fierce their toil, hath power to stir
But listless from each crimson hand
  The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome — never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand; —
Wretches who wading, half on fire
  From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire; —
  And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light.
To this terrific spot they pour —
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway — on they pass. —
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes —
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by HAFED's side,
Who fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion swept away
  By sudden swell of JORDAN's pride
From the wild covert where he lay, *
  Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
  Their prey escap'd — guide, torches gone —

* "In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*" — *Maundrell's Aleppo.*

By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
  The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on —
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind —
"Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
"To track the way the Gheber went!"
Vain wish — confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss; —
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures, — while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.
  Those sounds — the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear, —
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
  Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
  And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness — 'twas she
  His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
  When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
  Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
  Between him and her glory cast;
As if to charms, before so bright,
  New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
  Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!
  A voice spoke near him — 'twas the tone
Of a lov'd friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife. —
"And must we then, my Chief, die here?
"Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!"
These words have rous'd the last remains
  Of life within him — "what! not yet
"Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
  The thought could make e'n Death forget
His icy bondage — with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
E'n feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!
They mount — they bleed — oh save them now —
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore —
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength —
Haste, haste — the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below —
One effort more — thank Heav'n! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
  Now Hafed sees the Fire divine —

When, lo! — his weak, worn comrade falls
  Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
  "And must I leave thee withering here,
"The sport of every ruffian's tread,
  "The mark for every coward's spear?
"No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame
Bears him along; — with death-damp hand
  The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
  And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN's Sea. —
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!
What shriek was that on OMAN's tide?
  It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
  The death-light — and again is dark.
It is the boat — ah, why delay'd? —
That bears the wretched Moslem maid
Confided to the watchful care
  Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
  The secret of his final doom;
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
  Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
  The ransom of so dear a prize. —
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell —
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
  Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
  They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While every eye in mute dismay,
  Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
  As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power
  Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour —
  Thy silent agony — 'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
  The panic chill will not depart; —
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
  Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No — pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain —

That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave — heav'n's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow; —
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown —
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh buoyant sense of being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast, —
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now! — but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings — brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge — in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er — in rust your blades may lie;
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
E'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour —
Ah! she could tell you — she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast —
Too well she knows — her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see — what moves upon the height?
Some signal — 'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'rd the shrine
All eyes are turned — thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last failing life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment — fierce and high
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrin'd in its own grand element!
"'Tis he!" — the shuddering maid exclaims —
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and her's are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave,
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave, —
Deep, deep, — where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south * o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame;

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia.*

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star [1] to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning, [2]
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero! forget thee —
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept; [3]
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian [4] are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell — farewell — until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspicious young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, — which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk [5] would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the king of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they

1 "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb.*

2 For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amoenitat Exot.*

3 Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Tresoar, Chambers.*

4 "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire." — *Struy.*

5 "The application of whips or rods." — *Dubois.*

assembled next evening in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen, — he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe, — the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur, — who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of beautiful Forms,[1] and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,[2] beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the Emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer, — or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy, — resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.[3]

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While FADLADEEN, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill; — taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;" — and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, — the Light of the Haram,[4] who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,[5] — the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconcilement of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began: —

1 Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him "formae corporis aestimator." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

2 The Attock.

3 The Star Soheil, or Canopus.

4 Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

5 See note, p. 70.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,[1]
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes! —
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.[2]
Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet. —
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees[3] till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal[4] that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines — all love and light!
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy, — for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.[5]
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose, —
The Flowret of a hundred leaves,[6]
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives!
'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoulk.[7]
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And wak'd to moonlight and to play.

1 "The rose of Kashmire for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour has long been proverbial in the East." — *Forster.*

2 "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody." — *Song of Jayadeva.*

3 "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall." — *Bernier.*

4 "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahommetans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake." — *Forster.*

5 "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom." — See *Pietro de la Valle.*

6 "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species." — *Ouseley.*

7 *Bernier.*

All were abroad — the busiest hive
On BELA's[1] hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night!
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaim'd to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet; —
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie, —
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fall'n upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy, — the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet; —
The minaret-cryer's chaunt of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,[2]
And answer'd by a ziraleet
From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet; —
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from those infant groupes at play
Among the tents[3] that line the way,
Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other! —
And the sounds from the Lake, — the low whisp'ring in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight; — the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that every where floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of KATHAY utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave![4]
But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling, —
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing, —
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

1 A place mentioned in the Toozek Jehangeery, or Memoirs of Jehanguire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

2 "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus." — *Russell.*

3 "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, with music, dances," &c. &c. — *Herbert.*

4 "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them." — *Grosier.*

Oh! best of delights as it every where is
To be near the lov'd *One* — what a rapture is his
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the Lake of CASHMERE, with that *One* by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent Son of ACBAR, [1]
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the HARAM, his young NOURMAHAL.
When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
By the banks of that Lake, with his only belov'd,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This *was* not the beauty — oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry, — for e'n in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth — oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring; —
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages. [2]
While her laugh, full of life, without any controul
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over, —
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East for her slave,
And though bright was his Haram, — a living parterre
Of the flow'rs [3] of this planet — though treasures were there,
For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the store
That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young NOURMAHAL!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ? —
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,

1 Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.
2 In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours." — *Richardson.*
3 In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

He saw that City of Delight[1]
In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers! —
Where is the lov'd Sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas! — how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air — a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken —
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round;[2] —
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For e'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird, — whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies![3]

Some difference, of this dangerous kind, —
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst; —
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own, —
He wanders, joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,

1 The capital of Shadukiam. See note, p. 50.

2 See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's* Cérémonies Religieuses.

3 "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour." — *Grosier.*

Whose pinion knows no resting place.[1]
In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the Earth supplies
  Come crowding round — the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim — though rich the spot
With every flow'r this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?[2]
In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not — one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heav'n that lights the Star?

Hence is it too that NOURMAHAL,
  Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
  Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid,
NAMOUNA, the Enchantress; — one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believ'd nor man nor earth
Were conscious of NAMOUNA's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
  From the great Mantra[3] which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
  To the gold gems[4] of AFRIC, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's[5] harm.
And she had pledg'd her powerful art,
Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's[6] smile to NOURMAHAL!
  'Twas midnight — through the lattice, wreath'd
With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sun-light dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about; —
When thus NAMOUNA: — "'Tis the hour
"That scatters spells on herb and flower,

1 "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les ames damnées.'" — *Dalloway.*

2 "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose." — *Jami.*

3 "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations." — *Wilford.*

4 "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain." — *Jackson.*

5 "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c. in a human shape." — *Richardson.*

6 The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

"And garlands might be gather'd now,
"That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,
"Would make him dream of such delights,
"Such miracles and dazzling sights
"As Genii of the Sun behold,
"At evening, from their tents of gold
"Upon th' horizon — where they play
"Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
"Their sunny mansions melt away!
"Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd
"Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,
"Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
"Might bring some Peri from the skies,
"Some sprite, whose very soul is made
"Of flowrets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
"And who might tell ——"
"For me, for me,"
Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently, —
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Anemones and Seas of Gold, [1]
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowrets, that unfold
Their buds on CAMADEVA's quiver; [2] —
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of MALAY
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night, [3]
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away. —
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through ZAMARA's shades; [4] —
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On SERENDIB's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;
In short, all flowrets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree, [5]
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil [6] tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert [7] and the dead, —
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to NAMOUNA flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

1 "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour." — *Sir W. Jones.*

2 "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva or the God of Love." — *Id.*

3 "The Malayans style the tube-rose (Polianthes tuberosa) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night." — *Pennant.*

4 The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails." — *Marsden.*

5 "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit." — *Sir W. Jones.*

6 Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in church-yards.

7 "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."— *Asiat. Res.*

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bath'd with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour! — her glance
  Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
  She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flow'rs and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life — for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves: —

I know where the winged visions dwell
  That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
  Where they hide their wings by day.
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
  To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
  Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
  That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
  That blooms on a leafless bough.[1]
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
  The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,[2] that dyes
  The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes — oh touch not them —
  That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
  That shrieks, when torn at night!
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,
  That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind
  Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Plac'd on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL; —

1 "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches." — *Hasselquist.*
2 An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind, that o'er the tents
Of AZAB[1] blew, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
  Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
  Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;[2]
And now a Spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
  Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
  And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:

From CHINDARA's[3] warbling fount I come,
  Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From CHINDARA's fount, my fairy home,
  Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
  And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
  Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
        Hither I come
        From my fairy home,
  And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
        I swear by the breath
        Of that moonlight wreath,
  Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.
For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
  Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey; —
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
  From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
  The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.[4]

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory links the tone that is gone
  With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
  To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone — yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
  When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
  While Heav'n's eternal melodies roll!
        So, hither I come
        From my fairy home,

1 The myrrh country.
2 "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea." — *Wilford.*
3 "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing." — *Richardson.*
4 "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree." — See *Brown's* Illustr. Tab. 19.

And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn — at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,[1]
As if the morn had wak'd, and then
Shut close her lids of light again.
And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings —
Oh bliss! — now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings!
And then, her voice — 'tis more than human —
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine. —
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine."
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away, —
For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.
That evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love releas'd
By mirth, by music, and the bowl,)
Th' Imperial SELIM held a Feast
In his magnificent Shalimar; —
In whose Saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's lovellest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams.[2]
And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
Who leave — how *can* they leave? — the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the south[3]
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
There too the Haram's inmates smile;
Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the NILE,
Delicate as the roses there;[4] —
Daughters of Love from CYPRUS' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;[5] —
Light Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold meads of CANDAHAR;[6]

1 "They have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break." — *Waring.*

2 "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them." — *Ali Yezdi.*

3 "From him I received the following little Gazzel or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India." — *Persian Miscellanies.*

4 "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's Palace,) are unequalled, and matrasses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon." — *Jackson.*

5 "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond." — *Maritti.*

6 "There is a part of Candahar, called Peria or Fairy Land." — *Thevenot.* In some of these countries to the north of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,[1]
That they might fancy the rich flowers,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying!
Every thing young, every thing fair
From East and West is blushing there,
Except — except — oh NOURMAHAL!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by!
Thou wert not there — so SELIM thought,
And every thing seem'd drear without thee;
But ah! thou wert, thou wert — and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingling unnotic'd with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,[2] —
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery, —
She rov'd, with beating heart, around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On CASBIN's hills;[3] — pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples[4] that CAUBUL
In all its thousand gardens[5] bears.
Plantains, the golden and the green,
MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen;[6]
Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of SAMARCAND,
And BASHA dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun,[7] from IRAN's land; —
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,[8]
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells.[9]
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure santal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle[10]
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,

1 "These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens." — *Dunn.*

2 "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps prettily ordered." — *Carreri.* Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

3 "The golden grapes of Casbin." — *Description of Persia.*

4 "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates, &c." — *Elphinstone.*

5 "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmaundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens, &c." — *Id.*

6 "The Mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay Islands." — *Marsden.*

7 "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ekshems, signifying sun's seed." — *Description of Persia.*

8 "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers, &c. — *Russell.*

9 "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac." — The *Moallakat*, Poem of Tarafa.

10 Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan. — See *Kempfer.*

Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,[1] — the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;[2]
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth,[3] was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolv'd the flood shall reach
His inward heart, — shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy; —
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,[4]
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid,
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see — a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks;[5]
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark — oh he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those! —
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,[6] and thus sings: —

Come hither, come hither — by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the Love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;[7]
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,[8]
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

1 Persian Tales.
2 The white wine of Kishma.
3 "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world." — *Marco Polo.*
4 The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphaea Nelumbo. — See *Pennant.*
5 Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths. — See *Ebn Haukal.*
6 "The Indian Syrinda or guitar." — *Symes.*
7 "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil." — *Song of Jayadeva.*
8 "The Nissan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells. — *Richardson.*

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth[1] left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil,[2] the Angel, there; —
So pow'rfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wond'rously they went together: —

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more: —

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of Kings.

1 For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see *Marlti*.
2 The Angel of Music. See note, p. 83.

Then come — thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart, —
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me, — if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found. *

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place; —

Then, fare thee well — I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, e'n without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart:
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's Spirit, — 'twas too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup, —
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there, —
And naming her, so long unnam'd,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
"Oh Nourmahal! oh Nourmahal!
"Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
"I could forget — forgive thee all,
"And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off — the charm is wrought —
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

* The Hedhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Fadladeen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry, — of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous" — "inharmonious" — "nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream [1] — a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions, — not to mention dews, gems, &c. — was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion, — these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that — whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess — poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and, indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret — though not without some suspicion of the cause — that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled, — to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. [2] But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains; — neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground; — neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre; — not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the

1 See page 69.
2 Kachmire be Nazeer. — *Forster.*

side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth; — while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her; — but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her Ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the Lake; — first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! — In the barge immediately after the Princess was FADLADEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. — Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her! — FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following

week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, ALIRES, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

NOTES

TO

LALLA ROOKH.

Page 3.

These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

Page 3.

Leila.

The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Page 3.

Shirine.

For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see *D'Herbelot*, *Gibbon*, *Oriental Collections*, &c.

Page 3.

Dewildé.

"The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero." — *Ferishta.*

Page 3.

Those insignia of the Emperor's favour, &c.

"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end." — *Fryer's* Travels.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles." — *Elphinstone's* Account of Caubul.

Page 3.

Khedar Khan, &c.

"Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon, (at the end of the eleventh century,) whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — *Richardson's* Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.

Page 3.

The gilt pine-apples, &c.

"The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin." — *Scott's* notes on the Bahardanush.

Page 3.

The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.

In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

Page 3.

A young female slave sat fanning her, &c.

See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum in her progress to Cashmere.

Page 3.

Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector.

This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.— "He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations." — *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 220.

Page 3.

The diamond eyes of the idol, &c.

"The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol." — *Tavernier.*

Page 3.

Gardens of Shalimar.

See a description of these royal Gardens in "An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin." — *Asiat. Research.* vol. iv. p. 417.

Page 4.

Lake of Pearl.

"In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water." — *Pennant's* Hindostan.

"Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tenoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talab, the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains." — *Wilks's* South of India.

Page 4.

Described by one from the Isles of the West, &c.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

Page 4.

Loves of Wamak and Exra.

"The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers, who lived before the time of Mahomet." — *Note on the Oriental Tales.*

Page 4.

Of the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress, Rodahver.

Their amour is recounted in the Shal-Namèh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion's* Translation.

Page 4.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible white Daemon.

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shiraux is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which father Angelo, in his Gazophilacium Persicum p. 127., declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. — See *Ouseley's* Persian Miscellanies.

Page 4.

Their golden anklets.

"The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells, fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices. — *Maurice's* Indian Antiquities.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them." — See *Calmet's* Dictionary, art. Bells.

Page 4.

That delirious opium, &c.

"Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croît beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium." — *D'Herbelot.*

Page 4.

That idol of women, Chrishna.

"He and the three Ramas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Chrishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women." — *Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

Page 4.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.

See *Turner's* Embassy for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Page 4.

The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mokanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot.*

Page 5.

Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream.

"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens." — *Eben Haukal's* Geography.

Page 5.

For far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were e'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moseia's cheek.

"Ses disciples assuraient qu'il se couvrait le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchait par l'éclat de son visage comme Moyse." — *D'Herbelot.*

Page 5.

In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night.

"Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coëffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvait pas choisir une, qui lui fût plus opposée." — *D'Herbelot.*

Page 5.

Javelins of the light Khathaian reed.

"Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate." — *Poem of Amru.*

Page 5.

Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.

The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. — "Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias." — *Sir W. Jones*, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.

Page 5.

Like a chenar-tree grove.

The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green." — *Morier's* Travels.

Page 6.

With turban'd heads of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds . . . . . .

"The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban." — *Beckmann's* History of Inventions.

Page 6.

With belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

"The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body." — *Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

Page 7.

Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying Throne of star-taught Soliman.

This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem:" *Oriental Collections*, vol. i p. 235. — When Soliman travelled, the Eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun." — *Sale's* Koran, vol. ii. p. 214. note.

Page 7.

. . . . and thence descending flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna: — "Sa doctrine était que Dieu avait pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu' après la mort d'Adam, Dieu était apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avait choisis, jusqu' à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professait l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempsycose; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité était passée, et descendue en sa personne."

Page 13.

Such Gods as he,
Whom India serves, the monkey Deity.

"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race." — *Pennant's* Hindoostan.

See a curious account in *Stephen's Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

Page 13.

Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made.

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made, is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made." — *Symes's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

Page 13.

——— *proud things of clay,*
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted; — "The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the Angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such." — *Sale on the Koran.*

Page 16.

The puny bird that dares, with teazing hum,
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the Lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *Paul Lucas*, Voyage fait en 1714.

Page 17.

Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously.

"The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence." — *The present State of China*, p. 156.

Page 17.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.

See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register of* 1801.

Page 17.

The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom." — *Present State of China.*

Page 18.

The Kohol's jetty dye.

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards, through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30.) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30.) *to have painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.*" *Shaw's* Travels.

Page 19.

—— *drop*
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food.

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

Page 21.

As they were captives to the King of Flowers.

"They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage." — *The Baharданush.*

Page 21.

But a light golden chain-work round her hair, &c.

"One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear." *Hanway's* Travels.

Page 21.

The Maids of Yezd.

"Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz." — *Tavernier.*

Page 22.

And his floating eyes — oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies . . . . . .

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze." — *Jayadeva.*

Page 23.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round.

It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Page 23.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read, that to be bless'd, is to be wise.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." — This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass." — Chap. 27.

Page 23.

Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest.

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shewn that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Page 23.

Zuleika.

"Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, according to the *sura*, or chapter of the Alcoran, which contains the history of Joseph, and which for elegance of style surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef van Zelikha*; by *Noureddin Jami* the manuscript-copy of which in the Bodleian Library at Oxford is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.*

Page 27.

The apples of Istkahar.

"In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour." — *Ebn Haukal.*

Page 27.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpre's* Voyage in the Indian Ocean.

Page 28.

The Oton-tala or Sea of Stars.

"The place where the Whango, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun nor, that is, the Sea of Stars." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

Page 28.

The City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here.

"The Lescar, or imperial Camp, is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents." — *Dow's* Hindostan.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment. — "His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm-leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair." — *Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

Page 28.

And camels tufted o'er with Yemen's shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells.' — *Ali Bey.*

Page 28.

The tinkling throngs.
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which, together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully." — *Pitt's* Account of the Mahometans.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music." — *Tavernier.*

Page 30.

Hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd.

Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly and is fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

Page 33.

— the pillar'd throne
Of Parvis.

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parvis a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou." — *Universal History.*

Page 33.

And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disait être la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb. — "Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiania, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

Page 34.

On for the lamps that light yon lofty screen.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.— See *Harmer's* Observations on Job.

Page 35.

Engines of havoc in, unknown before.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century appears from *Dow's* Account of Mamood I. "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fireballs, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See *Wilks's* South of India, vol. i. p. 491.—And in the curious Javan poem, the *Bratu Yudha* given by Mr. *Raffles* in his History of Java, we find, "He aimed at the Heart of Soeta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the sieges of Abulaalid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes

the citadel." — See the extracts from *Castri*'s Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to *Berington*'s Literary History of the Middle Ages.

Page 35.

Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount.

See *Hanway*'s Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookee, or the Flaming Mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke* in his Journal mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

. . . . . many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky.

Page 37.

Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade — 'tis filled
With burning drugs for this last hour distill'd.

"Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jetta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restaient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il était monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver." — *D'Herbelot.*

Page 40.

To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.

"The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit seasons by a guard of sepoys; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table." — *Mrs. Graham*'s Journal of a Residence in India.

Page 40.

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors," (about the year 442.) — *Dunn*'s Collection of curious Observations, &c. — a bad translation of some parts of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.

Page 41.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

"The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown." — *Richardson.*

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1769, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family." — *Wilks*'s South of India. He adds in a note; — "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Page 41.

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain." — *Volney.* M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts." — *Niebuhr.*

Page 42.

From the dark hyacinth to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair.

See *Nott's* Hafez, Ode v.

Page 42.

To the Cálamatá, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented.

"The Cámalatá (called by Linnaeus, Ipomaea) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue, and have justly procured it the name of Cámalatá or Love's Creeper."— *Sir W. Jones.*

"Cámalatá may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomaea." — *Ib.*

Page 42.

That flower-loving Nymph, whom they worship in the temples of Kathay.

"According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself."—*Asiat. Res.*

Page 42.

On the blue flow'r, which, Bramins say,
Blooms no where but in Paradise.

"The Bramins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise." — *Sir W. Jones.* It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere." — *Marsden*'s Sumatra.

Page 43.

I know where the Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpré*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations." — *Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

Page 43.

Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds, &c.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairran, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands." — *Travels of two Mohammedans.*

Page 43.

Thy pillar'd shades.

. . . . . in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, *a pillar'd shade*,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between. MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see *Cordiner's* Ceylon.

Page 43.

Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones.

"With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni." — *Ferishta.*

Page 44.

. . . *blood like this*
For Liberty shed, so holy is.

Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Page 44.

Afric's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Page 45.

Only the fierce hyaena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyaenas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — *Bruce.*

Page 46.

But see who yonder comes.

This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry; — by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

Page 48.

The wild bees of Palestine.

"Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm 81.), "*honey out of the stony rock.*" — *Burder's* Oriental Customs.

Page 48.

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.

"The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together." — *Thevenot.*

Page 49.

On the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount.

Imaret, "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours. — *Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Cournand.* — See also *Castellan's* Moeurs des Othomans, tom. v. p. 145.

Page 49.

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the Mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *ghell ghelum ghell*, or, Come, dear, follow me." — *Aaron Hills's* Travels.

Page 51.

The Banyan Hospital.

"This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, throu age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, s oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean str for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and fl broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects." — *Parsons.*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, a that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people. — See *Grandpré.*

Page 51.

Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Gang by crushing and trampling upon them.

"A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in so places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour." — *Sir. W. Jo* on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

Page 52.

Artisans in chariots.

Oriental Tales.

Page 52.

Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads.

"Or rather," says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "sm coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in ch rity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

Page 52.

His delectable alley of trees.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernie* "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passe gers, and to water the young trees."

Page 53.

On the clear, cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the bea tiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most love of the nymphaeas I have seen." *Mrs. Graham's* Journal of a Residence in India.

Page 53.

Who many hundred years since had fled hither from their Arab conquerors.

"On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman; pl sieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords Gange, à l'est de Delhi." — *M. Anquetil*, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

Page 53.

As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers.

"Cashmere (say its historians) had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akb in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this Paradise of the Indies, situ ted as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basel betrayed by his Omrahs." — *Pennant.*

Page 53.

His story of the Fire-worshippers.

Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to hav alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippe were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

Page 55.

Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower.

"In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautifie with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gil ed lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honey-suckles, make a sort of green wal large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures." — *Lady M. W. Montagu.*

Page 55.

Before their mirrors count the time.

The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," say *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, th they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are oblige to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water." — *Travels.*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and fro the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute inte course of two lovers before their parents.

'He with salute of deference due
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She rais'd her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast.'"

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Page 56.

. . . th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose thi mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions per fectly calm." — It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the De luge, and part of it they say exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for: — "Wherea none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either t wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without bein rotten."—See *Carreri's* Travels, where the Doctor laughs at his whole account of Mount Arara

Page 59.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon d laine, ou de poil de chameau." — *Encycopédie Française.*

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Page 59.

Who morn and even
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of Heaven.

"As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man." — *Grose.* — The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, that "calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

Page 61.

That tree which grows over the tomb of the musician Tan-Sein.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice." — *Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

Page 61.

The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo-staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension." — *Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

Page 61.

Beneath the shade some pious hands had erected, &c.

"The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors." — *Pennant.*

Page 61.

The nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the lofty trees at night." — *Russel's* Aleppo.

Page 63.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, &c.

"When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink." — *The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

Page 63.

As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River." — See *Chateaubriand's* Beauties of Christianity.

Page 64.

A rocky mountain o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.

This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Baloochistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde." *Kinneir's* Persian Empire.

Page 64.

That bold were Moslem, who would dare
At twilight hour to steer his skiff,
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kuda or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Derves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed to ascend or explore it." — *Pottinger's* Beloochistan.

Page 65.

Still did the mighty flame burn on.

"At the city of Yezd in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Ibadat, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man." — *Pottinger's* Beloochistan.

Page 66.

. . . *while on that altar's fires*
They swore.

"Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur." — *Encyclopédie Française.*

Page 66.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour." — *Russel's* Aleppo.

Page 69.

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes." — *Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there; see *Witman's* Travels in Asiatic Turkey.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water." — *Klaproth's* Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of Childe Harold,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

Page 69.

While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh.

"The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake." — *Pottinger.*

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing." — *Koran* chap. 24.

Page 69.

A flower, that the Bidmusk has just passed over.

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name." — "The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month." — *Le Bruyn.*

Page 69.

Where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water.

"The Biajús are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds;* and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea.* In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it." — *Dr. Leyden* on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.

Page 69.

The violet sherbets.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particulary for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar." — *Hasselquist.*

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar." — *Tavernier.*

Page 69.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers." — *Persian Tales.*

Page 70.

Her ruby rosary.

"Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il était de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres." — *Toderini.*

Page 76.

A silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree Nilica.

Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk. — *Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. — Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower. — *Sir W. Jones.* — The Persians call it Gul. — *Carreri.*

Page 81.

When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd.

Of their other Prophet Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusaeus*, Orat. 36., that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. — See *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

Page 90.

They were not now far from that Forbidden River.

"Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river." — *Dow's* Hindostan.

Page 90.

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich: —

"'Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

"'(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicksome with tipsiness and mirth.'

"The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night." — *Extract from a geographical Persian Manuscript called Heft Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

Page 90.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were the Royal Gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussun Abdaul to the very interesting introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubul.

Page 90.

Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate lizards.

"The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers." — *Hasselquist.*

Page 90.

As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious."

"As you enter at that Bazaar without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious." — *Thevenot.* — This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: — "When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"

Would remind the Princess of that difference, &c.

"Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimait cependant jusqu' à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en apperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poëte de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poëte exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poëte et de la douceur de la voix du musicien qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle." — *D' Herbelot.*

Page 92.

Where the silken swing.

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates." — *Richardson.*

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings." — *Thevenot.*

Page 92.

. . . . . As if all the shores,
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. "Hujus littus, ait Capella, concentum musicum illisis terrae undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim pulchrum dictum." — *Ludov. Vives in Augustin. de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 8.

Page 96.

The basil tuft that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil." — *Maillet*, Lett. 10.

Page 97.

The mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Bachtschat ed dab.*"

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms me that which I observed in Candia: to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground." — *Dandini*, Voyage to Mount Libanus.

Page 98.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure.

"Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed." — *Gerrard* on Taste.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero: — "Quocirca corpus gaudere tam diu, dum praesentem sentiret voluptatem; animum et praesentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec praeteritam praeterfluere sincre."

Madame de Staël accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from *rhyme:* — "Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

Page 99.

'Tis dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

"The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning." — *Scott Waring.* He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Page 99.

. . . . . *held a feast*
In his magnificent Shalimar.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suits of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value." — *Forster.*

Page 101.

And oh, if there be, &c.

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble: — '*If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.*'" — *Franklin.*

Page 104.

Like that painted porcelain.

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kia-tsin, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on." "They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose." — *Dunn.*

Page 104.

More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor.

An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor." — *Hafiz.*

Page 104.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschan, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound." — *Major Rennell's* Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan.

Jehanguire mentions "a fountain in Cashmire called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there." — "During the life-time of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmeer. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood." — *Toozek Jehangeery.* — See *Asiat. Misc.* vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the Ayin-Acbaree, "who," says *Major Rennell*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

Page 104.

Whose houses roof'd with flowers.

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully checquered parterre." — *Forster.*

Page 104.

Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made." — *Vincent le Blanc's* Travels.

Page 105.

The meteors of the north, as they are seen by those hunters.

For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, see *Encyclopaedia.*

Page 105.

The cold, odoriferous wind.

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!" — *Sale's* Preliminary Discourse.

Page 105.

The Cerulean Throne of Koolburga.

"On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this Throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels." — *Ferishta.*

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS,

A POEM.

By THOMAS MOORE.

It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the Angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them

The Book of Enoch, chap. vii. sect. 2.

PREFACE.

This Poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work, about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a Drama; and, as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the Scripture, I think it right to remark, that, in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural — the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of Angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the fable rests.* The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity — the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures — and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
  When the fresh starts had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
  Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
  Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn, —
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
  'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
  Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
  Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
  E'en then, that morning of the earth!

* See Note.

That, sadder still, the fatal stain
  Should fall on hearts of heav'nly birth —
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From Woman's love, most sad of all!

One evening, in that time of bloom,
  On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
  Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
  To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
  Bespoke them of that distant world —
Creatures of light, such as still play,
  Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
  The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heav'n they spoke, and, still more oft,
  Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
  And balmy evening's influence —
The silent breathing of the flow'rs —
  The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
  Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
  The least celestial of the three —
A Spirit of light mould, that took
  The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, e'en in heaven, was not of those
  Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
  That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In the great centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths th' unheav'nliest one —
A creature, to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,
And o'er whose brow not Love alone
  A blight had, in his transit, sent,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
  And left their foot-prints as they went.

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past
  Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
  O'er buried hopes, he thus began:

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

'Twas in a land, that far away
  Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
  Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
  And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element —
  Oh beautiful, but fatal sight! —
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook;
  Which, while it hid no single gleam

Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake — her mirror still —
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes! —
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And — like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd — so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which — I well could feel —
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One side-long look, the maid was gone —
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me — day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot,
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heav'n, and all forgot —
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above! —
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heav'n, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heav'n to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds — the *one*, that small,
Belov'd, and consecrated spot
Where LEA *was* — the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not!*
But vain my suit, my madness vain;

Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
  One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings, that hung
  Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
Unnam'd in heav'n their fragments flung; —
'Twas hopeless all — pure and unmov'd
  She stood, as lilies in the light
  Of the hot noon but look more white; —
And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
'Twas not as man, as mortal — no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow —
She lov'd me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams — that Heaven,
  To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gaz'd at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
  To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When, — turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour, — she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
  "The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
"Dwelling up there in purity,
  "Alone, as all such bright things are; —
"My sole employ to pray and shine,
  "To light my censer at the sun,
"And fling its fire towards the shrine
  "Of Him in heav'n, th' Eternal One!"
So innocent the maid — so free
  From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime — my destiny —
  To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
  To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips th' avowal burst;
Not angry — no — the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad —
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there — to think
That angel natures — even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky —
Should fall thus headlong from the height
  Of such pure glory into sin —
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,
The sin, of all, that the soul's light
  Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!
That, though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there,
Should meet her, in my fall from light,
From heav'n and peace, and turn her flight
Downward again, with me to drink
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

That very night — my heart had grown
  Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers* near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone

* See Note

Between them and this nether zone,
  Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning; —
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
  To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven
  It is their hour or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
  And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heav'n began to play —
  When my heart fail'd — the spell was broken —
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me,
Beyond home — glory — every thing?
  How fly, while yet there was a chance,
A hope — aye, even of perishing
  Utterly by that fatal glance!
No matter where my wanderings were,
  So there she look'd, mov'd, breath'd about —
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
  Than all heav'n's proudest joys without!

But, to return — that very day
  A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came, crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds, the young and gay
  And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
  And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
  The shadow I that morn had thrown —
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd — in the flush
  Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth — that rush
  Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness —
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions — like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain —
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things —
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
  Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
  But grasping Heav'n, too, in their span! —
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
  Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
  To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
  Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in th' absence of heaven's beams,
  Haunt us for ever — like wild-fires
  That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest — our banquet done,
  I sought her in th' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
  At the same silent, moonlight hour.

I found her — oh, so beautiful!
  Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
  As fair as Woman, in yon skies?
Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn
  Purer than ever on that night;
  While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
    From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
  A spell of holiness around,
Which would have — had my brain not been
  Thus poison'd, madden'd — held me bound,
  As though I stood on God's own ground.
E'en as it was, with soul all flame,
  And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame —
The memory of Eden came
  Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And tho' too well each glance of mine
  To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
  Was the wild love with which I lov'd,
Yet must she, too, have seen — oh yes,
  'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw —
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
  The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then plac'd above him — far above —
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
  When — with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
  Her melancholy power — I said,
"Then be it so — if back to heaven
  "I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,
"Without one blest memorial given
  "To sooth me in that lonely sky —
"One look, like those the young and fond
  "Give when they're parting — which would be,
"E'en in remembrance, far beyond
  "All heav'n hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline
  "A minute on this trembling arm,
"And those mild eyes look up to mine
  "Without a dread, a thought of harm!
"To meet but once the thrilling touch
  "Of lips that are too fond to fear me —
"Or, if that boon be all too much,
  "E'en thus to bring their fragrance near me!
"Nay, shrink not so — a look — a word —
  "Give them but kindly and I fly;
"Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
  "And tremble for their home on high.
"Thus be our parting — cheek to cheek —
  "One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
"And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
  "The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I nam'd — alas, too well,
  I now recall, though wilder'd then, —

Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,
  Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell! — oh, speak it now,
  "And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd —
  Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow
  I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound — her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
  With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
  A vapour from this vale of tears,
  Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
  That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
  Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which — from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth — I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
  Did aught so radiant — since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
  The third of the bright stars away* —
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
  Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night, —
Oh e'n for heav'n too much delight! —
  Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
  And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did — I spoke it o'er and o'er —
  I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more,
  There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
  Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain —
  So wills th' offended God — for ever!
It was to yonder star I trac'd
Her journey up th' illumin'd waste —
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
  In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now — such, Purity,
Thy blest reward — ordain'd to be
  Her home of light for evermore!

Once — or did I but fancy so? —
  E'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
  On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heav'n, she pities yet;

* See Note.

And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.
But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn —
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merg'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became — what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell —
Were there not e'n those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame —
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it us'd to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then —
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain —
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? — he
With the proud front and piercing glance —
Who seem'd, when viewing heav'n's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into th' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie? —
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew —
A breathing forth of beams at will,
Of living beams, which, though no more
They kept their early lustre, still
Were such, when glittering out all o'er,
As mortal eye-lids wink'd before.

'Twas Rubi — once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge,* who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, e'n to theirs, as day to night —
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!
'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place,

* The Cherubim. — See Note.

When first awak'd for many a year;
  And when he smil'd — if o'er his face
  Smile ever shone — 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
E'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
  The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw —
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
  Seen through some noble pile on fire!
Such was the Angel, who now broke
  The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
  Clos'd the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
  For many a day, relum'd his cheek,
And not those sky-tun'd lips alone
But his eyes, brow, and tresses, roll'd
  Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak
Thus his eventful story told: —

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day
  When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
  Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
  Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
  His seal upon the world, as done
To see that last perfection rise,
  That crowning of creation's birth,
When, 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
  First open'd upon heav'n and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form — which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
  The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
  And varying heav'n's reflections there —
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
  O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
  Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd — and at the sea — the skies —
  And heard the rush of many a wing,
  By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering — mine among the rest, —
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
  Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,

Upon my spirit — early, late,
  Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That splendid creature mix'd with all. —
Nor she alone, but her whole race
  Through ages yet to come — whate'er
  Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
  All wak'd my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!

It was my doom — e'n from the first,
  When summon'd with my cherub peers,
To witness the young vernal burst
  Of Nature through those blooming spheres,
Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
The first touch of th' Eternal's breath —
It was my doom still to be haunted
  By some new wonder, some sublime
  And matchless work, that, for the time
Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know — that endless thirst,
  Which e'n by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
  As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd —
Still urg'd me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire —
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That wak'd each new idolatry —
  Their cause, aim, source from whence they sprung,
Their inmost pow'rs, as though for me
  Existence on that knowledge hung.
Oh what a vision were the stars,
  When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
  Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart's first passion — days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
  Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still liv'd blest with such;
  Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
  The knowledge that brings guilt and woe!

Often — so much I lov'd to trace
The secrets of this starry race —
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes —
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
  What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
  That they might tell me all they felt.
Nay, oft, so passionate my chace
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow — lest a ray
  Should 'scape me in the farthest night —

Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere this still newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flow'rs of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately rang'd
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
E'n in that luminous range confin'd,
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres —
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, e'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies —
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense, —
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
Th' insatiate curiosity
To know what shapes, so fair, must feel —
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to those bright eyes —
Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
To make the soul as bright as they!
All this impell'd my anxious chace,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which God made solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man — oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite — her error, too,

That easy trust, that prompt belief
  In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led —
Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
  For 'tis my own) that wish to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from heav'n all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
  On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man — arm'd
  As his soul is with strength and sense —
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
  His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away!
Nay — stranger yet — spite of all this —
  Though by her counsels taught to err,
  Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And *with* her — *that*, at least, was bliss)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
  The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost
  So quickly was the wrong forgiven —
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her — think what — his Life! his Life!*
Yes — such the love-taught name — the first,
  That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
E'n in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
  And earliest boon of love — the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
  There stood before him, with the light
  Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet —
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
  The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself — and make it seem
  Life, endless Life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,
  Enchanted round with spells so strong —
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
  In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heav'n gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her —
  New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
  As sure of man through praise and blame,
  Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper —
  And, wheresoe'er they smil'd, the same
  Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
  This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heav'n seems cast,
  To save or damn it, as they please!

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
  How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,
  Some abstract of the form and mind

* Chavah, the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression, means Life." — See Note.

Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
  In my own arms beheld, possest,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
  To warm, and (if my fate unblest
  Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
  I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
  Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer, —
(For such — oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong? — this lip preferr'd) —
At length my ominous prayer was heard —
But whether heard in heav'n or hell,
Listen — and you will know too well.
There was a maid, of all who move
  Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
  Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
  Along th' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
  To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
  By which the wilder'd sense is caught —
Of lips, whose very breath could bless —
  Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
  But luminous escapes of thought —
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
  Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
  Dissolve away in their own flame —
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
  Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
  That drop from it in summer's hour —
'Twas not alone this loveliness
  That falls to loveliest woman's share,
  Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
  Enough to make all others fair —
But 'twas the Mind, sparkling about
Through her whole frame — the soul, brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
  Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flow'rs, would be resplendent
  Were there no flow'rs to shine upon —
'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd,
  Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,
  Taken in their first fusion, warm,
  Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
  As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,
  The impress of divinity!
'Twas this — a union, which the hand
  Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
  In angel-natures and her own —
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heav'n as I,

My bright twin sister of the sky —
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
  The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
  And all the senses burn for here!

Had we — but hold — hear every part
  Of our sad tale — spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
  Is stirr'd thus in the wound again —
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
  And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
  Where perish'd both — the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her — day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
  And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
  Gleaming within her heart, as clear
  As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
  That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
  Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing —
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
  And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
  Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping —
'Mong all these feelings — felt where'er
Young hearts are beating — I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high — beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond —
Glimpses of glory, far away
  Into the bright, vague future given,
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
  Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too — what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art! —
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
  With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save only *one*, rather than leave
  That one unknown, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
  With gentle mastery o'er her mind —
In that rich twilight of the soul,
  When Reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds —
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
  Vague, glimmering visions to her view —
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
  And vistas, with a void seen through —
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
  Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace —
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
  But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
  Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said 'Behold yon world of light,'
  Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,

Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
  But these illusive scenes, and me,
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
  To madden curiosity —
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night — 'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n — a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
  Brightly pervading all the place —
Like that mysterious light the soul,
  Itself unseen, sheds through the face —
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
  When God and man both claim'd her sighs —
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
  Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
  Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
  Spoke in her gestures, tones and eyes, —
Thus, by the tender light, which lay
Dissolving round, as if its ray
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say: —

"Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
  "Thy nature be — human, divine,
"Or but half heav'nly — still too fair,
  "Too heav'nly to be ever mine!

"Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
  "Slumber so lovely, that it seems
"No longer life to live awake,
  "Since heav'n itself descends in dreams,

"Why do I ever lose thee? why —
  "When on thy realms and thee I gaze —
"Still drops that veil, which I could die,
  "Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

"Long ere such miracles as thou
  "And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
"For light was in this soul, which now
  "Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

"There's nothing bright above, below,
  "In sky — earth — ocean, that this breast
"Doth not intensely burn to know,
  "And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

"Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
  "The curtains of thy radiant home,
"Whether thou would'st as God be shrin'd,
  "Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!

"Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
  "That I may waking know and see —
"Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
  "Thy heav'n or — aye, e'n *that* with thee!

"Demon or God, who hold'st the book
  "Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
"Give me, with thee, but one bright look
  "Into its leaves, and let me die!

"By those ethereal wings, whose way
  "Lies through an element, so fraught
"With floating Mind, that, as they play,
  "Their every movement is a thought!

"By that most precious hair, between
  "Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
"Of Paradise so late hath been,
  "And left its fragrant soul behind!

"By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
"Their light into the inmost heart,
"Like sunset in the waters, felt
"As molten fire through every part, —

"I do implore thee, oh most bright
"And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
"My waking, wondering eyes this night,
"This one blest night — I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last —
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she rais'd,
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me — not as I had blaz'd
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace — my crown
Of flow'rs, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star —
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman — whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love — oh more
Of heaven's light than e'n the pow'r
Of heav'n itself could now restore!
And yet that hour!" ——
The Spirit here
Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts — like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong —
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!
But soon 'twas o'er — that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days,
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relum'd,
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus resum'd: —

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all, —
Yet — was I happy? God, thou know'st,
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish — made more keen
E'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis blest.—

She, the fair fountain of all ill
  To my lost soul — whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
  And found the charm fresh as at first! —
To see *her* happy — to reflect
  Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
  On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
  And whose soul worshipp'd e'n my shade —
This was, I own, enjoyment — this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

And proud she was, bright creature! — proud,
  Beyond what e'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
  That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
  Stronger and stronger — to which even
Her love, at times, gave way — of knowing
  Every thing strange in earth and heaven;
Not only what God loves to show,
But all that He hath seal'd below
In darkness, for man *not* to know —
E'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
  And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
  Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth — beneath the sea —
  Through caves of fire — through wilds of air —
Wherever sleeping Mystery
  Had spread her curtain, we were there —
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
  And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
  The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
  "Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
Then first were diamonds caught — like eyes
Shining in darkness — by surprise,
And made to light the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
  Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
(As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell
  In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid — whate'er
  Th' ambition of the hour — forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
  Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
  I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above,
  At some bright star admiringly,
I've said "nay, look not there, my love,
  Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
  Through Nature's realm — th' unveil'd, material,

Visible glories, that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground —
  But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence —
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
  From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis shed
  Through men or angels, flow'rs or suns —
The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
  That spread of darkness — like the bow,
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue —
  Saw the grand, gradual picture grow!
The covenant with human kind
  Which God hath made — the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twin'd,
  Till his high task he consummate —
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
  And some, perhaps, e'n more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
  Which — far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach —
She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.
Till — fill'd with such unearthly lore,
  And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
  Shed in false, tinted glimmerings —
Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
  Inspir'd, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorn'd, would run
  To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet 'mid that play of error's smoke
  Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke —
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
  But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
  Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
  Stole out in these revealments then —
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One!*
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
  Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright
  Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by —
  Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd, as is the sun on high,
  The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, land, and air,
Whose influence, felt every where,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
E'n to the world's extremest part —
While through that world her reinless mind
  Had now career'd so fast and far,

* It is the opinion of some of the Fathers, that the knowledge which the Heathens possessed of the Providence of God, a Future State, and other sublime doctrines of Christianity, was derived from the premature revelations of these fallen angels to the women of earth. — See Note.

That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,
  Already saw heav'n's gates a-jar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
  Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
  And sees both comfortless, both black —
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
  Of sinfulness, which I — e'n I,
While down its steep most headlong driven, —
Well knew could never be forgiven,
  Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe, —
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing, and, worst of all,
Know and love virtue while they fall! —
E'n then, her presence had the power
  To soothe, to warm, — nay, e'n to bless —
If ever bliss could graft its flower
  On stem so full of bitterness —
E'n then her glorious smile to me
  Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
  Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
  Which all who love, beneath the sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear —
  The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings,
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all — to me
  Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
  Fell yesterday, in vain be sought —
That heav'n to me the final seal
  Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
  The death-pang, without pow'r to die!
E'n this, her fond endearments — fond
As ever twisted the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart — could charm away;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
There seem'd a freshness in her breath,
Beyond the reach, the power of death;
And then, her voice — oh, who could doubt
That 'twould for ever thus breathe out
A music, like the harmony
Of the tun'd orbs, too sweet to die!
While in her lip's awakening touch
There thrill'd a life ambrosial — such
As mantles in the fruit steep'd through
With Eden's most delicious dew —
Till I could almost think, though known
And lov'd as human, they had grown
By bliss, celestial as my own!

But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin —
Shadow of death, whose withering frown
  Kills whatsoe'er it lights upon —
  Too deep for e'n *her* soul to shun
The desolation it brings down!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dream'd away;
In that same garden, where, beneath
The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight;
And found myself — oh, ecstasy,
  Which e'n in pain I ne'er forget —
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
  And lov'd as never man was yet!
In that same garden we were now,
  Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
  With its own silent fancies shining.
It was an evening bright and still
  As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heav'n, as if nought ill
  Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
  In looking at that light — e'n she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
  Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
  The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world — the close
  Of all things beautiful and bright —
The last, grand sun-set, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as if some thought, awaking
  Suddenly, sprung within her breast —
Like a young bird, when day-light breaking
  Startles him from his dreamy nest —
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
  Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
  As if to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said: —

"I had, last night, a dream of thee,
  "Resembling those divine ones, given,
"Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
  "Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

"The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
  "Dazzling as if of star-light made;
"And these wings, lying darkly now,
  "Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

"All bright as in those happy dreams
  "Thou stood'st, a creature to adore
"No less than love, breathing out beams,
  "As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

"Sudden I felt thee draw me near
  "To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
"I seem'd within the atmosphere
  "Of that exhaling light embrac'd;

"And, as thou heldst me there, the flame
"Pass'd from thy heav'nly soul to mine,
"Till — oh, too blissful — I became,
"Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

"Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
"If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
"When will my Cherub shine before me
"Thus radiant, as in heav'n he shone?

"When shall I, waking, be allow'd
"To gaze upon those perfect charms,
"And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
"A chill of earth, within my arms?

"Oh what a pride to say — this, this
"Is my own Angel — all divine,
"And pure, and dazzling as he is,
"And fresh from heav'n, he's mine, he's mine!

"Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
"A creature of yon lofty skies,
"She would have hid one single grace,
"One glory from her lover's eyes?

"No, no — then, if thou lov'st like me,
"Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
"Of thy most proud divinity,
"Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

"Too long have I look'd doating on
"Those ardent eyes, intense e'n thus —
"Too near the stars themselves have gone,
"To fear aught grand or luminous.

"Then doubt me not — oh, who can say
"But that this dream may yet come true,
"And my blest spirit drink thy ray
"Till it becomes all heav'nly too?

"Let me this once but feel the flame
"Of those spread wings, the very pride
"Will change my nature, and this frame
"By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd
To be by man or God refus'd —
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heav'n she could not soar,
At least would bring down heav'n to her!

Little did she, alas, or I —
E'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerg'd in sin's obscurity,
Was as the planet where we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set —
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful — how can it be told?
Oh God! such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!

Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
Pass'd for a moment through my breast —
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both — something unblest
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, that unhid
And bursting glory on a lid
Untried in heav'n — and e'n this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.

For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudliest spread,
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glown-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in his lair, ready to spring,
Yet wak'd him not — though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feather'd snow (which, for its whiteness,
In my pure days I used to love)
Fell, like the moultings of heav'n's Dove, —
So harmless, though so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flow'rs each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had fallen there!

Nay e'n with Lilis — had I not
Around her sleep in splendor come —
Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot
To print my radiant lips on some?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?
E'n when the rays I scatter'd stole
Intensest to her dreaming soul,
No thrill disturb'd th' insensate frame —
So subtle, so refin'd that flame,
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
The blade within the unharm'd sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
Reach and dissolve the soul beneath!

Thus having (as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if th' unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me —
How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
I brought from heav'n belong'd to her!
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear — all hope, desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams — they know, yet cannot shun —
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heav'n came down,
I left — see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west — there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fall'n angel's coronet —
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting — but th' illumin'd brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun — the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
E'n to themselves — th' unfolded wings
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray —

All I could bring of heav'n's array,
  Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
  Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
  Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
  To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
  When — oh most horrible! — I felt
That every spark of that pure flame —
  Pure, while among the stars I dwelt —
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
  Could follow the fierce ravening flashes,
Till there — oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers? — I saw her lie
  Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see —
  Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
  Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heav'n was found!
Which, e'n in this dread moment, fond
  As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,
  But, burning, held me to the last —
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams — that hair, to save
But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths! —
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came —
And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas madd'ning, 'twas — but hear e'n worse —
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her — had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful — but, come near —
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear —
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
  Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,
And look'd in mine with — oh, that look!
  Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine! —
In her last struggle, on my brow
  Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering! — I feel it now —
  'Twas fire — but fire, e'n more unblest

Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
  Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,
  And here — see here, the mark, the stain
It left upon my front — burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin —
A brand, which e'n the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forc'd aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence —
  Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
  Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd — I cannot speak it — no,
Merciful God! it *is* not so —
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look — that look, so fraught
  With more than anguish, with despair —
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
  In heav'n or earth — this scorch I bear! —
Oh, — for the first time that these knees
  Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
  Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
  On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
  Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel
  Two other out-casts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
  And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest. —
Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such
  Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loth they wander, and so much
  Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven!
Again, I cry, Just God, transfer
  That creature's sufferings all to me —
  Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
  Let mine last all eternity!"

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down
  His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
  Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heav'n must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear —
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
  And glorious universe of his,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love proclaims He *is!*

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found

Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy — with fond tone,
Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood —
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
  That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
  (So kin its spirit to the lute's,)
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
  And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
  Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound — but chief
  The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
  Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, e'n yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not quit him — as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
  Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
  The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
  Of solitary sweetness broke,
Then, listening, look delighted round
  To his bright peers, while thus it spoke: —

"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
  "My angel-lord, come, pray with me;
"In vain to-night my lip hath strove
"To send one holy prayer above —
"The knee may bend, the lip may move,
  "But pray I cannot, without thee!

"I've fed the altar in my bower
  "With droppings from the incense tree;
"I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
"But dim it burns the livelong hour,
"As if, like me, it had no power
  "Of life or lustre, without thee!
"A boat at midnight sent alone
  "To drift upon the moonless sea,
"A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
"A wounded bird, that hath but one
"Imperfect wing to soar upon,
  "Are like what I am, without thee!

"Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
  "In life or death, thyself from me;
"But when again, in sunny pride,
"Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
"A prostrate shadow, by thy side —
  "Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceas'd, when, from the wood —
  Where, curving down that airy height,
It reach'd the spot on which they stood —
  There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd
Across the brow of one, who rais'd
The flame aloft, (as if to throw
Its light upon that group below)
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
  That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
  Upon his dreams of love and heaven,
'Twas but a moment — the blush, brought

O'er all her features at the thought
  Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
  Had scarcely for an instant shone
  Through the dark leaves when she was gone —
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
"Look, look, how beautiful!" — 'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
  "I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home, —
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one* — of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear!
A music, breathing of the past,
  The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
  Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
  What they — alas, more fall'n than he
From happiness and heav'n — knew well,
  His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run — *not* as he told
  The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
  By CHAM were from the deluge sav'd,
All written over with sublime
  And saddening legends of th' unblest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
  And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
  That round th' Almighty Throne abide —
Circles of light, that from the same
  Eternal centre sweeping wide,
  Carry its beams on every side,
(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound)
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffus'd into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne,
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs * stand — this burning sign
Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
  E'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all — so much doth Love
  Transcend all Knowledge, e'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once — and none
  E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
  With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
  Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole —
  The very life-breath of his heart!

Often, when from th' Almighty brow
  A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
  Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
  To look upon th' effulgence there —
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze,
  (Such pride he in adoring took)

* The Seraphim are the Spirits of Divine Love. — See Note.

And rather lose, in that one gaze,
  The power of looking, than *not* look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
  The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
  First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone,
  Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
  Could, e'n from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
  The same in heav'n as it is here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
  But it hath pain and peril near —
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
  That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
  Of the heart's balance into ill —
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
  So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, e'n the most secure,
  Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel — such
  The charm, that slop'd his fall along
From good to ill, from loving much,
  Too easy lapse, to loving wrong. —
E'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
  Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
  In passion for the creature ended!

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
  Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
  The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by e'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim —
  There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
  Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
  Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smil'd,
  Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey —
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace — of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
  The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
  The light of that love-star is mix'd! —
All this she sung, and such a soul
  Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
  Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the day-light's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some spirit gave

To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
  Flung their last tribute with a sigh —
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
  Lay down the far-brought gift, and die —
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
  As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
  She rais'd, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
  To be ador'd than to adore —
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
  But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music — all
  That's left of Eden upon earth —
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
  A trace of their high, glorious birth —
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
  How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
  When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
  Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
  They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
  That moment's witcheries? — one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
  Heav'n from itself, and rapt in prayer
  That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it — far too well —
  With warmth, that much too dearly cost —
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
  And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
  Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die —
Then first did woman's virgin brow
  That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
  Can bid a new one bloom out there —
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
  And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exil'd from above,
  In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
  Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
  God's image, there so bright before —
Yet never did that God look down
  On error with a brow so mild;

Never did justice launch a frown,
  That, ere it fell, so nearly smil'd.
For gentle was their love, with awe
  And trembling like a treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law,
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
  And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heav'nly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both — but most
  In NAMA's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heav'n was lost,
  Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
  And bid hers glowing on his breast,
E'n bliss was humbled by the thought —
  "What claim have I to be so blest?"

Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd
Desire of knowledge — that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been curs'd,
From luckless EVE to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels — no —
  To love as her own Seraph lov'd,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe —
  Faith, that, were e'n its light remov'd,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again —
With Patience that, though often bow'd
  By the rude storm, can rise anew,
And Hope that, e'n from Evil's cloud,
  Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heav'n than all a cherub's lore —
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart — th' unreasoning scope
  Of all its views, above, below —
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
  To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
  So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
  Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last —
Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,*
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
  However sweet, must bear its brand)
Their only doom was this — that, long
  As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here — the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame —
Still looking to that goal sublime,
  Whose light remote, but sure, they see,
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
  Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True love encounters in this life —
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit. — See Note.

The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies.
Still worse, th' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness —
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between —
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again! —
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys — and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heav'n's inhabitants —
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot —
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain —
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above —
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,
Is heav'n's reflection, not their own —
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure,
There is but *one* such pair below,
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
"There Zaraph and his Nama go."

NOTES

TO

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE, p. 123.

An erroneous translation by the LXX. *of that verse in the sixth Chapter of Genesis*, &c.

THE error of these interpreters (and, it is said, of the old Italic version also,) was in making it οἱ Ἄγγελοι του θεου, "the *Angels* of God," instead of "the *Sons*" — a mistake, which, assisted by the allegorizing comments of Philo, and the rhapsodical fictions of the Book of Enoch,[1] was more than sufficient to affect the imaginations of such half-Pagan writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and Lactantius, who, chiefly, among the Fathers, have indulged themselves in fanciful reveries upon the subject. The greater number, however, have rejected the fiction with indignation. Chrysostom, in his twenty-second Homily upon Genesis, earnestly exposes its absurdity;[2] and Cyril accounts such a supposition as εγγυς μωριας, "bordering on folly."[3] According to these Fathers (and their opinion has been followed by all the theologians, down from St. Thomas to Caryl and Lightfoot,[4]) the term "Sons of God," must be understood to mean the descendants of Seth, by Enos — a family peculiarly favoured by heaven, because with them, men first began "to call upon the name of the Lord" — while, by "the daughters of men," they suppose that the corrupt race of Cain is designated. The probability, however, is, that the words in question ought to have been translated "the sons of the nobles or great men," as we find them interpreted in the Targum of Onkelos, (the most ancient and accurate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases,) and, as it appears from Cyril, the version of Symmachus also rendered them. This translation of the passage removes all difficulty, and at once relieves the Sacred History of an extravagance, which, however it may suit the imagination of the poet, is inconsistent with all our notions, both philosophical and religious.

Page 124.

Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Dionysius (De Coelest. Hierarch.) is of opinion, that when Isaiah represents the Seraphim as crying out "one unto the other," his intention is to describe those communications of the Divine thought and will, which are continually passing from the higher orders of the angels to the lower: — οἷα και αυτους τους θεοτατους Σεραφιμ οἱ θεολογοι φασιν ἑτερον προς τον ἑτερον κεκραγεναι, σαφως εν τουτῳ, καθαπερ οιμαι, δηλουντες, ὁτι των θεολογικων γνωσεων οἱ πρωτοι τοις δευτεροις μεταδιδοασι. — See also, in the Paraphrase of Pachymer upon Dionysius, cap. 2. rather a striking passage, in which he represents all living creatures, as being, in a stronger or fainter degree, "echos of God."

Page 124.

One of earth's fairest woman-kind
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook.

This is given upon the authority, or rather according to the fancy of some of the Fathers, who suppose that the women of earth were first seen by the angels in this situation; and St. Basil has even made it the serious foundation of rather a rigorous rule for the toilette of his fair disciples; adding, ἱκανον γαρ εστι παραγυμνουμενον καλλος και υἱους θεου προς ἡδονην γοητευσαι, και ὡς ανθρωπους δια ταυτην αποθνησκοντας, θνητους αποδειξαι. — De Vera Virginitat. tom i. p. 747. Edit Paris. 1618.

Page 126.

The Spirit of yon beauteous star.

It is the opinion of Kircher, Ricciolus, &c. (and was, I believe, to a certain degree, that of Origen) that the stars are moved and directed by intelligences or angels who preside over them. Among other passages from Scripture in support of this notion, they cite those words of the Book of Job, "When the morning stars sang together." — Upon which Kircher remarks, "Non de materialibus intelligitur." Itin. I. Isagog. Astronom. See also Caryl's most wordy Commentary on the same text.

1 It is lamentable to think that this absurd production, of which we now know the whole from Dr. Laurence's translation, should ever have been considered as an inspired or authentic work. — See the Preliminary Dissertation prefixed to the Translation.

2 One of the arguments of Chrysostom is, that Angels are no where else, in the Old Testament, called "Sons of God," — but his commentator, Montfaucon, shows that he is mistaken, and that in the Book of Job they are so designated, (c. 1. v. 6.) both in the original Hebrew and the Vulgate, though not in the Septuagint, which alone, he says, Chrysostom read.

3 Lib. ii. Glaphyrorum. — Philaestrius, in his enumeration of heresies, classes this story of the Angels among the number, and says it deserves only to be ranked with those fictions about gods and goddesses, to which the fancy of the Pagan poets gave birth: — "Sicuti et "Paganorum et Poetarum mendacia adseruntdeos deasque transformatos nefanda conjugia "commisisse." — De Haeres. Edit. Basil. p 101.

4 Lightfoot says "The sons of God, or the members of the Church, and the progeny of Seth, marrying carelessly and promiscuously with the daughters of men, or brood of Cain, &c." I find in Pole that, according to the Samaritan version, the phrase may be understood as meaning "the Sons of *the Judges*." — So variously may the Hebrew word, Elohim, be interpreted.

Page 126.

And the bright Watchers near the throne.

"The Watchers, the offspring of heaven." — Book of Enoch. In Daniel also the angels are called watchers: — "And behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven." iv. 13.

Page 127.

The first that juice of earth, &c. &c.

For all that relates to the nature and attributes of angels, the time of their creation, the extent of their knowledge, and the power which they possess, or can occasionally assume of performing such human functions as eating, drinking, &c. &c., I shall refer those who are inquisitive upon the subject to the following works: — The Treatise upon the Celestial Hierarchy, written under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, in which, among much that is heavy and trifling, there are some sublime notions concerning the agency of these spiritual creatures — the Questions "de cognitione angelorum" of St. Thomas, where he examines most prolixly into such puzzling points as "whether angels illuminate each other," "whether they speak to each other," &c. &c. — The Thesaurus of Cocceius, containing extracts from almost every theologian that has written on the subject — the 9th, 10th and 11th chapters, sixth book, of "L'Histoire des Juifs," where all the extraordinary reveries of the Rabbins [1] about angels and daemons are enumerated — the Questions attributed to St. Athanasius — the Treatise of Bonaventure upon the Wings of the Seraphim [2] — and, lastly, the ponderous folio of Suares "de Angelis," where the reader will find all that has ever been fancied or reasoned, upon a subject which only *such* writers could have contrived to render so dull.

Page 127.

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd, &c.

Some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the Eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as it is given by Mariti, who says, that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. The Bahardanush tells the story differently.

Page 128.

Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?

Tertullian imagines that the words of St. Paul, "Woman ought to have a veil on her head [3]; *on account of the angels*," have an evident reference to the fatal effects which the beauty of women once produced upon these spiritual beings. See the strange passage of this Father, (de Virgin. Velandis,) beginning "Si enim propter angelos, &c.," where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality at the expense of his Latinity, by substituting the word "excustat" for "excusat." Such instances of indecorum, however, are but too common throughout the Fathers, in proof of which I need only refer to some passages in the same writer's treatise, "De Anima," to the Second and Third Books of the Paedagogus of Clemens Alexandrinus, and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his Hexameron Rustique, Journée Seconde.

Page 129.

When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.

"And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." Revelat. xii. 4. — "Docent sancti (says Suarez) supremum angelum traxisse secum tertiam partem stellarum." Lib. 7. cap. 7.

Page 129.

Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The idea of the Fathers was that the vacancies, occasioned in the different orders of angels by the fall, were to be filled up from the human race. There is, however, another opinion, backed by Papal authority, that it was only the tenth order of the Celestial Hierarchy that fell, and that, therefore, the promotions which occasionally take place from earth are intended for the completion of that *grade* alone: or, as it is explained by Salonius (Dial. in Eccl.) — "Decem sunt ordines angelorum, sed unus cecidit per superbiam, et idcirco boni angeli semper laborant, ut de hominibus numerus adimpleatur, et proveniat ad perfectum numerum, it est, denarium." According to some theologians, virgins alone are admitted "ad collegium angelorum;" but the author [4] of the "Speculum Peregrinarum Quaestionum" rather questions this exclusive privilege: — "Hoc non videtur verum, quia multi, non virgines, ut Petrus et Magdalena, multis etiam virginibus eminentiores sunt." Decad. 2. cap. 10.

Page 130.

'Twas Rusi.

I might have chosen perhaps some better name, but it is meant (like that of Zaraph in the following story) to define the particular class of spirits to which the angel belonged The author of the Book of Enoch, who estimates at 200 the number of angels that descended upon Mount Hermon, for the purpose of making love to the women of earth, has favoured us with the names of their leader and chiefs — Samyaza, Urakabarameel, Akibeel, Tamiel, &c. &c.

In that heretical worship of angels, which prevailed, to a great degree, during the first ages of Christianity, to *name* them seems to have been one of the most important ceremonies; for we find it expressly forbidden in one of the Canons (35th) of the Council of Laodicea. *ονομαζειν τους αγγελους.* Josephus too mentions, among the religious rites of the Essenes, their

1 The following may serve as specimens: — "Les Anges ne sçavent point la langue Chaldaïque; c'est pourquoi ils ne portent point à Dieu les oraisons de ceux qui prient dans cette langue. Ils se trompent souvent; ils ont des erreurs dangereuses: car l'Ange de la mort, qui est chargé de faire mourir un homme, en prend quelquefois un autre, ce qui cause de grands désordres. . . . . Ils sont chargés de chanter devant Dieu le Cantique. *Saint, Saint est le Dieu des armées;* mais ils ne remplissent cet office qu'une fois le jour, dans une semaine, dans un mois, dans un an, dans un siècle, ou dans l'éternité. L'Ange qui luttoit contre Jacob le pressa de le laisser aller, lorsque l'Aurore parut, parce que c'étoit son tour de chanter le Cantique ce jour là ce qu'il n'avoit encore jamais fait."

2 This work (which, notwithstanding its title, is, probably, quite as dull as the rest) I have not, myself, been able to see, having searched for it in vain through the King's Library at Paris, though assisted by the zeal and kindness of M. Langlès and M. Vonpradt, whose liberal administration of that most liberal establishment, entitles them — not only for the immediate effect of such conduct, but for the useful and civilizing example it holds forth — to the most cordial gratitude of the whole literary world.

3 i Corinth. xi. 10. Dr. Macknight's Translation.

4 F. Bartholomæus Sibylla.

swearing "to preserve the names of the angels," — *συντηρηρειν τα των αγγελων ονοματα.* Bell. Jud. lib. 2. cap. 8. — See upon this subject, Van Dale, de Orig. et Progress. Idololat. cap. 2.

Page 130.

..... Those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge.

The word cherub signifies knowledge — *το γνωστικον αυτων καὶ θεοπτικον*, says Dionysius. Hence it is that Ezekiel, to express the abundance of their knowledge, represents them as "full of eyes."

Page 131.

Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness, &c.

St. Augustin, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the angels had some share ("aliquod ministerium") in the creation of Adam and Eve.

Page 133.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise.

Whether Eve was created *in* Paradise or not is a question that has been productive of much doubt and controversy among the theologians. With respect to Adam, it is agreed on all sides that *he* was created *outside;* and it is accordingly asked, with some warmth, by one of the commentators, "why should woman, the ignobler creature of the two, be created *within?* 1" Others, on the contrary, consider this distinction as but a fair tribute to the superior beauty and purity of women, and some, in their zeal, even seem to think that, if the scene of her creation was not already Paradise, it became so, immediately upon that event, in compliment to her. Josephus is one of those, who think that Eve was formed outside; Tertullian, too, among the Fathers — and, among the Theologians, Rupertus, who, to do him justice, never misses an opportunity of putting on record his ill-will to the sex. Pererius, however, (and his opinion seems to be considered the most orthodox) thinks it much more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created *in* Paradise.

Page 133.

Her error, too.

The comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, and the proportion which it bears to that of Adam, is another point which has exercised the tiresome ingenuity of the Commentators; and they seem generally to agree (with the exception always of Rupertus) that, as she was not yet created when the prohibition was issued, and therefore could not have heard it, (a conclusion remarkably confirmed by the inaccurate way in which she reports it to the serpent 2) her share in the crime of disobedience is considerably lighter than that of Adam. 3 In corroboration of this view of the matter, Pererius remarks that it is to Adam alone the Deity addresses his reproaches for having eaten of the forbidden tree, because to Adam alone the order had been originally promulgated. So far, indeed, does the gallantry of another commentator, Hugh de St. Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the words "I will put enmity between thee and the woman" as a proof that the sex was from that moment enlisted into the service of heaven, as the chief foe and obstacle which the spirit of Evil would have to contend with in his inroads on this world: — "si deinceps Eva inimica Diabolo, ergo fuit grata et amica Deo."

Page 134.

Call her — think what — his Life! his Life!

Chavah (or, as it is in the Latin version, Eva) has the same signification as the Greek, Zoe. Epiphanius, among others, is not a little surprised at the application of such a name to Eve, so immediately too, after that awful denunciation of death, "dust thou art, &c. &c. 4 Some of the commentators think that it was meant as a sarcasm, and spoken by Adam, in the first bitterness of his heart, — in the same spirit of irony (says Pererius) as that of the Greeks in calling their Furies, Eumenides, or Gentle. 5 But the Bishop of Chalon, rejects this supposition: — "Explodendi sanè qui id nominis ab Adamo per ironiam inditum uxori suae putant; atque quod mortis causa esset, amare joco vitam appellasse." 6

With a similar feeling of spleen against women, some of these "distillateurs des Saintes lettres (as Bayle calls them) in rendering the text "I will make him a help *meet for him,*" translate these last words "*against* or *contrary* to him" (a meaning which, it appears, the original will bear) and represent them as prophetic of those contradictions and perplexities, which men experience from women in this life.

It is rather strange that these two instances of perverse commentatorship should have escaped the researches of Bayle, in his curious article upon Eve. He would have found another subject of discussion, equally to his taste, in Gataker's whimsical dissertation upon Eve's knowledge of the *τεχνη ὑφαντικη*, and upon the notion of Epiphanius that it was taught her in a special revelation from heaven. — Miscellan. lib. ii. cap. 3. p. 200.

Page 137.

Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be — human, divine,
Or but half heav'nly.

In an article upon the Fathers, which appeared, some years since, in the Edinburgh Review (No. 47.), and of which I have made some little use in these notes, (having that claim over it — as "quiddam notum *propriumque*" — which Lucretius gives to the cow over the calf,) there is the following remark: — "The belief of an intercourse between angels and women, founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis, is one of those extravagant notions of St. Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purified themselves from the grossness of heathen mythology, and in how many respects their heaven was but Olympus,

1 "Cur denique Evam, quae Adamo ignobilior erat, formavit *intra* Paradisum?"
2 Rupertus considers these *variantes* as intentional and prevaricatory, and as the first instance upon record of a wilful vitiation of the words of God, for the purpose of suiting the corrupt views and propensities of human nature. — De Trinitat. lib. iii. cap. 5.
3 Caietanus, indeed, pronounces it to be "minimum peccatum."
4 *Και μετα το ακουσαι, γη ει και εις γην απελευση, μετα την παραβασιν. και ην θαυμαστον ὁτι μετα την παραβασιν ταυτην την μεγαλην εσχεν επωνυμιαν.* Haeres. 78. §. 18. tom i. edit. Paris, 1622.
5 Lib. 6. p. 234.
6 Pontus Tyard de recta nominum impositione, p. 14.

with other names. Yet we can hardly be angry with them for this one error, when we recollect that possibly to their enamoured angels we owe the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, and that at this moment we might have wanted Pope's most exquisite poem, if the version of the LXX. had translated the Book of Genesis correctly."

The following is one among many passages, which may be adduced from the Comte de Gabalis, in confirmation of this remark: — "Ces enfans du ciel engendrerent les géans fameux, s'étant fait aimer aux filles des hommes; et les mauvais cabalistes Joseph et Philo (comme tous les Juifs sont ignorans), et après eux tous les auteurs que j'ai nommé tout à l'heure, ont dit que c'étoient des anges, et n'ont pas sçû que c'étoient les sylphes et les autres peuples des élémens, qui sous le nom d'enfans d'Eloim sont distingués des enfans des hommes." — See Entret. Second.

Page 139.

So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

"Nihil plus desiderare potuerint quae angelos possidebant — magno scilicet nupserant." Tertull. de Habitu Mulieb. cap 2.

Page 139.

Then first were diamonds caught, &c.

"Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes graces de nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels; et ces auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Enoch mal-entendu, que c'étoient des piéges que les anges amoureux, &c. &c." Comte de Gabalis.

Tertullian traces all the chief luxuries of female attire, the neck-laces, armlets, rouge, and the black powder for the eye-lashes, to the researches of these fallen angels into the inmost recesses of nature, and the discoveries they were, in consequence, enabled to make, of all that could embellish the beauty of their earthly favourites. The passage is so remarkable that I shall give it entire: — "Nam et illi qui ea constituerant, damnati in poenam mortis deputantur: illi scilicet angeli, qui ad filias hominum de coelo ruerunt, ut haec quoque ignominia foeminae accedat. Nam cum et materias quasdam bene occultas et artes plerasque non benè revelatas, seculo multò magis imperito prodidissent (siquidem et metallorum opera nudaverant, et herbarum ingenia traduxerant et incantationum vires provulgaverant, et omnem curiositatem usque ad stellarum interpretationem designaverant) propriè et quasi peculiariter foeminis instrumentum istud muliebris gloriae contulerunt: lumina lapillorum, quibus monilia variantur, et circulos ex auro, quibus brachia arctantur; et medicamenta ex fuco, quibus lanae coloratur, et illum ipsum nigrum pulverem, quo oculorum exordia producuntur." De Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2. — See him also "De Cultu Foem. cap. 10.

Page 139.

The mighty magnet, set
In woman's form.

The same figure, as applied to female attractions, occurs in a singular passage of St. Basil, of which the following is the conclusion: — *Δια την ενουσαν κατατου αρρενος αυτης φυσικην δυναστειαν, ως σιδηρος, φημι, πορρωθεν μαγνητις, τουτο προς ἑαυτον μαγγανευει.* De Vera Virginitat. tom. i. p. 727. It is but fair, however, to add, that Hermant, the biographer of Basil, has pronounced this most unsanctified treatise to be spurious.

Page 139.

I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love," &c.

I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

Page 140.

Note.

Clemens Alexandrinus is one of those who suppose that the knowledge of such sublime doctrines was derived from the disclosure of the angels. Stromat. lib. v. p. 48. To the same source Cassianus and others trace all impious and daring sciences, such as magic, alchemy, &c. "From the fallen angels (says Zosimus) came all that miserable knowledge which is of no use to the soul." — *Παντα τα πονηρα και μηδεν ωφελουντα την ψυχην.* Ap. Photium.

Page 140.

That light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs.

"La lumière zodiacale n'est autre chose que l'atmosphère du soleil." — Lalande.

Page 148.

As 'tis grav'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Cham were from the Deluge sav'd.

The pillars of Seth are usually referred to as the depositaries of ante-diluvian knowledge; but they were inscribed with none but astronomical secrets. I have, therefore, preferred here the tablets of Cham, as being, at least, more miscellaneous in their information. The following account of them is given in Jablonski from Cassianus: — "Quantum enim antiquae traditiones ferunt, Cham filius Noae, qui superstitionibus ac profanis fuerit artibus institutus, sciens nullum se posse superbis memorialem librum in arcam inferre, in quam erat ingressurus, sacrilegas artes ac profana commenta durissimis insculpsit lapidibus."

Page 148.

And this young angel's 'mong the rest.

Pachymer, in his Paraphrase on the Book de Divinis Nominibus of Dionysius, speaking of the incarnation of Christ, says, that it was a mystery ineffable from all time, and "unknown even to the first and *oldest* angel," justifying this last phrase by the authority of St. John in the Revelation.

Page 148.

Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side.

See the 13th chapter of Dionysius for his notions of the manner in which God's ray is communicated, first to the Intelligences near him, and then to those more remote, gradually losing its own brightness as it passes into a denser medium. — *προσβαλλουσα δε ταις παχυτεραις ὑλαις, αμυδροτεραν εχει την διαδοτικην επιφανειαν.*

Page 150.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there.

In the Catholic church, when a widow is married, she is not, I believe, allowed to wear flowers on her head. The ancient Romans, honoured with a "corona pudicitiae," or crown of modesty, those who entered but once into the marriage state.

Page 151.

Her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angel.

Sara.

Page 151.

Two fallen Splendors.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being, in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, &c. &c.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other. The reader may judge of the rationality of the system by the following explanation of part of the machinery: — "Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints, &c. &c." — For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

Page 151.

From that tree
Which buds with such eternally.

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre . . . . l'Ensoph qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins, est l'Infini." — L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. 11.

THE

FUDGE FAMILY

IN

PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento. — CASTIGLIONE.

PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——ch, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—dm—th, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages; — but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord S—dm—th, and the Greenlandbound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c. — but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag — such as it is — having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγω δ' 'Ο ΜΩΡΟΣ αρας
Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propriâ personâ*, that I am — his, or her,

very obedient,
and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY —— OF CLONSKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,
The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line — only think! —
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSKIN's, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The Monk;"
In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet — alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money,
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BONBY;)
And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!
By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIXHUIT
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,[1]
(Modell'd out so exactly, and — God bless the mark!
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand* a *Monarque*)
He exclaimed "Oh mon Roi!" and, with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot — while some Jacobin, nigh,
Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
"Ma foi, he be right — 'tis de Englishman's King;
And dat *gros pied de cochon* — begar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."
There's the pillar, too — Lord! I had nearly forgot —
What a charming idea! — rais'd close to the spot;
The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
To build tombs over legs,[2] and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurr'd sentimental as yet;
Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,
Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then — bawling for *sous!*
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
To recall the good days of the *ancien régime*,
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job,
Of Papa and myself, Mr. CONNOR and BOB.
You remember how sheepish BOB look'd at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd — they've made him a Dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,
And BOB's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,

1 To commemorate the landing of Louis le Désiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

2 Ci-gît la jambe de &c. &c.

Whose names — think, how quick! — he already knows pat,
A la braise, *petits pâtés*, and — what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes? — oh *maître d'hôtel* —
I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.
As to Pa, what d'ye think? — mind, it's all *entre nous*,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you —
Why, he's writing a book — what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were! — but his Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—STL-R-GH,
Who said, "My dear FUDGE ——" I forget th' exact words,
And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new — thingummie — science,
Found out by the — what's-its-name — Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if *I* may be judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!"
The matter's soon settled — Pa flies to *the Row*,
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go)
Settles all for his quarto — advertisements, praises —
Starts post from the door, with his tablets — French phrases —
"SCOTT's Visit," of course — in short, ev'ry thing *he* has
An author can want, except words and ideas: —
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better
Draw fast to a close: — this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet. —
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young CONNOR: — they say he's so like BONAPARTE,
His nose and his chin, — which Papa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR's?
Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way — poor as Job,
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma)
And for charity made private tutor to BOB —
Entre nous, too, a Papist — how lib'ral of Pa!
This is all, dear, — forgive me for breaking off thus!
But BOB's *déjeûner's* done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris! — oh, *there* will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE ROI!*

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C —— H.

Paris.

AT length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

"Demoraliz'd" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet.
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The *level* of obedience *slopes*
Upward and downward, as the *stream*
Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!* [1]
Where the poor palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And Louis is roll'd out on castors,
While Bonby's borne on shoulders in: —
But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces, —
That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C——gh,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my *job* (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee?)
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dickey, (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major Semple, every where!
And marv'lling with what pow'rs of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears, — and when
All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last
Speech'd down the Sovereign [2] of Belfast,
Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
There's *one* thou shouldst be chiefly pleas'd at —
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C——gh's the thing now sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen! — a truce to praising —
Though e'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,)
I must *embark* into the *feature*
On which this letter chiefly *hinges*; — [3]
My Book, the Book that is to prove —
And *will*, so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the Fudges! —
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant:
That Europe — thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding —

1 This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shews how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B — , in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said — "He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

2 The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe — the Regent!"

3 Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches — "And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
  Passeth all human understanding:
That France prefers her go-cart King
  To such a coward scamp as BONBY —
Though round, with each a leading-string,
  There standeth many a Royal crony,
For fear the chubby, tottering thing
  Should fall, if left there *loney-poney:*
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
  Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
  As HELOISA did her lover![1]
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
  Upon the side-board, snug reposes;
While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch,
  And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
  Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled — Spaniards, Poles,
  And Frenchmen — 't wouldn't make much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
And LOUIS eats his *salmi*[2] daily;
So time is left to Emperor SANDY
To be *half* Caesar and *half* Dandy;
And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
  For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
  Might come and nine times knock their noddles! —
All this my Quarto 'll prove — much more
Than Quarto ever prov'd before —
In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
My facts the *Courier* shall supply,
My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
  On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
  Who longs to be a small place-holder)
Is — though *I* say't, that shouldn't say —
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it — *only* one —
To show its spirit, and I've done.

"*Jul. thirty-first.* — Went, after snack,
  "To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
"Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
  "And — gave the old Concierge a penny!
"(*Mem.* — Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd, 'tis said,
"For making Kings and gingerbread.)
"Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
"A little Bourbon, buried lately,
"Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
"Though only twenty-four hours old![3]
"Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
"Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
"If Royalty, but ag'd a day,
"Can boast such high and puissant sway,
"What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
"Full fledg'd and wigg'd[4] at fifty-six!"

[1] See her Letters.
[2] Οἷα τε, οἷα ἐδουσι διοτρεφεῖς βασιλῆες.
HOMER ODYSS. 3.
[3] So described on the coffin: "très haute et puissante Princesse, agée d'un jour."
[4] There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D. —
So now, with duty to the R—G—T,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient,
P. F.

Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
Neat lodgings — rather dear for me;
But BIDDY said she thought 'twould look
Genteeler thus to date my Book,
And BIDDY's right — besides, it curries
Some favour with our friends at MURRAY'S,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré! [1]

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

OH DICK! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;
And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,
Of all places on earth — the head quarters of Prog!
Talk of England — her fam'd Magna Charta, I swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte [2] at old VÉRY'S;
And as for your Juries — *who* would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters, [3] with woodcocks before 'em?
Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every year —
But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here;
And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, *I* fatten — but *n'importe* for that,
'Tis the mode — your Legitimates always get fat.
There's the R—G—T, there's LOUIS — and BONEY tried too,
But, tho' somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't do: —
He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,
But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head.*
DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris! — but stay —
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne, [4]
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream*-ice;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint! [5]
I rise — put on neck-cloth — stiff, tight, as can be —
For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know — there's no doubt of it —

Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities: — "nonne longè *latèque* Principem ostentant?"

1 See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

2 The Bill of Fare. — Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

3 Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reyuière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

4 The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les louettes tombent toutes rôties. Du Latin, coquere." — *Duchat.*

5 The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *pâtés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique:* — "On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," &c. p. 206.

Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it.*
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up
"The mirror to nature" — so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause! —
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays — devil's in them — too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
There, Dick, what a breakfast! — oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One's *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidnies — imagine, Dick — done with champagne!
Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute — or, mayhap,
Chambertin,[1] which you know's the pet tipple of Nap,
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar. —
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
I'd swallow e'n W—tk—ns', for sake of the end on't);
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet[2] tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for* — (how odd!
Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in't!)
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where — oh, Dick, the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet — what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and — noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr——e, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
Inflicts, without e'n a court-martial, on hundreds.[3]
Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French Dandy — ah, Dick! unlike some ones
We've seen about White's — the Mounseers are but rum ones;
Such hats! — fit for monkies — I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats — how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old B—m—l, from Calais, to dress 'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this heaclopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!
In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs —
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards — but hearken! — yes — as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:
So *no* more at present — short time for adorning —
My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old Beauvilliers'[4] larder, my boy!

1 The favourite wine of Napoleon.
2 *Velours en bouteille.*
3 It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chretienté ensemble." — What would he say now?
4 A celebrated Restaurateur.

And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd not budge —
Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is

R. Fudge.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"Return!" — no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
E'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscrib'd, and — like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there —[1]
On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No! — let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
[2]Still let your * * * *
* * * * * *

Still hope and suffer, all who can! — but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.
But whither? — every-where the scourge pursues —
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face!
Every-where gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few;
While E******, every-where — the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow —
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!
Oh, E******! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way; —
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping pow'r, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast; —
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield; —
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
Of hope, of freedom — but to drain her blood!

1 "They use to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the forementioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' &c.) or the words — 'The memory of the desolation.'" *Leo of Modena.*

2 I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connors letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this, —
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur * gave th' infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C——GH: — as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breath'd out — thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb —
Her worst infections all condens'd in him!

* * * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly now
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling bow;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth,
Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans; —
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given —
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be? — or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all giv'n up? — and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born?
Who * * * * *

* * * * * *

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for JOVE's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there! —
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder e'n than He of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
Welcome * * * * *

* * * * * *

And, 'stead of ARISTIDES — woe the day
Such names should mingle! — welcome C——GH!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,

* Membra et Herculeos toros
Urit Iuos Nessea. ——————
Ille, ille victor vincitur.
Senec. Hercul. Oet.

Thoughts that . . . . .
. . . . . .

Thoughts that — could patience hold — 'twere wiser far
To leave still hid and burning where they are!

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

What a time since I wrote! — I'm a sad, naughty girl —
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet e'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em,
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine! — there's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd — I forget — *à la* — something which sounded
Like *alicampane* — but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame le Roi's:
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*. —
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite à la Française,
With my bonnet — so beautiful! — high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking.
Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights —
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?
Imprimis, the Opera — mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one; —
"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State. —
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs, * and chose to make use of it!
No — never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!
But, the dancing — *ah parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça* —
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty — such grace — oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in Flora — dear creature! — you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by daemons is driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

Then, the music — so softly its cadences die,
So divinely — oh, DOLLY! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then — *you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)
They call it the Play-house — I think — of St. Martin;[1]
Quite charming — and *very* religious — what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here DANIEL, in pantomime,[2] bids bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it; —
Here BÉGRAND,[3] who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely SUSANNA, without e'n a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
And besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,[4] a place where — I doubt
If I well can describe — there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, DOLL, — you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him — you smile — 'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old Scratch![5]
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright, —
That there came up — imagine, dear DOLL, if you can —
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyaenas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!
Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear — if Ma'mselle vil be so very good —
Just for von littel course" — though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set — and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming together, —
Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,

1 The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781. — A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, "couleur de feu d'Opéra!" — *Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

2 A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "*Scene* 20. — La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Éternel."

3 Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders," — "L'Amour et la Folie," &c. &c.

4 The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains. — See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

5 According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
  Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens[1] we saunter'd about,
  Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
  With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me — this Stranger — it may be mere folly —
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog.[2] — he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLATOFF,
When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under BONEY)
Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
  Should — unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push —
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
  By rattling, as BOB says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu — only think, DOLLY, think
If this *should* be the King — I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
  And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,
  Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY FUDGE.
Nota bene. — Papa's almost certain 'tis he —
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising and manag'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM. FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th receiv'd just now —
  Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
  We, FUDGES, stand by one another.
But never fear — I know my chap,
And he knows *me* too — *verbum sap.*
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places; —
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
  Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone, —
  Not e'n th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,

1 In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci." — P. 22.

2 His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

His Lordship likes me all the better; —
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I — (you know TOM REYNOLDS —
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise —
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to *bag* a few,
When S—D——TH wants a death or two;)
REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,
All men, like us, of *information*,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As *under*-saviours of the nation —[1]
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most asinine,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,
Meaning Informers, kept at high rent —[2]
Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal MIDAS's green bag meant.
"And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
"Should not the R—G—T too have ears,[3]
"To reach as far, as long and wide as
"Those of his model, good King MIDAS?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood —
Instant we drank "The R—G—T's Ears,"
With three times three illustrious cheers,
That made the room resound like thunder —
"The R—G—T's Ears, and may he ne'er
"From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear
"Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!"[4]
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.
In short, (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again) we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like TOM and I,
Of course don't rank with us, *salvators*,[5]
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,

1 Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, M. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

2 This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann: — "Hac allegoria significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, sabauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quaecunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice."

3 Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

"Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Ane,"

tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

4 It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded king Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

5 Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name — as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

(For *us*, I own, an awkward phrase)
When, in our new costume adorn'd, —
The R—G—T's buff-and-blue coats *turn'd* —
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations;[1]
Your W—— YS, V—— NS — half-fledg'd sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true — but what of that?
Give me the useful *peaching* Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.
No, no, — we nobler vermin are
A *genus* useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us receiv'd and treated
With all due honours — only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely *promis'd* next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My lord, you know, 's an amateur —[2]
Takes every part with perfect ease,
Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well *executed*,
H——T——D, who, tho' no Rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the *Corni* parts.
While C—NN—G,[3] who'd be *first* by choice,
Consents to take an *under* voice;
And G— S,[4] who well that signal knows,
Watches the *Volti Subitos*.[5]

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For *Gentlemen*, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens*[6] from t'other side; —

1 This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be — "verè dulce sodalitium."

2 His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

3 This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
"It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
"For *your* character's totally lost,
"And *I* have not sufficient for *two!*"

4 The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

5 *Turn instantly* — a frequent direction in music-books.

6 The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
(We often tell the tale with laughter)
Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parsons that would do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend — something — HAMILTON,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That couldn't otherwise be got at —
If *he*'ll but join th' Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt —
We, FUDGES, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There's JACK, the Doctor — night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning — only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So gen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em —
Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
Your head-ach is a *hemi-cranium*: —
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them — put them in again!
In short, there's nothing now like JACK; —
Take all your doctors, great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic — then, in law too,
Counsellor TIM! to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more eclat to
Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer; —
Like one, who, by the way he acts
Th' *enlightening* part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM! —
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case,
Or wrong or right — but ten times warmer

(As suits thy calling) in the former —
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
  Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth,
  And leave her not a leg to stand on. —
Thy patent, prime, morality, —
  Thy cases, cited from the Bible —
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
  To help in trouncing for a libel; —
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
  "To hate all bigots and benighters!
"God knows, I love, to e'n excess,
"The sacred Freedom of the Press,
  "My only aim's to — crush the writers."
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
  The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh Tim — if Law be Law —
  Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length, —
  But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
  Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present —
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—dm—h and of C – gh,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be — Fudges!

Good bye — my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for
  Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ——.

Before we sketch the Present — let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length; —
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right; —
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice — liberty — repose,
And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise; — Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful — Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd on,
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone; —
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?

But no — the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair,
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
The only *quite* untameable are Kings!
Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine! — rapine!" was the cry again.
How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,
Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell, —
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was at that Royal slave-mart truck'd away, —
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
Were split to fractions,* barter'd, sold, or given
To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more!
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide; —
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried, —
Her Press enthrall'd — her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain —
Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own
He thank'd not France but England for his throne —
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields,
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame! —
Let these — let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last — these horrors *could* not last —
France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off — and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
Napoleon ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright; —
To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name; —
To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of *one!*
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of France once more have blaz'd; —
For every single sword, reluctant rais'd
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again!

But fate decreed not so — th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring; —
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;
Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more: —
Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,

* "Whilst the congress was re-constructing Europe — not according to rights, natural affinities, language, habits, or laws; but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c. — Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

From steeple on to steeple[1] wing'd its flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a Royal craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!
Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban, —
"Assassinate, who will — enchain, who can,
"The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"
"Faithless!" — and this from *you* — from *you*, forsooth,
Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!
Yes — yes — to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong —
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state;
But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;
Though each by turns was knave and dupe — what then?
A Holy League would set all straight again;
Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new![2]
Most faithful Russia — faithful to whoe'er
Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;
Who, e'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*,[3]
And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations![4]
Most mild and saintly Prussia — steep'd to th' ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too — whose hist'ry nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
And thou, oh England — who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to C——GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits; —
Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON's life,
In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife!
Disgusting crew! — *who* would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies; —
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them most;
From whose affection men should shrink as loath

1 "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame." — Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.
2 Singulis annis in quodam Atticae fonte lota virginitatem recuperasse fingitur.
3 At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.
4 The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both;
Who, e'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity [1] to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!
But hold — enough — soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page, —
So, here I pause — farewell — another day
Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash — oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

Dear Dick, while old Donaldson's [2] mending my stays, —
Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
We lads had begun our desert with a bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack! —
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,
"D—n my eyes, Bob, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've *miss'd stays*." [3]
So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's [4] — and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop —
Let us see — in my last I was — where did I stop?
Oh, I know — at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun:
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens — one hardly knows whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and *groseille* [5] in those arbours,
While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice [6] round them are purling.

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way, —
For, 'tis odd, these mounseers, — though we've wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old King for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic; —
Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,

1 The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles:" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

2 An English tailor at Paris.

3 A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

4 The dandy term for a tailor.

5 "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

6 These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water!
But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes —
Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their *salmis* and *pâtés?*
And, truly, I always declar'd 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
Had *Dad* but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick — and the *people*, I own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
Well deserve a blow-up — but then, damn it, their Cooks!
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spinage;
But think, DICK, their Cooks — what a loss to mankind!
What a void in the world would their art leave behind!
Their chronometer spits — their intense salamanders —
Their ovens — their pots, that can soften old ganders,
All vanish'd for ever — their miracles o'er,
And the *Marmite Perpétuelle*[1] bubbling no more!
Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,
Take whatever ye fancy — take statues, take money —
But leave them, oh leave them their Perigueux pies,
Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny![2]
Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?[3]

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
"Coquin Anglais," et caet'ra — how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this way)
From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives — mine, all very neat —
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops; —
Here, a Louis Dix-huit — *there*, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use) —
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any: —
St. TONY, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While *there* St. VENECIA[4] sits hemming and frilling her
Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner;
Saint AUSTIN's the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,[5]
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got — next to none!
Then we stare into shops — read the evening's *affiches* —
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,)
To the *Passage des* — what d'ye call't — *des Panoramas*[6]
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary, of course — *petits pâtés* do *one* day,

1 "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons." — Almanac. de Gourmands, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

2 Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors-d'oeuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. "La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets." — Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

3 The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière — "On connait en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les oeufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

4 Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

5 St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known: — "Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."

6 Off the Boulevards Italiens.

The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandais,[1]
That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—TT,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot,
Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows, —
Divine *maresquino*, which — Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who've laps'd into snacks — the perdition of dinners.
And here, DICK — in answer to one of your queries,
About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion - -
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,
And think, for *digestion*,[2] there's none like the Russian;
So equal the motion — so gentle, though fleet —
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please — take old L—s D—X—H—T,
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd lampreys,[3]
So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys[4] be foiled of their prey!

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch — but woa! my lad — here comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider —
Too wide by an inch and a half — what a Guy!
But, no matter — 'twill all be set right by-and-by —
As we've MASSINOT'S[5] eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up,
So — not to lose time, DICK — here goes for the task;
Au revoir, my old boy — of the Gods I but ask,
That my life, like "the Leap of the German,"[6] may be,
"Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!

R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST——GH.

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day.
"I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
And — whatsoe'er some wags may say —
Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most flattering;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering: —

1 In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the *mollesse* of his Gaufres.

2 Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them "une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose," but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda — The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

3 A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

4 They killed Henry I. of England: — "a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

5 A famous Restaurateur — now Dupont.

6 An old French saying; — "Faire le saut de l'Allemand; du lit à la table et de la table au lit.

Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare,
(A certain Lord we need not name)
Who, e'n in French, would have his trope,
And talk of "*bâtir* un système
"Sur *l' équilibre* de l'Europe!"
Sweet metaphor! — and then th' Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
That tender letter to "Mon Prince," [1]
Which show'd alike thy French and sense; —
Oh no, my Lord — there's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you:
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!
But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD's grammar —
Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half dozen words like these —
Comme ça — par-là — — là-bas — ah ha!
They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech — "what pretty things
One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages!"
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approv'd of than my last MS. —
The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them;
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumpled, for — there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.
Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house — saw the man, [2]
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotin'd; —
But that when, under BONEY's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restor'd again,
He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one.*
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor dev'l, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
And, after all, not make much odds!

1 The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

2 This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head —
("Tam *carum*"[1] it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's[2] shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while, in its *new* socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's —
So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps?" —
The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so!

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, e'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snor'd,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit *myself*.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled —
Forgot all other heads, or rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was — Bottom.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter Bid — was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same[3]
Napoleon sat on — what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!
When Louis seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they us'd to be?
However, — God preserve the Throne,
And *cushion* too — and keep them free
From accidents, which *have* been known
To happen e'n to Royalty![4]

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look. —
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's *fat's* a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
He's weigh'd — to see if he gets fatter:[5]

1 Tam cari capitis — Horat.
2 A celebrated pickpocket.
3 The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misère apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil: — but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?
4 I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s—e, some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.
5 "The 3rd day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care." — *F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat*, &c.

Then, if a pound or two he be
Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee![1]
Suppose, my Lord, — and far from me
To treat such things with levity —
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close, —
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows —
Were we to try how heavy *he* is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Loses so many pounds a year,
The P——E, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings; —
But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,
We should throw in much *heavier* things:
For instance ——— 's quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie ST—DD—T's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!" — in, of course, we'd clap them —
Letters, that C—RTW —— T's pen indites,
In which, with logical confusion,
The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
And never comes to a *Conclusion*: —
Lord S—M—RS' pamphlet — or his head —
(Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir JOHN C—X H—PP—SLY;
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops — and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose! —
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;
(A Book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His — —'s a host — we'll bundle *that* in!
And, *still* should all these masses fail
To stir the R—G - T's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—GL—Y's beauteous Dame —
If *that* won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS
About those famous spies at Rome,[2]
Whom certain Whigs — to make a fuss —
Describe as much resembling us,[3]
Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like TIBERIUS!
What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman! —
'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to

1 "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding." — Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable." — *Oriental Field Sports.*

2 The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo; — "qui formam vitae iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriae temporum et audaciae hominum fecerunt." — Tacit. Annal. 1, 74.

3 They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents: — "*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, *quo pluribus indiciis inligaret.*"

All sorts of spies — so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perj'ry — *ditto* TIB'S.
'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice[1] — *ditto* SID.
'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches — *ditto* TIB.[2]
'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dotage — *ditto* SID.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt TIB and SID goes vastly well;
But there are points in TIB that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of th' India Board — that soul of whim!
Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke,[3]
On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel — a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits;
But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife, —
Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.
In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:
Now as to *your* resemblance — mum —
This parallel we need not follow;[4]
Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;
Whips, chains — but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
PHIL. FUDGE's part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of Plot
Against the winter-time — if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and *spiflicated!*
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL — GH to CASTLES, —
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!
What's to be done? — Spa-Fields was clever;
But even *that* brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads — so, *mem.* — must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curst head
Take it to say our force was *worsted.*
Mem. too — when SID. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like *Bayes's*:
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of Cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,[5]
A *Wellington's* great *soul* within!

1 "Neque tamen id Sereno noxae fuit, *quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat.* Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrosanctus erat.*" Annal. Lib. 4, 36. — Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy: — "This daring accuser had the *curses* of the *people*, and the *protection* of the *Emperor*. *Informers*, in proportion as they rose in guilt, *became sacred characters.*"

2 Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a *good private* character: — "egregium vita famaque *quoad privatus.*"

3 *Ludibria seritis* permiscere solitus."

4 There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned — "*suspensa semper et obscura verba.*"

5 Short boots, so called.

Nor must an old Apothecary
  Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so merry)
  Physical force and *phial*-ence!
No – no – our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contriv'd more skilfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
So wise — in short, so Jacobin —
'Tis monstrous hard to *take him in.*

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
  In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
  Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to *me:* —
As none of our Nobility
Though for their *own* most gracious King
(They would kiss hands, or — any thing)
Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou;*
And as these Mandarins *won't* bend,
  Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
  GRIMALDI to them on a mission:
As *Leg*ate JOB could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The "volto sciolto" [1] 's meritorious,
Let JOB but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *title* for him 'seasily made;
  And, by the by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
  Lord MORLEY in some pantomime; — [2]
As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,
If *t'other* Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
  He's brought — and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
  Of JOB in the Celestial Presence! —
He thus should say: — "Duke Ho and Soo,
"I'll play what tricks you please for you,
"If you'll, in turn, but do for me
"A few small tricks you now shall see.
"If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
"At least you'll do the same for *my* King."
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound e'n Mandarins;
And throw such somersets before
  The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him!)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
  Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord, (you *know* poor BOB)
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, JOE; —
At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on. [3]

1 The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.
2 Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime, — so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H-rr-s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.
3 See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

WELL, it *is n't* the King, after all, my dear creature!
But *don't* you go laugh, now — there's nothing to quiz in't —
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He *might* be a King, DOLL, though, hang him, he is n't.
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE, —
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's here,
Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere,[1]
While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply consid'ring the thing,
"I am just as well pleas'd it should *not* be the King;
"As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,
"Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way fetch,
"That a Brandenburgh" — (what *is* a Brandenburgh, DOLLY?) —
"Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
"If the R—G—T indeed —" added he, looking sly —
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)
But I stopped him with "La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
"When the R—G—T loves none but old women, you know!"
Which is fact, my dear DOLLY — we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim — Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen;
And would like us much better as old — ay, as old
As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been told
That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl! but — to come to my lover,
Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear, —
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run over,
Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air!

Let me see — 'twas on Saturday — yes, DOLLY, yes —
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Marriage,
"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
"And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"[2]
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through,
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet
I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HUIT
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Rois* —
And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem'd full — so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
There staring, with not e'n a stitch on them, at you!
The ponds, too, we view'd — stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes —
"*Live bullion*," says merciless BOB, "which, I think,
"Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be delicious!

But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove,
Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing *like* a man was — no lover sate there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,

1 See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

2 The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

As the lock that, Pa says,[1] is to Mussulmen giv'n,
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!" —
Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-day," —
Thought of the words of T—M M—RE's Irish Melody,
Something about the "green spot of delight,"[2]
(Which, you know, Captain MACKINTOSH sung to us one day):
Ah DOLLY, *my* "spot" was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by Sunday!
We din'd at a tavern — La, what do I say?
If BOB was to know! — a *Restaurateur's*, dear;
Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers; like beer.
Fine BOB (for he's really grown *super*-fine)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.
Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,
I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;
And BOB, who's in love, said he felt the same, *quite* —
"My sighs," said he, "ceas'd with the first glass I drank you;
"The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me light,
And — now that all's o'er — why, I'm — pretty well, thank you!"

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery — BOBBY, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
"The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well over it —
"What with old LAÏS and VÉRY, I'm curst
"If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!"
'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When, sudden, it struck me — last hope of my soul —
That some angel might take the dear man to TORTONI'S![3]
We enter'd — and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,
For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,
When, oh DOLL! I saw him — my hero was there,
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters)
A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,[4]
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh DOLLY, these heroes — what creatures they are!
In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant-water!
He join'd us — imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy —
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to *him*, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld." —
How pretty! — though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,
We all would set off, in French buggies, together,

1 For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," &c. The note in Volney is as follows: — It is by this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

2 The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines: —

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love trac'd;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

3 A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

4 "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."

To see *Montmorency* — that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
His card then he gave us — the *name*, rather creas'd —
But 'twas CALICOT — something — a Colonel, at least!
After which — sure there never was hero so civil — he
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,
Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were — "how do you do!"[1]
But, lord, — there's Papa for the post — I'm so vext —
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night! — I was charmingly drest,
And — *so* providential! — was looking my best;
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce — and my frills,
You've no notion how rich — (though Pa has by the bills)
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel CALICOT eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flow'rs in my bonnet — but, la, it's in vain —
So, good bye, my sweet DOLL — I shall soon write again.
B. F.

Nota bene – our love to all neighbours about —
Your Papa in particular — how is his gout?
P. S. I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now do, DOLLY, pray,
For I hate to ask BOB, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a *Brandenburgh* is.

LETTER XL.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ————.

YES — 'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate —
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on NAPOLEON's single brow;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!
Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,[2]
Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again —
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more.
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty! —
No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might —
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
When your Invader's axe was at the *root!*

1 Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.
2 See Aelian, Lib. 5. cap. 29. — who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles — διαπετονται σιωπωντες.

No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate —
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
I would have followed, with quick heart and hand,
NAPOLEON, NERO — ay, no matter whom —
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits —
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!
True, he was false — despotic — all you please —
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties —
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,
But rais'd the hopes of men — as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky —
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
* All this I own — but still . . .
. . . . . .

LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ——.

AT last, DOLLY, — thanks to a potent emetic,
Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'écrevisses* —
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE's
Was actually dying with love or — blue devils.
But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme *I* pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do —
Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies
Any imps of that colour in *certain* blue eyes,
Which he stares at till *I*, DOLL, at *his* do the same;
Then he simpers — I blush — and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely — the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion — the sunshine *express* —
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like GATTIE's rose-water — and, bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!
And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,
As if *each* a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And — in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all *couleur de rose;*
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but *one* drawback — at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel — young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so.*
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY's —

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

Serv'd with him, of course — nay, I'm sure they were cronies —
So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass, [1]
Which the poor DUC DE B—RI must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made — as most foreigners do —
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example — misled by the names, I dare say —
He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C — GH;
And — such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on —
Fancied the *present* Lord C—MD—N the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU! —
"'Twas there," said he — not that his *words* I can state —
'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate; —
But "there," said he (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose), "there his JULIE he wrote, —
"Upon paper gilt-edg'd, [2] without blot or erasure;
"Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
"And — oh, what will genius and fancy not do? —
"Tied the leaves up together with *nompareille* blue!"
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!
Alas, that a man of such exquisite [3] notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel CALICOT said —
As down the small garden he pensively led —
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle) [4]
"'Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY,
"(Who call'd him so sweetly *her Bear*, [5] every day,)
"That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
"A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!" [6]

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and — I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness, — who made my gown?
The question confus'd me — for, DOLL, you must know,
And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ [7]
That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI,
But am forc'd, dear, to have VICTORINE, who — deuce take her! —
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker —
I mean *of his party* — and, though much the smartest,

1 The column in the Place Vendome.

2 "Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nompareille bleue." — *Les Confessions*, Part 2, liv. 9.

3 This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last tw oyllables of it in the following couplet: —

"I'd fain praise your Poem — but tell me, how is it
When *I* cry out "Exquisite," *Echo* cries "*quiz it?*"

4 The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

5 *Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle — — et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?" — — *&c. &c.*

6 "Un jour, qu'il gelait très-fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyait, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquait avoir porté, et dont elle voulait que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu' amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

7 Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "*Le Roi*."

Le Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.[1]
Think, Doll, how confounded I look'd — so well knowing
The Colonel's opinions — my cheeks were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something — nay, even half nam'd
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
"Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
"It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, Victorine!"
What a word for a hero! — but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo us, —
The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us —
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the "Twopenny-Post of the Eyes" ——
Ah Doll! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish — for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre — "for *there* is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Vérys![2]
"Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
"O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
"And, to-day — as my stomach is not in good cue
"For the *flesh* of the Vérys — I'll visit their *bones!*"
He insists upon *my* going with him — how teasing!
This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you — good bye.
B. F.

Four o' clock.

Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever —
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!
To think of the wretch — what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure — I shall die, I shall die —
My brain's in a fever — my pulses beat quick —
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel — I scarce can commit it to paper —
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live — I had coax'd brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day — September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember —
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)
To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love, —
(The most beautiful things — two Napoleons the price —
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But — ye Gods, what a phantom! — I thought I should drop —
There he stood, my dear Dolly — no room for a doubt —
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,

1 Le Roi, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, Victorine.
2 It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words. — "Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles*."

And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!
Oh — Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear —
'Twas *a shopman* he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd — vile, treacherous thing —
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around — the wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive —
I fell back on Bob — my whole heart seem'd to wither —
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said — "curse the Kiddy!
"A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
"But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone!
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!
It will spread through the country — and never, oh, never
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell — I shall do something desp'rate, I fear —
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
To her poor — broken-hearted — young friend
Biddy Fudge.

Nota bene — I'm sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see Brunet to-night.
A laugh will revive me — and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

NOTES

TO

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Of this learning, what a thing it is! SHAKSPEARE.

Page 167.

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily.

It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience playing of the P——e R——t!

Page 169.

Your cursé tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism*? Such, at least, is the opinon cited in *Christian. Falster. Amoenitat. Philolog.* — "Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herba The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet* — or the Epigraphe which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb — or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, θεην, θεαιναν.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, θεων τε πατρι
Εν χρυσεοις σκυφοισι
Διδοι το νεκταρ Ηβη.
Σε μοι διακονοιτο
Σκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
Τω καλλει πρεπουσαι
Καλαις χερσσι κεραι.

Which may be thus translated:

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heav'n her Nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold —
I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 171.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names; — he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous: — viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. &c. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c. &c.

The Romans called a thief "homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo
Me vituperas? Fur.*

Plautus, Aulular. Act 2. Scene 4.

Page 173.

The Testament, turn'd into melodrames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaité every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz."

Page 176.

Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 178.

Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says

Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
Se plaint de *sa grandeur*, qui *l'attache au rivage!* Epit 4.

* *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be a *glossema*; — that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text.

Page 183.

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "scientia popinae,"* I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the *magic* line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "*de re cibaria*" instead; and has left *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Agrippa* and his little dog, *Filiolus*, for *Apicius*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

Page 183.

Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them. — See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. 3. chap. 2.

Page 189.

"*Live bullion*," *says merciless Bob*, "*which I think*
"*Would*, *if* coin'd *with a little* mint *sauce*, *be delicious!*"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum, which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious: — "In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam praestitit *condimentum*, quo *sapiant* aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum." — *de Civitat. Dei*, *Lib.* 16. *cap.* 30. — The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun:

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valent.

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar. Latin.* Tom. 2. p. 1732. — Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him — "summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* Lib. 2. cap. 2.

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About singing and cookery, *Bobby*, *of course*,
Standing up for the latter Fine *Art in full force.*

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a *Bacon*; (see his *Natural History*, *Receipts*, &c.) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of *Mr. Dugald Stewart*. — "Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." *Philosophical Essays.*

* Seneca.

The following occasional pieces have already appeared in my friend Mr PERRY's *paper, and are here, "by desire of several persons of distinction," reprinted.*
T. B.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P—RC—V—L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend!

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was — and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir;

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

A FRAGMENT.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,
In that Palace or Chine-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short visit. —
Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation,
(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation)
Both, full-craw'd Legitimates — both, birds of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—STL — GH;
While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I'm at home." —
And when, turning, he saw Bishop L — GE "Zooks, it is,"
Quoth the Bird, "yes — I know him — a Bonze, by his phyz —
"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
"Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo!"
It chanc'd, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,*
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,
And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
That, while FUM cried "oh Fo!" all the Court cried "oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression — these Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together:
(The P——E just in bed, or about to depart for't,

* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R—l H——ss.

His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ——,)
"I say, Hum," says Fum — Fum, of course, spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing — at Brighton one sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops *translated* with ease —
"I say, Hum, how fares it with Royalty now?
"Is it *up?* is it *prime?* is it *spooney* — or how?"
(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree
Under B —— k, Y —— th, and young Master L ——)
"As for us in Pekin" — here, a dev'l of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,
C—stl — gh (whom Fum calls the *Confusius* of Prose)
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose!
(*Nota bene* — his Lordship and L—v—rp—l come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother Hum,
C—stl — gh a Hum-bug—L—v—rp—l a Hum-drum,)
The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—stl—gh,
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away!
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.
* * * * * *

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibus placuisse viris. — Horat.

Yes, grief will have way — but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close: —

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave; —
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died — friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow: —
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast: —

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine; —
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine; —

Would I suffer what — e'n in the heart that thou hast —
All mean as it is — must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd! *

"Was *this* then the fate!" — future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse; —

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
"The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
" The orator — dramatist — minstrel, — who ran
"Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

* The sum was two hundred pounds — *offered* when Sh-r-d-n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by his friends.

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
"From the finest and best of all other men's powers; —
"Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
"And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers!

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd; —
"Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade; —

"Whose eloquence — bright'ning whatever it tried,
"Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave, —
"Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
"As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes — such was the man, and so wretched his fate;
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh; [1]
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN.

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION. [2]

"Ahi, mio Ben!" — Metastasio. [3]

What! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go?* — kick a man when he's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then —
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy exclaim —
Charley Shock is electrified — Belcher spits flame —
And Molyneux — ay, even Blacky cries "shame!"
Time was, when John Bull little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating —
But this comes, Master Ben, of your curst foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions;
Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what —
(One swig of *Blue Ruin* [4] is worth the whole lot!)
Your great and small *crosses* — (my eyes, what a brood!
A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)
Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus;*
And (as Jim says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
Hence it comes, — Boxiana, disgrace to thy page! —
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Ay — just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any —
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd* [5] him to Botany!
Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger!* [6] you, who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon Ben — see him, *dunghill* all o'er,

1 Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them. — *History of Poland.*
2 Written soon after Bonaparte's transportation to St. Helena.
3 Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.
4 Gin.
5 Transported.
6 A Life Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more;
Out, cowardly *spooney!* — again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN.
To *shew the white feather* is many men's doom,
But, what of *one* feather? — BEN shows a *whole Plume.*

LINES ON A LATE DISPLAY IN THE—OF——.[1]

"*In jocis quoque perniciosus.*"
Aelius Lamprid. de Commodo.

Is *this* then an eloquence fit for the ears
Of the statesmen of England — the manly, the wise?
Is *this* then the wit to awaken the cheers
Of the men, on whose counsels the world hath its eyes?

To make mirth — as the mummer's last brutal resource —
Out of torments, the deadliest man can sustain;
And to probe with a ridicule, cruel and coarse
As the knife of an Indian, the vitals of Pain:

To lay bare ev'ry pang that, in ribaldry's dearth,
Even ribalds themselves would have cover'd in shade;
And to mock — gracious Heaven! — with a mountebank's mirth,
At the quiv'ring of agony's nerve round the blade!

Is *this* then the feeling — is *this* the display
Of that Hall, where the mighty of England once spoke;
Where a light from the spirit of FOX, like the ray
O'er the chains of th' Apostle,[2] infranchising broke!

Where a SHERIDAN's wit (oh the contrast to this!)
Though as gay as the creatures of air that, in spring,
Seem to lend a new charm to the flow'rets they kiss,
Never lighted on aught that could sully its wing. —

Where *once* there were men — had a Momus thus shook
His bells o'er the bed, where a sufferer wasted,
Had struck down the heartless buffoon with a look,
And there left him, like something that lightning had blasted.

But *is* this the eloquence Britons applaud?
Forbid it, our nature! forbid it, our fame!
On the mime who could utter, the slaves who could laud
Such dishonouring trash, be the curse and the shame!

No, still let the witling — if Wit it can be,
That forsakes its own element, Freedom and Right,
And, like fishes whose home, when alive, was the sea,
To Corruption alone owes its pestilent light. —[3]

No, still let the punster, the parodist draw
From his out-of-date libels a pittance of fame;
While he helps to halloo the keen beagles of law
At the fools who, thus sanction'd, dare venture the same.

Let him plunder with those, whom he ridiculed then;
Let him live by the crew that then waken'd his laughter,
Like creatures we read of, (less rank than such men)
Who befoul first their victim, and feed on it after!

Yes, still let this trader — a trader as gross
As the sleekest of those, whose "sweet voices" he craves,

1 Written the day after.
2 "And a light shined in the son . . . . and his chains fell off from his hands." — Act xii. 7.
3 The power of rotten fish to *shine* is well known.

Whose ethics, like theirs, lie in profit and loss,
  And whose trade (if he might) would, like theirs, be in *slaves!*

Let him crouch to the rival he would have supplanted,
  Since safer he finds it to crouch than betray;
Be his pledges belied, and his charges recanted, —
  The tribute that rival has brib'd him to pay!

All this let him do — even worse let him dare, —
  But never, just God, let the scoffer again
Make a jest of the ills that thy creatures must bear,
  Lest thou wither the tongue that thus sports with their pain.

IRISH MELODIES.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to a person whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every successive year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity, your
Ladyship's ever attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Paris, *June* 10, 1821.

PREFACE.

Though an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in the two editions of all my works printed at Paris, and have lately appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have, therefore, readily acceded to the wish of the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Eight Numbers, though well aware that it is impossible for these verses to be detached from the beautiful airs to which they were associated, without losing even more than the "*animae dimidium*" in the process.

The Advertisements which were prefixed to the different numbers, the Prefatory Letter upon Music, &c., will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Volume.

IRISH MELODIES.

1st No.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! then remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her, who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee, —
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.[1]

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia[2] and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[3] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;

1 Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements
2 Munster.
3 The palace of Brien.

But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
  To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
  Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
  The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
  Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
  Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood*
  In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
  They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
  Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
  To find that they fell there in vain!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
  Shining through sorrow's stream,
  Saddening through pleasure's beam,
  Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
    Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
  Till, like the rainbow's light,
  Thy various tints unite,
  And form, in heaven's sight,
    One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
  Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
  Of a life that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
  Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
  I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
  Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
  Thy name shall be mingled with mine!

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" Between seven and eight hundred wounded men, (adds O'Halloran,) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops: — never was such another sight exhibited." — *History of Ireland*, Book 12, Chap. 1.

Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To shew that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.
Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay, — Oh! stay, —
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile —
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
  If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
  When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
  Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
  Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
  Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine, —
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
  And the moon-light of friendship console our decline.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude then the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes;
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.[1]

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.[2]

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm: —
"For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,

1 In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin*, (or the youth with the flowing locks,) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant,) or those who were their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired." — Walker's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

2 This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." — Warner's *History of Ireland*, Vol. I. Book 10.

So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting! —

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[1]

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

IId No.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

St. Senanus.[3]

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
"Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
"For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
"A female form I see;
"And I have sworn this sainted sod
"Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

The Lady.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
"Through wintry winds and billows dark:
"I come with humble heart to share
"Thy morn and evening prayer;
"Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint."

1 "The Meeting of the Waters," forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

2 The rivers Avon and Avoca.

3 In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui Praesul: quid foeminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib. Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

The Lady's prayer SENANUS spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Written on returning a Blank Book.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require;
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book,
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you!
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild Passion write
One wrong wish there!

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet!

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray —
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.[1]
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips, that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED!

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fallen upon gloomy days,[2]
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth,
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier!

Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights —
Thou, of the Hundred Fights![3]
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute, but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride,
Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;

1 "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music." — O'Halloran.

2 I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

3 This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland." Page 433. "Con, of the Hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

4 Fox "ultimus Romanorum."

But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of ERIN dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In FRANCE, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of ERIN keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to EVELEEN's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon EVELEEN's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Shew'd the track of his foot-step to EVELEEN's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair EVELEEN's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET ERIN remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When MALACHI wore the collar of gold,[1]
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Let the Red-Branch Knights to danger;[2] —
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

1 "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 2.

2 "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the pa-

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, [1]
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA. [2]

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?
Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fade bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, of our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,

lace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier." — O' Halloran's Introduction, &c., Part 1. Chap. 5.

1 It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquae illius turres ecclesiasticas, quae more patriae arctae sunt et altae, nec non et rotundae, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* — Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. C. 9.

2 To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west —
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same,
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin, and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O' Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin, and Olive of Spain.

God prosper the cause! — oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the foot-step of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

IIId No.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,*
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart, that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctae Brigidae, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicite moniales et sanctae mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus." — *Giral. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2. c. 34.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And, tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And day-light and liberty bless the young flower.[1]
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh;
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then, here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her "*which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "he, who could.
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass — but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh;
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

The Love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.[2]

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,[3]

1 Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

2 We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spencer so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

3 It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is cer-

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
  Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart!

But alas for his country! — her pride is gone by,
  And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
  For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
  Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
  Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
  He should try to forget, what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but gleam
  Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
  Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
  Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, should cover his sword.[1]

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
  Thy name, loved ERIN! shall live in his songs,
Not e'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
  Will be lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
  The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
  Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
  A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
  In lone and distant glory burn'd,
    But, *too* far,
    Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame —
    Much more dear
    That mild sphere,
  Which near our planet smiling came;[2]
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own —
  While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moon-light looks alone,
  Which bless my home and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
  But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
  Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
    I said (while
    The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
    "The moon looks
    "On many brooks,
  "The brook can see no moon but this;[3]"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
  For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
  One Mary in the world for me.

tainly more creditable to us than the following, "So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years,) was now become the land of concord." Lloyd's State Worthies, Art. The Lord Grandison.

1 See the Hymn, attributed to Alcaeus, *Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω* — "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

2 "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together." — WHISTON'S THEORY, &c.

In the *Entretiens d' Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the word *Non mille, quod absens.*

3 This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

When day-light was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still ling'ring shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell, alas! never to rise —
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies.

While she stole thro' the garden, where hearts'-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts'-ease was lost —
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life —
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

Happy is he, o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years: —
But oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls —
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!*

Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound: —
But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day." — Walker.

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost —
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die! —
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this.

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something, blissful and dear;
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near![1]
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own,
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains —
Oh! do not believe them — no chain could that soul subdue —
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too![2]

[1] I believe it is Marmontel, who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" — There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *faux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him, who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black: nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

[2] "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." — St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
  Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love
  In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
  Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
  In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
  Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
  That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
  Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
  Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music! — oh! how faint, how weak,
  Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
  When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
  Love's are e'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.[1]

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
  When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
  Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
  Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded;
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept
  When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
  While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
  When we think how he liv'd but to love them!
And, as buried saints have shed perfume
  Through shrines where they've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
  From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright billow rov'd
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd, with pity, on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheeks smil'd the same —
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings![2]

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;

1 These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

2 This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

IVth No.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before
To smile at last;
He'll never meet,
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream,
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink —
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen —
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And shew what the arm of old ERIN has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And ERIN's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last! —
And thus, ERIN, my country! tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er:
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain; —
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on — perhaps, in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise,
That now must sleep in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
"Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never join'd in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"And man profan'd what God hath given,
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
"Where others knelt to heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My NORA's lid, that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear!
My gentle, bashful NORA CREINA!
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my NORA CREINA!

LESBIA wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it!

Oh! my NORA's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases!
Yes, my NORA CREINA, dear!
My simple, graceful NORA CREINA!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my NORA CREINA.

LESBIA hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my NORA's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear!
My mild, my artless, NORA CREINA!
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my NORA CREINA.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY.
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, MARY![1]

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.[2]

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,[3]
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint KEVIN stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from KATHLEEN's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!

[1] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

[2] This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the County of Wicklow.

[3] There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong,
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth, nor heav'n is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
KATHLEEN o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

GLENDALOUGH! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking. —
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him, —
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of sorrow!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret,
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me!
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN[1]
On him who the brave sons of USNA betray'd! —
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR's dark dwelling,[2]
When ULAD's three champions lay sleeping in gore[3] —
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!

We swear to revenge them! — no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He. — WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She. — What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

She. — But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He. — Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

1 The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O' FLANAGAN, (see vol. 1. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O' FLANAGAN) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they merit.

2 Oh Nasi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." — *Deirdris Song*.

3 Ulster.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
"Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
"Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
"To heaven in mingled odour ascend!
"Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
"So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
"It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes now with piety glistened;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
"His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint, enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep, —
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup — if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short, brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet — while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

Vth No.

OH THE SHAMROCK!

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;

* Proposito florem praetulit officio. — Propert. Lib. I. Eleg. 20.

Where'er they pass
A triple grass [1]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!" —
Says Love, "No, no,
"For *me* they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning!" —
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three god-like friends,
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond,
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather;
May Love, as shoot
His flow'rs and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life was warm in thine eye;
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, [2]
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting! — tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,

1 Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

2 "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields, and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

The fullest, the saddest of any
  Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness, that pleasure has in it,
  Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
  It dies, do we know half its worth!
But fill — may our life's happy measure
  Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
  They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
  To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
  That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
  Cries, "onward;" and spurs the gay hours —
And never does Time travel faster,
  Than when his way lies among flow'rs.
But come — may our life's happy measure
  Be all of such moments made up:
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
  They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking
  In waters his glory made bright —
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
  Should be like that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
  His beam o'er a deep billows brim —
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
  In full, liquid glory like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
  Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
  It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
  Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
  How sweet to rove

Through Morna's grove,[1]
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight,
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery!

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.[2]

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead —
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.

1 "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."
See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable and exemplary.

2 These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." — The Monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee in *thought!*
While now — oh! degenerate daughter
Of ERIN, how fall'n is thy fame;
And, thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide — to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt:
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

OH! had we some bright little Isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection, as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL! — BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! — but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return — not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain —
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles! —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,

And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd —
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;" —
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So, he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth, —
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all,"
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

I'd weep, when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam, —
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round, in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

VIth No.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not,
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet!
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear? —
Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,[1]
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,[2]
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory —
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear; —
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near, —
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm —'twas sunshine spoken! —
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,

1 Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

2 "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again," &c. — *Arabian Nights*, — *Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go, —
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies —
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame; —
"But oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
"The grandest, the purest, e'n *thou* hast yet known;
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,

"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
"Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame —
"And, bright o'er the flood
"Of her tears and her blood,
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing,
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No — vain alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever; —
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

WHERE IS THE SLAVE?

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, ERIN! — farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows, with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk; — as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; — but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnell) has given a very different account of that Goblin.

Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this, —
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead —
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone — and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then — had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations — how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining, —
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night; —
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul — like the wood, that grows precious in burning —
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions: —
So we, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heav'n of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in; —
But oh his joy! when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us —
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,*
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line: —
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep!"
The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Dear Harp of my Country, farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

VIIth No.

MY GENTLE HARP

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But — like those Harps, whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes — that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When e'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd — half flow'rd — half chains!

But come, — if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy — oh, breathe for me,
And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily e'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill —
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!*

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming, —
With smiles, that might as well be tears
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again

* Dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis. — Juvenal.

Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may; —
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears; —
And e'n tho' to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos; —
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows: —
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,

The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright —
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forgot it once was gay.

For Time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope — the friend unkind —
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts — like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills —
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells!
That heaven which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he *will*, if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup, — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some — oh! ne'er believe them —
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips — but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past — and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life — from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,*
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs. — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.*
But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why, — this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless spehre,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then,
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
Were all the ramparts round them!

VIIIth No.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour — what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments, lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lisbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,

* La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mere des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous. — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy lov'd better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee!"

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —
Through calm — through tempest — stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or, — if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profan'd a world, that else were sweet —
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion [1] — if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart —
If drinking deep, deep, of the shame "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun had gone down." [2]

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken," [3]
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance — yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City [4]
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And — a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover, [5] —
The Lady of Kingdoms [6] lay low in the dust.

1 These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.
2 "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." Jer., xv. 9.
3 "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken." Isaiah, lxii. 4.
4 "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased." Isaiah, xiv. 4.
5 "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave..... and the worms cover thee." Isaiah, xiv. 11.
6 "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms. Isa., xlvii. 5.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality —
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
Send round the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality —
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There, having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality —
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps — but breathe it to no one —
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden —
Fill up — there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality —
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
To young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition — the image of him,
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion —
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite,
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed;
To haunt this spot, where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true — it is true — we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true — it is true — all the friends we lov'd are gone;
But, oh! thus e'n in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's[1] snow,
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.[2]

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light leaves
His lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naïads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring,
Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane[3] curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,

1 Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say, they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

2 The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.

3 The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.
Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.
'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then, —
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath'd back again!

OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts — but come to me,
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour —
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends, long lost, the chang'd, the dead.
Or, as some lighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE!

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries — resting never —
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first — where the last of her Patriots lies?

No — faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost. [1]

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
Was embrac'd in that spirit — whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin — or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime —
Like a pyramid, rais'd in the desert — where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him — hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untam'd spring of her spirit are shewn.

An eloquence, rich — wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant — with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave
With the flash of the gem, its solidity, too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head —

That home, where — like him who, as fable hath told, [2]
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near,
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one, who hath thus through his orbit of life,
But at distance observ'd him — through glory, through blame.
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same —

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love, and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays —

Oh no — not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd —
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

1 It is only these two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.
2 Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid: — "*Deposuit radios propiusque accedere jussit.*"

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather —
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

IXth No.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to *feel* how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care —
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there:

No more along thy shores to come,
But on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like Sorrow's veil on Beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest —

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears —
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heav'n's own glance, when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought —
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd — while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echos sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again!

Oh forgive if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim —
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset, hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour,
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With but her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
In grace majestic frowning —
Like some warrior's brows,
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them —[1]
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,[2]
And caves where the diamond's sleeping,

1 In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth) Dr. Keating says, "there is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

2 "Nennius, a British writer of the 9th century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears, and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1084, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls." — O'HALLORAN.

Bright as the gems that lid
  Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens,* where Ocean comes,
  To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
  Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
  So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
  Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
  O'er pride itself victorious —
To think how man hath curst
  What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

Quick! we have but a second,
  Fill round the cup, while you may,
For Time, the churl hath beckon'd,
  And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
  For oh! not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
  Or charm them to life again.
    Then quick! we have but a second,
      Fill round, fill round, while you may;
    For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
      And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
  Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
  That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
  If ever thou seest the day,
When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
  And turn untouch'd away!
    Then, quick! we have but a second,
      Fill round, fill round, while you may;
    For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
      And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
  For all the long years I've been wandering away?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
  As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
  The snow-fall of time may be stealing — what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
  We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
  In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
  Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
  When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
  The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

* Glengariff.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
  To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew —
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
  The wreck of full many a hope shining through —
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
  That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
  And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more. [1]

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
  Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
  For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
  To meet in some world of more permanent bliss.
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
  Is all we enjoy of each other in this. [2]

But come — the more rare such delights to the heart,
  The more we should welcome, and bless them the more:
They're ours when we meet — they are lost when we part,
  Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
  Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
  Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight,
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd — but lo, like a startled bird,
The Spirit fled — and he only heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried,
A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaim'd he then, "there is none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite."

1 Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
  Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
  Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
  Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

2 The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend, Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflexion that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
  The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
  Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
  Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid — for oh! the stain of hearts
  That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain —
  As Time too well hath taught her:
Each year the fiend returns again,
  And dives into that water:
And brings triumphant, from beneath,
  His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
  Throughout her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
  Even now beside that river —
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
  And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"
  She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
  The demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.*

By the Feal's wave benighted,
  Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
  I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
  As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
  If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
  Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
  'Twould be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
  Pour'd out to me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
  So the Hebe were thou.

You who call it dishonour
  To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
  And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
  Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
  For growing near earth?

No — Man, for his glory,
  To history flies;
While Woman's bright story
  Is told in her eyes.

* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chace, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." — LELAND, vol. 2.

While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love — as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away!

No — beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek — 'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear —
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven is there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE

I wish I was by that dim lake,*
Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In Death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be —
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round —
The dry leaves quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet even when dead —
These — ay — these should wean
My soul from Life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward towards the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

She sung of love — while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donnegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe.

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes. — *Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flow'rs would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came. *

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart —
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

SING — SING — MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

Sing — sing — Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing — sing — Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
Then sing — sing — Music was given
To brighten the gay and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning:
"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."
I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance

APPENDIX.

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

POWER takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, POWER has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON on the subject: —

"I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind should be undertaken. We "have too long neglected the only talent, for which our English neighbours ever "deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly "collected;* and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Ope-"ras and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, — very often without "even the honesty of acknowledgment, — we have left these treasures, in a great "degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our Country-"men, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners. "But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and "how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone "of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early Songs. — The "task which you propose to me of adapting words to these airs, is by no means "easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must "feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture "of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has "deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melan-"choly note intrude, — some minor Third or flat Seventh — which throws its shade as "it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman, "(and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him,) his heart "would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it "immortal.

"Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the "irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which "it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the "Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have "his verses of that description which CICERO mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris, "nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which "has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those "wild and sentimental rakes, which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober "wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the "very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me "so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance "in my power.

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

THIRD NUMBER.

In presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country — a Work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.

LETTER

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,

PREFIXED TO THE

THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly — that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes — the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her — the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness.[1]"

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency — a burst of turbulence dying away into softness — the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next — and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it: — such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music: and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,[2] marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstand-

[1] A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time. — *Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

[2] There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6. p. 49.: and for a tribute to the bra-

ing all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth — like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated; — and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile,[1] mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad — such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion[2] that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans' cries,[3] &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;[4] that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks,[5] or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.[6]

By some of these archaeologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point,[7] and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;[8] yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of

very of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. 7. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success, to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

1 The associations of the Hindu Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c. — *Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3., on the Musical Modes of the Hindus. — What the Abbe du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs — "elles auraient produit de ces effets, qui nous paraissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avait fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens." — *Réflex. sur la Pointure*, &c. tom. 1. sect. 45.

2 Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

3 Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's Work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

4 See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

5 O'Halloran, vol. 1, part 4, chap. 6.

6 Id. ib. chap. 7.

7 It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. — The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne, (Préludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7,) that the theory of Music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. 1, sect. 18.,) there is no good performer on the violin, who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the Piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

8 The words ποικιλια and ἑτεροφωνια, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in fragment. lib. 2. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion, (Pensées Diverses) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle. Περι Κοσμου — Μουσικη δε οξεις αμα και βαρεις κ. τ. λ.

Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting,)[1] must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp[2] were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,[3] our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,[4] and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget,"[5] the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it — and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of

1 Another lawless peculiarity of our Music is the frequency of, what composers call, consecutive fifths: but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided, by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? — I have been told that there are instances, in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

2 A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs. — "The Irish, (says he,) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis praecipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing." — How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage, as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler: — "Et cum Scotia, hujus terrae filia, utatur lyra, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis praecipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam*." Hist. Anglic. Script. pag. 1075. — I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

3 The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint Stealer." I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa. — See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Eythraeus part I. page 25.

4 Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimickry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation. — *Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

5 Virgil, Aeneid, lib. 6. v. 204

zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,[1] and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics — as fair and precious vessels, (to borrow an image of St. Augustin,)[2] from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England, — to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality, that threatens to disturb their darkness — like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered[3] — to such men I shall not deign to apologize, for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions, in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description — I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers — it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated — of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics, who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest — so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me ust as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of

1 See Letters, under the signatures of Timaeus, &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

2 "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur." — Lib. 1. Confess. chap. 16.

3 This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιος) to Alexander the Great. — *Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. 1.

the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that, which I have so often derived from your practice of it. — May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

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TO THE

FOURTH NUMBER.

THIS Number of the MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of orginality and beauty, were, perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young dream;*" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury-Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

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TO THE

FIFTH NUMBER.

IT is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three Volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost, by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is

yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,* yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty, in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and in the imperial attitude "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution — like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble — and they who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

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TO THE

SIXTH NUMBER.

In presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet — as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead — it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.

* Among these is *Sanourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

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TO THE

SEVENTH NUMBER.

If I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,* the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task

M. P.;

OR

THE BLUE-STOCKING,

A

COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir Charles Canvas	*La Fosse*
Captain Canvas	*Lady Bab Blue*
Henry de Rosier	*Madame de Rosier*
Mr. Hartington	*Miss Selwyn*
Leatherhead	*Miss Hartington*
Davy	*Susan*

Peasants, &c. &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Beach — Boats coming to Land.*

BOAT-GLEE.

THE song, that lightens the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along thro' waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave; —
For him there's a story in ev'ry breeze,
And a picture in ev'ry wave.
Then sing, to lighten the languid way; —
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.

Sir Charles Canvas, Lady Bab Blue, Miss Hartington, Miss Selwyn, and Davy, land from the Boat.

Lady B. What a charming clear morning! I protest we might almost see the coast of France. — Run, Davy, and fetch my telescope.

Davy. I wool, my Lady. [*Exit Davy to Boat.*]

Sir Charles. Ay, do, Davy — the French coast is a favourite view of mine.

Miss Selwyn. I thought, Sir Charles, your views lay nearer home.

Sir C. Hem — a hit at me for staying at home, while my brother is abroad fighting the enemy (*aside*). Why, really, Madam, if all the brains of country were to be exported through the Admiralty and the War-Office, you would have none left for home consumption. — No — no — a few of *us* must stick to Old England, or her politics and fashions would be entirely neglected, and the devil would get amongst the ministers and the tailors.

Miss Hartington. You suppose then, Sir Charles, that our politics and our fashions may be safely intrusted to the same hands.

Sir C. Certainly, Madam — there is nothing like *us* for *leading* either the *ton* or the *Opposition* — for *turning out* either an *equipage* or an *Administration;* and equally knowing on the *turf* and the *hustings*, if a favourite horse *breaks down*, or a new patriot *bolts*, we can start you fresh ones at the shortest notice.

Miss S. Your brother, however, seems to think, Sir Charles, that on the quarter-deck of a British man of war, he may make himself at least *as* useful to his country, as if he passed all his time between a barouche-box and the Treasury Bench.

Sir C. That plaguy brother of mine is never out of her head (*aside*). Why, as to my brother — Miss Selwyn — my brother — in short, Madam, if my brother had not been in such a hurry to come into the world, but had waited decently like me till his mother was married, he would not only have saved the family some blushes, but would have possessed, of course, the title, the fortune, and all those cogent little reasons which I now have for keeping this head of mine out of gun-shot, and employing it *in the home department* at your service.

Miss. S. His want of feeling upon this misfortune of his family is quite odious.

— We must not stay to listen to him *(To Miss Hartington.)* Believe me, Sir Charles, you mistake the mode of recommending yourself, if you think to amuse by this display of levity upon a subject in which a parent's honour and a brother's interests are so very deeply and delicately concerned. — The rude hand of the world will be ready enough to lift the veil, without requiring *your* aid in the exposure. [*Exeunt Miss Hart. and Miss Selwyn.*

Sir C. Ay — this now comes of talking facetiously upon grave subjects. — 'Tis the way in *the House*, tho', always — Adam Smith and Joe Miller well mixed, that's your Parliamentary style of eloquence. — But what's our old Polyhymnia about here? [*Turning to Lady Bab, who, during this time, has got the telescope, and is looking towards the sea.*]

Lady B. Well — positively — this is a most miraculous telescope — There — there he is again.

Sir C. May I ask what your Ladyship has found out?

Lady B. Something black and red, Sir Charles, that is moving on the coast opposite, which, my fond fancy persuades me, may be one of the great French chemists. — There, there he goes again, the dear man! — the black must be his face, and the red his night-cap — What wonderful discoveries he may be making at this moment!

Sir C. Not more wonderful than you are making yourself, I think, old lady!

Lady B. Come here, Davy, and try what *you* can observe — *Your* eyes have not suffered in the cause of science, like mine.

Davy. Why, noa — not much — and, ecod! sometimes, of an evening, I can see twice as much as other folk. — Like your Highland witches, I have a sight to spare.

Sir C. *(Aside.)* I never yet knew a learned lady, that did not delight in having a booby to shew off upon. — Whether it be in the shape of servant, lover, or husband, these curious copies of Sappho generally have a calf-skin at their backs.

Davy. *(Looking through the glass.)* What colour did you say a chemist was, my Lady?

Lady B. *(Smiling.)* Why, rather of the dingy than otherwise — the dark, sober, tinge of the laboratory. As my friend Dr. O'Jargon often says to me — 'Your ignorant people, Madam, have an objection to *dirt* — but *I* know what it is *composed of*, and am perfectly reconciled to it.' — And so he is, good man! he bears it like a philosopher.

Davy. By gum! I see it now, sailing away to windward like smoke.

Lady B. Sailing! you blockhead!

Davy. Ees — and if you had not tould me 'twas a chemist, I could have sworn 'twas a great collier from Newcastle.

Lady B. Ha! plenty of *the carbonic*, however! — But, pray, Sir Charles, what has become of my niece and Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Just *pair'd off*, Madam, as we say at St. Stephen's, and left me in silent admiration of the ease with which your Ladyship's vision can travel to the coast of France, while the eyes of this unlettered rustic can reach no farther than the middle of the Channel.

Davy. Well — come — to be half seas over is quite enough for any moderate man.

Lady B. Hold your familiar tongue, and follow me — Sir Charles, shall we try and find the young ladies?

Sir C. With all my heart — though, I assure your Ladyship, the humour in which Miss Selwyn *adjourned the debate* made me rather fear that I was *put off till this day six months.*

Lady B. There are some of my sex, Sir Charles, like certain chemical substances — it is impossible to *melt* them, because they *fly off in vapour* during the process. — My niece, I confess, is of this fly-away nature; while *I*, alas! am but too *fusible.* — Come, Davy, bring the telescope safely after me.

[*Exeunt Sir C. and Lady B.*

Davy. I wool, my Lady *(looking after her)*. — What a comical thing your *larning* is! — Now, here am I, as a body may say, in the very thick on't. — Nothing but knowledge, genus, and what not, from morning till night, and yet, dang it, somehow, none of it sticks to me. — It wouldn't be so in other concarns — Now, in a public house for instance, I think I could hardly be among the liquors all day, without some of them finding their way into my mouth — But here's this larning — thof I be made a kind of accomplice in it by my lady, I am as innocent of it all as the Parson of our parish.

SONG. — *Davy.*

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
As he sat with his spindles crossways, —

'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,
'That I kiver my head with green baize!'
So says I, 'For a sample I begs,'
And I'm shot if he didn't produce, Sir,
Some *crossticks* be wrote on his legs,
And a *pastern ode* to his goose, Sir.
Oh this writing and reading!
'Tis all a fine conjuration,
Made for folks of high breeding,
To bother themselves and the nation!

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
And old Dickey himself did not tope ill;
But politics turned his brain,
And a place he call'd Constantinople.
He never could sit down to dine,
But he thought of poor *Turkey*, he said, Sir;
And swore, while he tippled his wine,
That the *Porte* was ne'er out of his head, Sir.
Oh this writing and reading! &c.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
Thro' his cyphers and figures could run ye,
By gum! he has nothing, at last,
But the cyphers to show for his money.
The barber, a scollard, well known
At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,
Makes ev'ry head like his own,
For he cuts them all up into geometry!
Oh this writing and reading! &c.

SCENE II. — *An Apartment at Mr.* HARTINGTON'S.

Enter Miss SELWYN *and Miss* HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. My dear Miss Selwyn — I am so happy for once to have you quietly in my father's house. — We never should have got so intimate in London.

Miss S. In London! oh, never. — What with being at home to *nobody* in the morning, and being at home to *every body* in the evening, there is no such thing as intimacy amongst us. — We are like those ladies of Bagdad, in 'The Arabian Nights,' who entertained strangers in their illuminated apartments, upon condition that they would not ask to know any thing further about them.

Miss Hart. But I had almost forgot Sir Charles Canvas.

Miss S. Nothing so likely to slip out of one's memory, my dear.

Miss Hart. I am quite happy to hear you say so, as I rather feared Sir Charles was a lover of yours.

Miss S. And so he unfortunately is — He loves me with a sort of electioneering regard for the influence which my fortune would give him among the freeholders. — In short, he canvasses my heart and the county together, and for every *vow* expects a *vote*.

Miss Hart. I had always supposed till now that *Captain* Canvas was the elder of the two.

Miss S. You were right, my dear: he is older by a year than Sir Charles — But their father, the late Baronet, having married his lady privately in France, Captain Canvas was born before their marriage was avowed, and before the second solemnization of it, which took place publicly in England. — Though no one doubts the validity of the first union, yet the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of proving it, from the total want of witness or document, has been taken advantage of by Sir Charles to usurp the title and fortune, while his brave and admirable brother is carelessly wandering over the ocean, with no fortune but his sword, no title but his glory!

Miss Hart. I am not at all surprised at the warmth with which you speak of Captain Canvas — I knew him once very well (*sighs*).

Miss S. Very well, did you say, Miss Hartington?

Miss Hart. Oh! no — not — indeed scarcely at all. — I meant merely that I had seen him. — He was the friend of poor De Rosier (*aside*).

Miss S. That sigh — that confusion — yes — yes — I see it plain — she loves him too (*aside*). [*Mr. Hartington's voice heard without.*

Miss Hart. My father's voice! — what a lucky relief! I am so happy, my dear Miss Selwyn, in the opportunity of introducing you to my father. — You must not be suprised at the oddity of his appearance — he is just now setting out upon one of those benevolent rambles, for which he dresses himself like the meanest of mankind; being convinced that, in this homely garb, he finds an easier access to the house of Misfortune, and that proud Misery unburdens her heart more freely for him who seems to share in her wants, than for him who ostentatiously comes to relieve them.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, *meanly dressed.*

Dear father! my friend, Miss Selwyn.

Mr. Hart. I fear, Miss Selwyn, I shall alarm you by these tatters — Fine ladies, like crows, are apt to be frightened away by rags.

Miss S. When we know, Sir, the purpose for which this disguise is assumed, it looks brighter in our eyes than the gayest habiliments of fashion — for when charity —

Mr. Hart. Nay, nay, child, no flattery — You have learned these fine speeches from your aunt, Lady Bab, who is, if I mistake not, what the world calls *a Blue-Stocking*.

Miss S. In truth, Sir, I rather fear my aunt *has* incurred that title.

Mr. Hart. Yes — yes — I knew her father — he was a man of erudition himself, and, having no son to inherit his learning, was resolved to lay out every syllable of it upon this daughter, and accordingly stuffed her head with all that was legible and *illegible*, without once considering that the female intellect may possibly be too weak for such an experiment, and that, if guns were made of glass, we should be but idly employed in charging them.

Miss S. And would you, then, shut us out entirely from the light of learning?

Mr. Hart. No — no — learn as much as you please, but learn also to conceal it. — I could even bear a little peep at the blue-stockings, but save me from the woman who shews them up to her knees!

Miss Hart. Nay, father, you speak severely.

Mr. Hart. Perhaps I do, child, and lose my time in the bargain. — But, here, make Miss Selwyn welcome, while I go to my bureau to fill this little ammunition-pouch *(shewing a small leather purse)* for my day's sport among the cottages. — Oh, money! money! let bullionists and paper-mongers say what they will, the true art of raising the value of a guinea is to share it with those, who are undeservedly in want of it! [*Exit.*

Miss S. *(looking after him)* Excellent man!

Miss Hart. But were you not a little shocked by the misery of his appearance?

Miss. S. Oh! not at all. — He seems to me like one of those dark clouds, that lay between us and the moon last night — gloomy and forbidding on its outward surface, but lined with the silver light of heaven within!

DUET. — *Miss* Selwyn *and Miss* Hartington.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark, moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck, but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails, but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet, who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, tho' rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn?

Oh! grant that, of those, who, in life's sunny slumber,
Around us, like summer-barks, idly have play'd,
When storms are abroad, we may find, in the number,
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid!

[*Exeunt.*

Sir Charles *(speaking without)*. Miss Selwyn! your aunt has despatched me to say that — *(Enters)* — Miss Selwyn! — Miss Selwyn! — This saucy heiress avoids me, as if I was a collector of the income-tax. — I see how it is — she has the impudence to dislike me without asking her aunt's consent — *negatives me without a division* — But I'll have her yet — I'll marry her (as I got into Parliament) for *oppositions sake.* — Snug house this of her friend Miss Hartington's. — Her father, I hear, a rich banker. — I rather suspect too that little Tory is somewhat taken with me. She listened to every thing I said as attentively as a *Reporter.* — Well — egad! in case should fail in the one, I think I may as well make sure of the other. — 'Two strings to my bow, as *Lord Either-Side* says in *the House.*' — But who have we here?

Enter Mr. Hartington.

Oh! some poor pensioner of the family, I suppose — One, too, who must have got his pension upon very honest terms, for his coat is evidently *not worth turning.*

Mr. Hart. Some troublesome visitor, that I must get rid of *(aside)*.

Sir. C. Pray, my good friend, is there any one at home?

Mr. Hart. No, Sir.

Sir C. I thought his *friends* were *out* by his looking so shabby *(aside)*. And you, Sir, I presume, are a quarterly visitor to this family — or monthly, perhaps — or weekly — *the Treasury*, I know, pays quarterly.

Mr. Hart. It is true, Sir, I am dependent upon the master of this house for all the comfort and happiness I enjoy.

Sir C. I knew it — at the first glance I knew it. Let me alone for the physiognomy of *placemen* and *pensioners* — from the careless smile of the *sinecure-*

holder, to the keen forward-looking eye of *the reversionist*. — This fellow may be useful to me *(aside)*. — And what are the services, pray, which you render in return to your benefactor?

Mr. Hart. The smile, Sir, which his good actions always leave upon my cheek, and the sweet sleep which he knows I enjoy, after witnessing the happy effects of his charity, are ample repayment to him for the utmost efforts of his benevolence.

Sir C. Then, upon my soul, he is more easily paid than any of those *I* have ever had dealings with. — I could smile bright or sleep heavy; but the guineas, being both bright and heavy, were always preferred to my smiling and sleeping.

Mr. Hart. I shall be kept here all day by this troublesome coxcomb *(aside)*. Your pardon, Sir, I have some business to transact for Mr. Hartington.

Sir C. Stay, my fine fellow, just one minute. — How should you like to have an opportunity of serving your benefactor, and *receiving the thanks* of this *honourable house* for your good offices?

Mr. Hart. Every thing that concerns Mr. Hartington, Sir, is as dear to me as my own immediate interests.

Sir C. Exactly what we say of Great Britain in *the House* — 'Every thing that concerns Great Britain is as dear to me *(mimicking)* — 'But, I say, my old *pensioner*, you know the boarding-house down street? *(Mr. H. nods his head.)* Good feeding there, by the bye — *commons* fit for *Lords* — only that *the bills* are brought in too *early in the session* — But call upon me there to-morrow or next day, and I'll employ you in some way that may be useful to you. — In the mean time, as old Hartington seems to have a few amiable oddities about charity and so forth, you can tell him, if you have an opportunity, that *I* too have a wonderful taste that way. — Oh! you smile, Sir, do you? Well, then, to shew you that I *have*, here's — *(takes out his purse)* — yet stay — just wait till my friends come into power, and, as I think you love tippling, I'll get you made a gauger, you dog!

Mr. Hart. Keep your patronage, Sir, for those who want it, and, above all, for those who deserve it. — The master of this house is, thank Heaven! the only patron *I* require. — Let but my conduct meet with *his* approbation, and I may look up, with hope, to that highest of places, which the power of monarchs cannot give, nor the caprices of this world deprive me of. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Well said, old boy — though, for the soul of me, I cannot imagine what is the *Place* he alludes to. — 'Tis not in *the Red-Book*, I'm sure — But no matter — he may be useful in delivering a billet-doux for me to Miss Hartington. — Cursed troublesome things those billet-doux! When I'm *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, I mean to propose a *tax* on them — *(mimicking some public speaker)* — 'Mr. Chairman! I move that all love-dealings shall be transacted upon *stamps*. — Soft nonsense, Sir, upon *a one-and-sixpenny* — when the passion is to any amount, an eighteen-pen'orth more — and a proposal for marriage — 'No — curse it — I'll not lay any thing additional upon marriage. — It never came under the head of *luxuries*, and is quite tax enough in itself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Another Apartment in Mr.* HARTINGTON'S *House.*

Enter Miss HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. How long this loitering girl is away! my heart sickens with anxiety for her return. — It cannot surely be De Rosier whom I saw at the library — and yet his features, air, manner, altogether scarcely leave a doubt upon my heart. — Oh, De Rosier! What strange caprice of Fortune can have lowered thy station in life so suddenly? — And yet, wealth was not the charm that attracted me, nor could riches shed one additional grace upon that which is bright and estimable already.

SONG. — *Miss Hartington.*

When Leila touch'd the lute,
  Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
  In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah! how could she, who stole
  Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
  To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh!
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
  Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
  And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, las! no more we listen!

Enter SUSAN.

Well — dear Susan! what news?

Susan. Why, you see, Miss, I went to the circulating library, and as I forgot the name of the book you bid me get, I thought I would ask for one of my own choosing. — So, says I, 'Sir, Miss Hartington sent me for the Comical Magazine, with the blue and red cuts in it;' upon which he blushed up, and ——

Miss Hart. Who blushed? tell me — is it he? is it, indeed, Mr. De Rosier?

Susan. La! Miss — there's no comfort in telling you a story — you are always in such a hurry to get at the contents of it.

Miss Hart. Nay, but, my dear Susan!

Susan. Well — if you *will* have it all at once — it *is* he — it is the same elegant young Mr. De Rosy, who used to walk by the windows in London to admire you — and there he is now behind the counter of that library, with a pen stuck in his beautiful ear, and his nice white hands all over with the dust of them dirty little story-books.

Miss Hart. There's a mystery in this, which I cannot account for. — I *did* indeed hear from one, who knew him well, that he depended upon precarious remittances from France — but "then ——

"*Susan.* Lord — Miss — your emigrants are always purcarious people — tho', "indeed, to give the devil his due, Mr. De Rosy is as little like one as may be — "for, I purtest and wow, he speaks English almost as well as myself; and he "used to give a pound-note as prettily as if he had been a banker's clerk all his "life-time.

"*Miss Hart.* He has given you money, then, Susan?

"*Susan.* Once in a way, Miss — a trifle or so — and, God knows! I earn'd it "well by answering all his troublesome questions about *who* were your visitors, and "*who* you liked best, and whether you ever talked of him after the night he danced "with you at the ball.

"*Miss. Hart.* That night! the only time I ever heard his voice! And" did he seem to know you to-day, Susan?

Susan. Indeed, Miss, I made believe not to know *him* — for I have lived too long among my betters not to larn, that it is bad taste to go on knowing people, after they have come into misfortune. — But when I told him you sent me for the Comical Magazine, with the blue and red cuts in it, la! how he did blush and stare!

Miss Hart. What a taste must he impute to me! It would be imprudent — perhaps cruel — to go there myself — and yet I feel I cannot resist the inclination. — Give me the catalogue, Susan, and in a quarter of an hour hence bring my walking-dress to the drawing-room. (*Goes out reading the catalogue*). 'Fatal Attachment.' — 'Victim of Poverty.' Heigh ho! [*Exit.*

Susan. Ay — Heigh ho! indeed. — It must be a very, very stout, hardy love, that will not take cold, when the poverty season sets in — for it is but too true what some fine poet has said, that 'When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window.'

SONG. — *Susan.*

Young Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, tho' blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay,
'Oh ho!' said Love — 'is it you? good bye;'
So he oped the window, and flew away!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *A Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Bless me! Bless me! Where is this fine gentleman, my shopkeeper? Idling his time, I warrant him, with some of the best-bound books in the shop. — Ah! 'tis a foolish thing for a scholar to turn bookseller — just as foolish as it is for a jolly fellow to turn wine-merchant; — they both serve themselves be-

fore their customers, and the knowledge and the wine all get into their own heads. And your poets too! — extraordinary odd-fish! — only fit to be served up at the tables of us booksellers — who feed upon them, as the dogs fed upon poor Rumble's Pegasus.

SONG. — *Leatherhead.*

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,
Hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
Was invited to dine with a 'Squire out of town,
With his hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
His nag had a string-halt, as well as his lyre,
So he mounted and rode to the house of the 'Squire,
Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds
Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,
With my hey scribble, — hy scribble, ho!

The huntsman that morning had bought an old hack,
Hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
To cut up as a delicate lunch for the pack,
With my hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,
When the 'Squire, after dinner, came smirking to say,
That, instead of the dog-horse, some hard-hearted wag
Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,
With his hey scribble, — hy scribble, ho!

But 'Comfort yourself,' said the 'Squire to the Bard,
Hey scribble, — hy scribble, ho!
'There's the dog-horse still standing alive in the yard',
With my hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,
So suspiciously ey'd by each dog that he met,
That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,
They suspected the steed he was on should be *theirs*.
With my hey scribble, — hy scribble, ho!

Arriv'd safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,
Hey scribble, — hy scribble, ho!
And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,
With his hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!
His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd in the wind,
And the curs were all wits, of the true Cynic kind,
Who, when press'd for a supper, must bite ere they sup,
And who ate Robert Rumble's poor Pegasus up,
With a hey scribble — hy scribble, ho!

Why, De Rosier! — Mr. De Rosier! I say —

Enter HENRY DE ROSIER, *with a Book in his Hand.*

Leath. What is the meaning of all this, Sir? What have you been about? Do you mean to ruin me?

De Ros. I ask pardon, Sir — I have been just looking over the last new publication, to see if it be fit for the young ladies of the boarding-school.

Leath. Which is as much as to say, Sir, that you would sooner ruin *me* than the young ladies of the boarding-school! I am ashamed of you.

De Ros. I really thought, Sir, I had done every thing that —

Leath. Done, Sir? every thing's undone, Sir; — and I shall be so myself very soon. Here's books to go out, Sir, and they won't walk of themselves, will they? Here's *Tricks upon Travellers*, bespoke by Mrs. Ringwell, who keeps the Red Fox; and there's the *Road to Ruin* for the young 'Squire, that sets off for London to-night. Here are parcels too to go by the coach — *Ovid's Art of Love* to be left at the *Transport Office;* and the *Lady of the Lake* to be delivered at the *Lying-in Hospital.*

De Ros. We have had a new subscriber this morning, Sir — Miss Hartington.

Leath. *(Bustling among the books on the counter.)* So much the better — hope she's a good one — reads clean and neat — won't double down the corners, or favour us with proof impressions of her thumbs. Come; put these volumes back in their places. — Lord! Lord! how my customers ill-use my books! Here's nothing but scribbling in the *Lives of the Poets;* — and — dear me — the *World* all turn'd topsy-turvy by Miss Do-little! There's our best set of *Public Characters* have been torn to pieces at the Good-natured Club; and — bless me! — bless me! — how the *Wild Irish Girl* has been tossed and tumbled by Captain O'Callaghan! There — that will do — now mind you don't stir from this till I come back; — I am just going to remind neighbour Rumble that he forgot to pay for the *Pleasures of Memory;* and then I have to step to the pawnbroker's up street, to redeem the *Wealth of Nations*, which poor Mr. Pamphlet popped there for a five-and-six-penny dollar. — Bless me! bless me! how my customers ill-use my books! [*Exit.*

De Ros. There is some little difference between this and the gay sphere I mov'd in, when Miss Hartington's beauty first disturbed my mind; when, through the crowded world I saw but her alone, and felt her influence even where she was not. Well — the short dream is over! — the support of a beloved mother must now sweeten the toil to which I am destined; and he but little deserves the

smile of Fortune, who has not the manliness to defy her frown. Besides, Heaven has blessed me with that happy imagination, which retains the impressions, of past pleasure, as the Bologna-stone treasures up sunbeams; and the light of *one* joy scarcely ever faded from my heart, before I had somehow contrived to illuminate its place with *another*.

SONG. — *Henry De Rosier.*

Spirit of joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sight, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

(Looking out.) 'Tis Miss Hartington herself — and this way she comes — How shall I avoid her? Yet, no; since hope is fled, come, honest pride! to my relief, and let me meet my fate unshrinkingly. I must not, however, seem to know her; nor let her, if possible, recognize me. [*He retires to the counter.*

Enter Miss HARTINGTON *and* SUSAN.

Miss Hart. Yes; there he is. How alter'd from the lively, fashionable, De Rosier!

Susan. I told you, Miss, what a figure he cuts; but I'm glad to see he has taken the black pen out of his ear.

Miss Hart. I surely ought to acknowledge him: he will think me proud and cold if I do not. — Mr. De Rosier —

Susan. *Mister*, indeed! La! Miss, you would not *Mister* a shopkeeper, would you? Let *me* speak to him — Young man!

Miss Hart. *(Drawing Susan back.)* Hush! Susan, for Heaven's sake.

De Ros. *(Coming forward.)* Is there any book, Madam, you wish me to look out for you?

Miss Hart. No — Sir — but ——

De Ros. On this shelf, Madam, lie the French Memoirs, which are, of course, not unknown to you —

Miss Hart. They are very interesting, but —

"*De Ros.* Oh! most particularly so *(turning away from her, and talking ra-*
"*pidly)*. — While history shews us events and characters, as they appeared on the
"grand theatre of public affairs, these Memoirs conduct us into the green-room
"of politics, where we observe the little intrigues and jealousies of the actors,
"and witness the rehearsal of those scenes which dazzle and delude in repre-
"sentation.

"*Susan.* Ah! he wouldn't have talked politics to her so when he was a gentle-
"man *(aside)*.

"*Miss Hart.*" It was not for this purpose, Mr. De Rosier, that —

De Ros. Oh, your pardon — Madam — then perhaps you prefer the Poets here *(pointing to another shelf)*.

Susan. Lord, no, young man! — She hates poverty and all its kin, I assure you.

Miss Hart. I desire that you will be silent, Susan — he will think that we come to sport with his misfortunes.

De Ros. The few English Poets, who have worshipped Love — *(He looks at Miss Hartington, and both become confused)*.

Susan. Oh ho!

De Ros. I must not forget myself — *(aside)*. I was saying, Madam, that the few English Poets, wo have worshipped Love, seem so coldly ignorant of his power and attributes, that the shrine, which they raise to him, might be inscribed, like the famous altar at Athens, 'to the unknown God.' "Cowley here,
"and Donne *(taking down two books)*, are the chief of these unenlightened ido-

laters" — far from wishing us to *feel* what they write, they appear very unwilling that we should even *understand* it; and having learned from mythology that Love is the child of Night, they visit upon the *son* all the coldest obscurity of the *parent*. "There is nothing less touching than these quibbling, pedantic lovers, who seem to think that their mistresses, like the Queen of Sheba, are to be won by riddles."

Miss Hart. I perceive that he is determined not to acknowledge me; yet, if he could but know what is passing here (*laying her hand on her heart*) at this moment, he would not, perhaps, regret that Fate has disturb'd the balance between us; since just as much as *fortune* has *sunk* on *his* side, I feel that *love* has *risen* on *mine*.

Susan. La! come away, Miss — I'm sure it can't be proper things he's saying to you; for I never heard such rigmarole words in my born days.

De Ros. But here is a Poet born in a softer clime, who seems to breathe the true temperature of affection — the air of that habitable zone of the heart, which is equally removed from the bright frost-work of sentiment on one side, and the tainting meridian of the senses on the other.

TRIO. — *Miss Hartington, Susan, and De Rosier.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by; —
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won; —
This is love — careless love —
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
Thro' life, unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love, in wintry age, the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
To such refin'd excess,
That tho' the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*; —
This is love — faithful love —
Such as saints might feel above!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *Part of the Race-Ground.*

A Crowd of Peasants, Hawkers, &c. among whom are DAVY *and* LA FOSSE.

SONG. — DAVY, *and Chorus of Peasants.*

COME, lads, life's a whirligig;
Sound we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig.
Merry go round's the life for me.
You, standing surly there,
You, with the curly hair,
Dick, that's laughing here,
Tom, that's quaffing here,
You too, my gipsy lass,
Spite of your lips, alas!
All must give up this world of glee.

Then come, lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig
Merry go round's the life for me.
Time's short — but we'll have our fun of it;
Life a race is,
That tries our paces,
And, when Mirth makes a good run of it,
Devil may take the hindmost for me.
Lads that love filling bowls,
Girls that have willing souls,
Those can soothe the way,
Roll life smooth away.
While there's a glass to drink,
While there's a lass to wink,
Who would give up this world of glee?
So come, lads, life's a whirligig, &c. &c.

Davy. Come, lads, the races are just nigh to begin — There's John Bull going up the hill — Two to one on John Bull — Dang it! that's my favourite horse (*looking out*).

La Fosse. Oui — certainly — that Bull is vare pretty horse.

Davy. Just look how noble-minded he steps. Old Monsieur here must be taken in for a bit of a bet, I think (*aside*). — Come, boys! — Oh, zounds! (*looking out*) here's my old *litter of a Lady*, as she calls herself; and now shall I be tied behind her all day, and not get a sight of John Bull or Cronyhotontollygos. — But I say, lads, stand before me a little — mayhap, as she ha'nt got her *tellumscope*, she'll not spy me out. (*They stand round him.*)

Enter Lady BAB *and Miss* HARTINGTON.

Miss S. Nay, my dear aunt —

Lady B. I tell you, Miss, my resolution is fixed — 'pon my word, I believe you think I am like a *moveable pully* in mechanics, to be twirled about just as it suits your fancy.

Miss S. Oh Madam! if you did but see Captain Canvas — so unlike his brother!

Lady B. I don't care for that, Miss — I never did see him, nor ever will — that's categorical.

Davy. (*Behind.*) She says she won't see me —

Lady B. And as I perceive by your reveries, young Lady, that you think there is some chance of his arriving here, I will give positive orders that he shall not be admitted — no — not even within the *penumbra* of my roof — where's that fool, Davy?

Davy. Here, my Lady (*coming forth from the crowd, who all run off laughing, except the Frenchman*).

Lady B. Why, what's all this, Sir?

Davy. Why, my Lady — you see — I ware only giving a piece of my advice to this poor outlandish Mounseer here, not to let the knowing chaps trick him out of his half-pence at the Races.

La Fosse. (*Advancing with bows.*) Oui — my Lady — Jean Bull —

Davy. Hush, mon! (*Putting his hand on his mouth.*)

Lady B. Run home, fellow, instantly, and tell the servants, that if a gentleman, of the name of Captain Canvas, should call, he is to be told that we have given orders not to admit him — Captain Canvas, mind — Sir Charles's brother — and then return hither instantly to attend me to the Stand-House — Fly.

Davy. I fly, my Lady. (*He beckons to La Fosse to follow him, and exit.*)

La Fosse. Oui — certainly — but I cannot fly. —

[*Exit after Davy.*

Lady B. I'll teach you, Miss, what it is to fall in love without consulting your relations. — I declare the young ladies of the present day shock me. — Quite *reversing* the qualities of what we chemists call the *perfect metals*, they are any thing but *ductile*, and most shamefully *combustible*. — It was very different in *my* time.

Miss S. Nay, do not, dear aunt, take example by those times, when marriage was a kind of slave-trade, and when Interest carried her unfeeling commerce even into the warm latitudes of youth and beauty — No — let Love banish such traffic from his dominions, and let Woman, mistress of her freedom, resign it only with her — heart!

SONG. —— *Miss Selwyn.*

Dear aunt! in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her *heart*, as she would her *glove*,
To be teazed by a fop, and — returned:
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And tho' beaus like monkeys amuse us,
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them;
No — dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make.
Tho' plagued, Heaven knows! by the foolish seal
Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh! think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool;
No — dearest aunt! excuse me.

Enter Sir CHARLES, *in a Hurry.*

Sir C. Ladies — Ladies — Ladies — you'll be too late — you'll be too late.

Lady B. What! have the Races begun, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Begun? — yes — to be sure they have begun — there's the high-blooded horse Regent has just started, and has set off in such a style as promises a race of glory!

[DAVY *enters.*]

"*Lady B.* Bless me! I wouldn't lose it for the world — Here, blockhead *(to Davy)*, "take this volume out of my pocket — 'tis Professor Plod's Syllabus of a Course of "Lectures upon Lead, and much too heavy to walk up hills with. *(Gives him a large book.)* Now — Sir Charles.

Sir C. Come — Madam — you'll be delighted — I am but just this moment come "from the House — (I mean the Stand-House), where the knowing-ones take diffe-"rent sides, you understand, according as they think a horse will be *in* or *out* — but "upon this start they are all *nem. con.* and the universal cry from all sides is Regent "against the field! Huzza! Huzza!" [*Exeunt.*

Davy. I say — Mounseer — Mounseer *(calling on La Fosse)*. I must follow the old-one now — but do you, you see, come up behind the Stand-House by-and-by, just as if you had no concarn, you know, and you and I will have a snug bet upon Cronyhotontollygos.

La Fosse. Ah! oui — certainly — sure — good Master Davy — Dam rogue! he want to get at my money — but, pardi! he as well look for brains in an oyster — Ah! my money be all gone vid my cookery! every ting but my poor tabatiere here *(pauses, and looks with interest at his snuff-box)*. Ah mon cher maître! you vas fond of my cookery, and I vas grand artiste in dat vay, to be sure — but now, by gar, I am like to de barber widout customer, I have not even one sheephead to dress — My Lady, Madame De Rosier, eat noting at all — young Monsieur De Rosier eat little *or* noting — and moi pauvre moi! — I eat little *and* noting, just as it happen — Ah! de Revolution destroy all de fine arts, and eating among de rest! [*Retires.*

Enter Captain CANVAS.

Capt. C. Faithless, faithless sex! your hearts are like the waves, that keep no trace of us when we have left them — another love soon follows in our wake, and the same bright embrace is ready for it. — My letter apprized her of my return, and yet here, instead of a smiling welcome, I find her doors are shut against me. — Brother! Brother! I could resign to you with ease the rank and fortune to which I am entitled — nay, even the brand of illegitimacy I could smile at; — but to see you thus bear away from me the dearest object of my affections, is more than even this tough sailor's heart can endure. — My poor departed messmate! like thine, alas! has been my fate in love — like thine, too, be my destiny in death!'

SONG. — *Capt. Canvas.*

When Charles was deceiv'd by the maid he lov'd,
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
But proudly he smil'd, as if gay and unmov'd,
Tho' the wound in his heart was deep and lasting;
And often, at night, when the tempest roll'd,
He sung, as he paced the dark deck over,
'Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

Yet he liv'd with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
Tho the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;
And Fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
Which, true to *one* anguish, he trod without feeling!
And, still by the frowning of Fate unsubdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had plac'd him above her,
'Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

At length his career found a close in death,
The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
For Victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving,
But still he remember'd his sorrow, — and still
He sung, till the vision of life was over, —
Come, death, come! thou art not so chill
As the heart of the maid that deceiv'd her lover!'

I must find out De Rosier — They told me, at his former lodgings in town, that he had retired hither for his health — Pray, friend, can you direct me to the house of Mr. Leatherhead, the bookseller?

La Fosse. Ah! oui — Sare — yes — vare well indeed — dat is vare my young master is bound up in a shopman *(aside)*.

Capt. C. Does a gentleman of the name of De Rosier lodge there?

La Fosse. Oui — Sare — he lodge there in the shop.

Capt. C. The shop?

La Fosse. Yes — Sare — in de shop — pon de bookshelf, vat you call —

Capt. C. Oh! I understand you — always among the books — I know De Rosier is of a studious turn — He does not then see much company, I suppose?

La Fosse. Pardon — Monsieur — all de young ladies of dis place make visit to him exactement as they come out of de water.

Capt. C. Indeed?

La Fosse. Oh! yes — he have de name of all de pretty little girl down in von book.

Capt. C. Happy De Rosier! who can thus trifle away your time in those light gallantries, which require so little expenditure of feeling to maintain them, and for which the loose coin of the senses is sufficient, without drawing upon the capital of the heart — while I —— oh, Harriet Selwyn! what a rich mine of affection have you slighted!

La Fosse. Dis way, Sare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Circulating Library.*

Enter SUSAN *and* DE ROSIER.

Susan. *(Looking at a bank-note.)* — Well, I purtest, Sir, you are quite yourself again — and if you had but a three-corner hat on you now, you'd be just as much a gentleman as ever.

De Ros. Come then — now — my good Susan — do tell me what are those little favourable symptoms, which you think you have discovered for me in your mistress.

Susan. Why, in the first place, she says so often you are not worth thinking of, that it is very plain she thinks of nothing else — And then she is as jealous of you ——

De Ros. Nay, Susan, there you mock me — jealous of me! — these books are my only mistresses; and fashionable ones they are, I grant, for they circulate through half the town.

Susan. These books indeed! no — no — Mr. De Rosy — for all you look so modest, we have found out the lady in the cottage down the lane, so we have — She that was smuggled over to you, you know, from France.

De Ros. My mother, by all that is excellent! *(aside)* — and she is jealous of me, is she? Did she trace me to the cottage herself? What does she say of it? tell me — tell me quick, dear Susan *(with impatience)*.

Susan. Well, if ever I saw any thing so audacious — he does not even deny it — hasn't even the vartue to tell a lie about it — I'll be hanged if I don't now believe every word they said about you last-night at the tea-party.

De Ros. Why — what did they say, good Susan? — oh, happiness unexpected *(aside)*!

Susan. They said you had as many wives as the great Cram of Tartary; that your Lady in the lane was a French Duchess or thereabouts, that smuggled herself over to you in a large packing-case, purtending to be crockery-ware — pretty crockery, indeed!

De Ros. This discovery gives me new life — jealous of me!

Susan. There — if he isn't quite proud of the discovery! oh rakery! rakery! but I'll go and tell it all to my mistress — Lord! Lord! what will the times come to, when Duchesses are sent about, like *other* brittle ware, in packing-cases? [*Exit Susan.*

De Ros. Jealousy! thou shadow from Love's form, which still the darker falls the warmer light he moves in — her heart has felt thee, then — Happy, happy De Rosier! — It may be folly perhaps to feel so happy, but Wisdom herself can do no more — and there is nothing in life like that sweet philosophy, which softens all that is painful, and enhances all that is pleasant, by making the best of the one, and the most of the other. [*Exit.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. *(Calling.)* Mr. De Rosier! Why, De Rosier, I say. — If this young Frenchman keeps me bawling after him this way, I shall split my voice into two, like Orator Puff, of the Debating Society, whose eloquence is a happy mixture of bubble and squeak — and who begins all his sentences in the garret, and ends them in the cellar *(mimicking)*.

SONG. — *Leatherhead.*

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
'My voice is for war,' — ask'd him, '*Which* of them, pray?'
Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the Crown,
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
'Sinking Fund' the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh! oh! &c.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
'Help me out — help me out — I have broken my bones!'
'Help you out!' said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a bother!
'Why, there's *two* of you there; can't you help one another?'
Oh! oh! &c.

Oh! you are here, Sir, are you?

Enter De Rosier, *with printed Sheets in his Hand.*

Leath. So — So — a specimen of my new printing-press — A bright thought of mine, Mr. Thing-o-me, wasn't it, eh?

De Ros. Oh! excellent — Sir *(laughing)*.

Leath. I think so — Poet Rumble here must have sent to London, if I couldn't print for him.

De Ros. Oh! most inconvenient, Sir, — his Pindarics must have gone by the waggon, and his Epigrams by the long heavy coach — Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! — Damn the fellow, I believe he is laughing at my printing-press *(aside)*. But let's see — how goes on my new compositor?

De Ros. Why, pretty well — Sir — he generally puts one word in place for another, which, in poetry like Mr. Rumble's, does not make much difference. Indeed, as in the *militia*, the substitute is always a better man than the principal, so here in the *line* — I mean Mr. Dactyl's line, Sir; you'll excuse me — ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Curse the grinning puppy! I wish the types were down his throat, large Roman letters and all *(aside)*.

De Ros. Allow me to give you an instance or two, Sir, of your printer's happy deviation from the copy *(reads)*. '*The dear and fragrant sigh of infancy*,' he has converted into a '*dire and flagrant sign of infamy:*' — '*sweets of morning*,' he has turned into '*suits of mourning;*' — and '*haunted by all the mellow dreams of Horace*,' he has made '*hunted by all the melo-drames of horses!*' Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! — Impudent rascal! how merry he is! — but I'll teach him to take liberties with the press, the jacobin! He'd give his eyes to go to the Races — I know he would; but I'll not let him — I'll go there myself to spite him — I'll give him a job, too, that my gentleman won't like *(aside)*. Here you, Mr. Scholar — here's some books to go to Lady Bab Blue's library, and you must take and arrange them for her.

De Ros. What! I, Sir?

Leath. Yes — you, Sir, — and leave the porter to look after the shop. She is a lady of learning, they say, and ought to have a *critic* to wait on her — Happy to recommend you for that situation — She might like to have a reviewer on her establishment — Fifty pounds a year and the run of the kitchen — Sorry to part with you — but — *(all this time Leatherhead is at the counter arranging the books)*.

Enter Capt. Canvas *and* La Fosse.

Capt. C. *(Starting at seeing De Rosier.)* De Rosier! for heaven's sake, what is the meaning —

De Ros. Hush and I'll tell you all presently.

Leath. Who is that, eh?

De Ros. Merely a gentleman, Sir, who wishes to see our catalogue.

Leath. And who is that foreign-looking thief, that stands grinning at you there?

De Ros. Oh! that — Sir — is — What shall I say to get a few moments' explanation with Canvas *(aside)*! That, Sir, is a French man of letters, who having heard of your new printing-press, is come to engage with you as a translator. *(Retires to the back of the stage with Capt. C.)*

Leath. Translator! himself an original quite — must talk to him, tho' — Servant, Sir — well acquainted, I'm told, with the learned tongues?

La Fosse. Ah! he have heard of my cookery — *(aside)* — Oui — certainly, Sare, — dress de tongue *à merveille* — and de sauce! by gar you would eat your fader with it.*

Leath. Eat my father! what the devil does he mean?

* A cette sauce-là on mangeroit son père.
L'Almanach des Gourmands.

La Fosse. You like it, Sare, done English way?

Leath. Yes — yes — done into English, to be sure — and let it be something that will go down, you know.

La Fosse. Ah! pardi — he will go down fast enough *(laying his hand on his stomach)* — Den, Sare, I can make you de finest nick-nack out of noting at all.

Leath. How well he understands the art of authorship *(aside)*!

La Fosse. Hash up de old ting like new —

Leath. Right — book-making!

La Fosse. Vid plenty salt —

Leath. Attic — bravo!

La Fosse. Vare much acid —

Leath. Satiric — excellent!

La Fosse. And den de little someting varm and piquante for de ladies —

Leath. Oh! it will do — it will do *(throwing his arms round La Fosse)* — I am so lucky to meet you — But let's see *(looks at his watch)* — Have you any objection, Sir, to walk towards the race-ground? We may talk of these matters on the way.

La Fosse. Oui — sure — certainly — tho' pardi, Sare, your conversation give me appetite enough widout de walk.

Leath. Oh! you flatter me, Sir —

La Fosse. Après vous, Monsieur — [*Exeunt ceremoniously.*

[*Capt. Canvas and De Rosier come forward.*]

Capt. C. But why did you not answer my letter, and acquaint me with this fall of your fortunes?

De Ros. The truth is, my dear Canvas, I have such an aversion to letter-writing, that I have sometimes thought the resolution of Sir Phelim O'Neal, never to answer any thing but a *challenge*, was the only *peaceable* way of getting through life. But let us not talk of misery — love is our only theme.

Capt. C. And that way lies *my* misery — Oh! if I could but see the faithless girl once more, I'd take a last, an eternal farewell — fly to my ship — forget the very name of woman — and, like the Doge of Venice, marry myself to the sea.

De Ros. Her aunt, Lady Bab, you say, has forbidden you the house?

Capt. C. Positively excludes me.

De Ros. Heaven send she may do me the same favour — "But though her Lady-"ship is not at home to *Love*, she seldom refuses the visits of *Learning*, an acquaint-"ance whom she treats ceremoniously, not being on very *familiar* terms with him" "— there lie *my* letters of introduction to her presence (*pointing to a parcel on the counter*).

Capt. C. What! those books?

De Ros. Yes — those books, "which are as *welcome* and about as *useful* to her "Ladyship as an opera-glass to a South-Sea islander."

Capt. C. But what did you say of an introduction to her presence?

De Ros. Why, simply, that my master has inflicted upon me the honour of carrying that parcel to Lady Bab's library, and if *you* have the least ambition for the employment, I will *depute* it to you with all my soul — happy if, like other great men, I may be the means of making the fortune of my deputy, and if *carrying out books* should prove as profitable to you as *keeping books* has been to many others.

Capt C. 'Tis an excellent thought; I thank you from my heart for it.

De Ros. You are not serious, Canvas?

Capt. C. Never was more serious in my life.

De Ros. Ha! ha! ha! Why, what will your ship's-company think of you, when they hear you have turn'd bookseller and stationer?

Capt C. No matter — it will give me an opportunity of seeing her once more, and of returning into her hands this long-lov'd picture, whose colours, though fleeting, have not faded like her affections.

De Ros. Very pretty, faith! — But I think I could match it — Where the dence? — (*searching his pockets, and then going to a corner of the library*) — Oh! here it is — hid under the *Baisers* of *Dorat* — covered, as it ought to be, with a whole volume of kisses! (*produces a miniature.*) There — I have as little right to that *copy*, as any other man but myself has, in *my* opinion, to the *original* — It was done by my friend *Crayon*, from his own miniature of Miss Hartington, and I ran away with it. — Prometheus *had* the image, when he stole the flame — but I, being provided with the *flame (laying his hand on his heart)*, stole the *image*.

Capt. C. (*Looking at his own miniature.*) How many ghosts of departed promises haunt those faithless lips!

De Ros. (*Looking at his.*) And how many little unfledged hopes lie nestling in that dimpled smile!

DUET. — *Captain Canvas and De Rosier.*

Capt. C. Here is the lip that betray'd,
De Ros. Here is the blue eye that warm'd;
Capt. C. Lips for bewildering made!
De Ros. Eyes for enamouring form'd!
Both. While on her features I gaze,
And trace ev'ry love-moulded line,
Capt. C. Memory weeps o'er the days
When I fancied her faithfully mine.
De Ros. Hope bids me dream of bright days,
And fancy her faithfully mine.

De Ros. Here is the glance that inspir'd —
Capt. C. Here is the blush that deceiv'd;
De Ros. Glances too wildly admir'd!
Capt. C. Blushes too fondly believ'd!
Both. While on her features, &c. &c.

De Ros. But come — if you mean to be my deputy, there is no time to lose — Give me your coat.

Capt. C. What! must I —

De Ros. Of course, my dear fellow *(taking off Capt. C.'s coat)*; though the lady herself is as blue as indigo, your coat need not be of the same livery with her stockings.

Capt. C. Where do you mean to hide my uniform?

De Ros. Here — behind this large History of England — and I believe it is the first time that any thing *naval* has ever been *kept out of sight* by an English historian. — Now — put on this apron — Does Lady Bab know you?

Capt. C. Never has seen me.

De Ros. So much the better — I have no doubt she will be taken with your scientific appearance — and you may tell her you are versed in the *Cannon* Law, you know. — Now for the books — " God help you, if she should take a fancy "to read any of these "folios to you.

"*Capt. C.* I should never stand that — Like a reprobate Quaker, I should be soon "*read out* of the meeting,

"*De Ros.*" There — there's a hat for you, and now be off.

Capt. C. Thanks, dear De Rosier; it is consoling to think, that tho' Love should break off *one* arm of Hope's anchor, there is yet another left for Friendship, upon whose hold my heart may rely. [*Exit.*

(During this Scene, Capt. C. puts on De Rosier's shop-jacket, into the pocket of which De Rosier had, at the end of the Duet, put his own miniature — Capt. C., when about to change, lays his miniature on the counter.)

De Ros. Poor Canvas! — Let me see *(approaching the counter)* — Hey-day! what's this? — by all that's perplexing, he has left his mistress's miniature behind him, and taken away mine with him in his pocket. — Hollo! hollo! *(calling after him)* — It is too late to catch him, and this exchange of mistresses may be fatal to us both. — But away with apprehension! I will not, this day, let one dark thought come near me. Oh woman! woman! who is there would live without the hope of being lov'd by thee?

SONG. — *De Rosier.*

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When Time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, Woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory, —
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story, —
Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
This world can offer to me
No throne like Beauty's bosom,
No freedom like serving thee,
Oh, Woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Madame De Rosier's Cottage.*

Enter La Fosse.

La Fosse. Diable t'emporte, you big bookseller — vid your tongues and your bacon — and après tout — after all — his Bacon turn out to be an old dead Chancelier — morbleu! — and ven I tell him I vas *Cook* — by gar, he begin beat me, as I do de young live pig to make him tender — Ah! here is my maitresse — and vat de devil old beggar-man she got vid her?

Enter Madame De Rosire *and* Mr. Hartington.

Mad. De Ros. I am afraid, my poor man, those rude servants must have hurt you. —

Mr. Hart. They might have hurt me, Madam, had you not kindly opened your door and admitted me.

Mad. De Ros. I am sure their master, whoever he may be, would have punished them for their rudeness, if he had seen them.

Mr. Hart. I do not know *that*, Madam — there is such congeniality in the pursuits of modern masters and their servants, that we can hardly expect more civilization from the *amateur* coachman than from the *professor*.

Mad. De Ros. You seem to want refreshment — sit down, and you shall have something — *(He sits down.)* — Here, La Fosse — bring this poor man some cold meat.

La Fosse. Oui — my Lady — Ah! dat is the way all my cookery goes *(aside and exit)*.

Mad De Ros. You have seen better days, I doubt not.

Mr. Hart. And so have *you*, Lady — if rightly I can conjecture from those manners, which, like the ornaments of a fallen capital, may be traced long after the pillar, on which it stood, is broken.

Enter La Fosse *(bringing in a Tray with cold Meat &c.)*

La Fosse. Here is de little beef for him — Ah! if ma pauvre maîtresse had de larder so large as her heart, de ugly malady of starving would be soon banish from the world like de small-pock *(lays it on the table, and exit.)*

Mr. Hart. My words seem to affect you, Lady.

Mad. De Ros. I know not why they should — 'tis but a languor of spirits arising from ill health.

Mr. Hart. *(At the table, while she is standing forward.)* I see it — 'tis the heart's ill-health — the pang of honest pride struggling with poverty.

Mad. De Ros. *(Turning round.)* Nay, prithee, eat, my good man.

Mr. Hart. Thanks, Lady, I am quite refreshed *(rises)* — and now, forgive me, if I ask, how long you may have felt this illness under which you suffer.

Mad. De Ros. Not very long — and, in truth, so many have been my hours of health and cheerfulness, that I feel as if I had already shared my full proportion of blessings, and can thank Heaven for the balm, that has been at the top of my cup, even while I drain the bitterness that lies at the bottom.

Mr. Hart. O Patience! how thy smile adorns adversity *(aside)*! You may think it presumptuous, Madam, that one so poor and humble as I am should venture to prescribe a remedy for the languor that oppresses your spirits; but ——

Mad. De Ros. Alas! — my good man! 'tis far beyond the reach of art even more refined than yours.

Mr. Hart. Pardon me, Lady. — During the wandering life I have led among the poor and wretched, and the various sicknesses of heart and spirits which I have met with, I have frequently witnessed the efficacy of one simple medicine, which, if delicately administered, seldom fails to remove at least a part of the pressure, under which the patient languishes.

Mad. De Ros. Some village charm, I doubt not — but I must indulge the poor old man *(aside)*.

Mr. Hart. There is a portion of it in this small bag — 'tis what the old philosophers looked for in crucibles, and what the modern ones think they have found in paper-mills. — Too large a dose of it is apt to make the head giddy; and, in some temperaments, it produces a restless itching in the hands, which requires a constant application of the medicine to that part — When this symptom breaks out in *certain* ranks of life, the operation of the drug has been found to be ruinous to the *Constitution*.

Mad. De Ros. *(Smiling.)* It seems to be rather a desperate remedy you recommend me.

Mr. Hart. No — Lady — *you* may take it safely — When prescribed by "friendship or" humanity for the relief of those we "esteem or" compassionate, it is then indeed a precious balsam, whose cordial not only refreshes the heart of him who *takes*, but whose fragrance long lingers on the hand of him who *administers* it. — There — open it, when I am gone — and before it is exhausted, you shall be furnished with a fresh supply.

Enter La Fosse *hastily*.

La Fosse. Oh Madam! Madam! — here is a gentleman have driven himself and his carriage into de ditch — and de coachman and de rest of de *inside* passenger have been pull out of de window.

Mad. De Ros. Is there any one hurt?

La Fosse. Only de gentleman's head a little crack, I believe — mais — le voici — here he is come.

Enter Sir Charles Canvas.

Sir C. Curse that awkward post! caught in the forewheel and spilt me off the dickey — Just the way in *the House*, tho' — when a Member arrives at a *post*, he always *vacates* his *seat* immediately.

Mad. De Ros. I hope, Sir, you have not suffered any serious injury.

Sir C. Not much — Ma'am — head a little *out* of *order*, as we say — all owing to the spirit of my leaders — Greys, Madam — fine creatures — Your *Greys* make excellent leaders in *Opposition* coaches. — Ah! my old guager-that-is-to-be, how d'ye do? Don't remember me, eh?

Mr. Hart. Oh! yes, Sir — you call yourself Sir Charles Canvas. *(Madam De Rosier starts, and looks earnestly at Sir Charles.)*

Sir C. Call myself! damn the fellow — doubts my claim, I suppose *(aside)*.

Mad De Ros. It cannot surely be the same *(aside)*!

Sir. C. I say, my old boy, I have a little job for you — Do you like *jobs*? no getting on without them — I shall want you, in a day or two, to deliver a letter for me to Miss Hartington.

Mr. Hart. To Miss Harting ——

Sir C. Mum — I have every reason to suspect that little Tory has taken a fancy to me.

Mr. Hart. To you, Sir *(with contemptuous surprise)*!

Sir C. To me, Sir! yes, Sir — to me, Sir — to Sir Charles Canvas, Bart. M. P. son and heir to the late Sir William Canvas, of Huntborough Hall, Cornwall.

Mad. De Ros. It is indeed the same — the eldest son of my dear friend, Lady Canvas *(aside)*.

Sir C. And, between ourselves, it is not impossible but the *measure* of an *Union* might be *carried* — However, say nothing about the matter at present — as I am just now *candidate* in another quarter; but if I don't like *the state of the poll*, damme but I'll out, and be returned *Member* for *Hartington (slapping Mr. H. on the back)*.

Mr. Hart. This fellow's impudence is intolerable *(aside)*. But are you then so sure, Sir, of being accepted by Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Oh! no doubt of it — women can't refuse — they'd never do for *the House* — couldn't say *no* for the lives of them — but — mum — my old fellow — that's all — and call upon me to-morrow at the boarding-house.

Mr. Hart. I have no doubt, Sir, that the compliment, which you intend Miss Hartington, will be felt by her exactly as it deserves *(significantly)* — and be assured no effort of mine shall be wanting to impress her with a *proper* understanding of its value. [*Exit.*

Sir. C. Well said, my old boy — *(Madame De Rosier approaches)* — Ask pardon, Madam — a little *Secret Committee* with my *Honourable Friend* in fragments here.

Mad. De Ros. Not so secret, Sir Charles, as to prevent me from discovering that I have the honour of receiving under my roof the son of one of my best and earliest friends, Lady Canvas.

Sir C. Oh! you knew my mother, Madam; an excellent woman, as women go, certainly.

Mad. De Ros. I knew her in Paris, when she was married, and was the only friend to whom she entrusted it — we were in the same hotel together when you were born.

Sir. C. The devil! she mistakes me for my eldest brother — I don't quite like this *(aside)*. You are wrong, Madam — my mother was not exactly what you call — married, you know, 'till she came to England.

Mad. De Ros. Pardon me, Sir Charles — I was present at the ceremony —

Sir C. Present! I'm ruin'd — like a lost Bill — negativ'd thrown out, and sent to the pastry-cook's *(aside)* — Yet stay — I'm safe yet — one witness won't do — no — no — 'twon't do, Madam *(turning round to Mad. De Rosier, he is caught round the neck by La Fosse, to whom, during Sir C.'s speech aside, Mad. De Rosier had whispered something)*.

La Fosse. — Ah! my dear little Master Canvas — bless my soul — how vare often I have pinch you little ear, when you not dis high, and you squawl and squawl, and vish me at de devil!

Sir C. I'm sure I wish you there now with all my heart — what *shall* I do *(aside)*?

Mad. De Ros. This faithful old servant, Sir Charles, was likewise at your mother's wedding.

Sir C. And what infernal — I say, Madam, what strange fate has brought you both here?

Mad. De Ros. Upon my return to France last year, I found that my husband the Comte De Rosier was dead — that his money had been all embezzled, and his estates confiscated — my dear son, Henry (whom you may have seen at the library) was the only comfort left me, and upon his industry we now depend for our humble, yet sufficient, maintenance.

Sir C. So — So — the young emigrant at the library — I have it *(aside)*. Your son's name, you say, is Henry De Rosier? *(Takes out his tablets, and writes.)*

Mad. De Ros. Yes, Sir.

Sir C. Aged? ——

Mad. De Ros. About one-and-twenty.

Sir C. 'Aged one — and twenty — middle size — fair complexion' *(writing)*.

La Fosse. Ah de brave homme! he mean to patronage my young master!

Sir C. Glad to have the particulars — must sent information to *the Alien Office* immediately —

Mad. De Ros. For Heaven's sake, Sir Charles, what is it you mean?

Sir C. Your son Henry, Madam — a very suspicious character — must be got rid of — unpleasant office for me — but must do my duty.

Mad. De Ros. My unfortunate boy! what *can* he have done?

Sir C. Nothing *overt*, as yet, perhaps — but quite enough to be suspected of being suspicious. — "Doctor Shuffle-bottom and some dowagers of distinction have "long had their eyes on him — he has been caught laughing at a novel of Voltaire's, "and has even been seen to yawn over a loyal pamphlet of Doctor Shuffle-bottom's — "an incendiary quite!

"*Mad. De Ros.* Oh Sir! I will answer with my life that, whatever imprudence "my Henry may have been guilty of, his heart is in the right; his heart is always "in the right.

"*Sir C.* Very likely — but we politicians have nothing to do with the heart — "must send him off — and that ugly old sinner there with him." — Shall go now, and write to *the Alien Office*.

Mad. De Ros. *(Kneeling.)* For pity's sake, Sir Charles! by the memory of your dear mother, I entreat you.

Sir C. I have her now *(aside)*. As to that, Madam, tho' always rigid in my public duties, yet when so fair *a petitioner humbly sheweth*, I am as easily *moved* as — *the question of adjournment (raises her)* — and there is one condition upon which I consent to let your son remain safely behind his counter.

Mad. De Ros. Name it — Sir — name it.

Sir C. Simply this — that you never betray to man, woman, or child, the secret of my mother's marriage in Paris.

Mad. De Ros. Though ignorant of your motive, Sir Charles, most willingly do I promise — *(trample without)* — and here is my poor Henry himself.

Sir C. Does *he* know it?

Mad. De Ros. I have never mentioned it to him.

Sir C. Mum — then — that's all.

Enter De Rosier.

De Ros. I have stolen one moment from business to tell my dear mother of my happines —— What! in tears, mother! and Sir Charles Canvas here? — What is the meaning of this?

Mad. De Ros. Nothing, Henry, we were merely talking of some old —— *(Sir Charles shows the tablets secretly to her, and checks her)*. This gentleman — I mean — has met with an accident, at our door, and it has alarmed me.

De Ros. There is some mystery in this, which must be explained to me — La Fosse! *(La Fosse nods significantly towards Sir Charles, and exit.)* — Sir Charles! I perceive plainly that your intrusion is the cause of this embarrassment, and, notwithstanding my respect for your eldest brother, Captain Canvas, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and of whose title and fortune you have — (I will not say how generously) possessed yourself ——

Mad. De Ros. This, then, was the motive — Oh, Henry! *(She is going towards him, when Sir Charles seizes her hand, and reads the tablets in an under voice to her.)*

Sir C. 'Aged twenty-one — middle size — fair complexion —'

De Ros. Come — Madam — you must not stay here to be insulted — Another time, Sir Charles, I shall know the meaning of your conduct. — I *did* think, Sir, that you modern men of fashion, when coming to a domestic sanctuary like this, could leave your arrogance at the club, and your vulgarity at the race-ground — but I find, that, in the circle of social life, you are as *mis*placed a

monkeys in a flower-garden, having just *strength* enough to trample on what is *delicate*, and just *wit* enough to ruin what is *beautiful*.

[*Exeunt Mad. De Rosier and Henry.*

Sir C. Hear him! hear him! — That young gentleman has a taste for oratory — would cut a figure upon a *Turnpike Bill* — Flatter myself, however, I have muzzled the principal witness —" and my brother, a careless fellow, will never "think of sifting the matter when he returns, but pocket the affront, and away "to sea again." — As to *fighting*, my young Mr. Emigrant (for you seemed to *give notice of a motion* to that effect), before *I* fight, I must *consult my constituents*, as I hold it *unpatriotic* to do any thing without their *instructions*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *An Antichamber at Lady* BAB BLUE'S.

Lady BAB, *and Capt.* CANVAS *in his Disguise, arranging the Books in a large Book-case — Miss* SELWYN *and* DAVY — *the latter a little tipsy.*

Lady Bab. Come hither — you stupid Davy — and assist this young man to arrange the books — Foh, fellow! your breath smells like *hydrogen*.

Davy. Hydergin — gin — gin *(hiccups)* — Ecod, so it was gin, sure enough — How well the old toad knows the smell of it *(aside)*!

Lady Bab. (To Davy.) Here — put up these two volumes of *Sallust* — That is the *Jugurthine*, and that the *Cataline*.

Davy. (Spelling the letters on the back.) T. O. M. Tom, C. A. T. Cat, Tom Cat — Come, I guess now, that's something deuced comical. — *(Spells the other.)* T. O. M., J. U. G. — Tom's Jug. — Ah! that's the larning, after all.

Capt. C. One word with her will be sufficient — Miss Selwyn! Miss Selwyn *(apart to Miss S.)*!

Miss S. Good Heavens! is it possible? Captain Canvas!

Capt. C. Be not alarmed, Madam — I come not to interrupt your happiness, by disputing my brother's claim to that inheritance, which Miss Selwyn is so worthy and so *willing* to share with him — I come merely to return this picture into your hands, and (what I cannot think you will regret) to bid you farewell for ever! [*He returns to the book-case.*

Miss S. What can he mean? 'Worthy and *willing* to share his brother's fortune!' — My picture, too, returned *(opens it)*! — Yet — no — no — can I believe my eyes? — It is — it *is* Miss Hartington. — Oh! this accounts for her confusion, when I mentioned his name — her sighs, when she acknowledged that she knew him. — False, cruel man! to insult me thus with the display of her love-gifts — But I'll — Oh! that his brother were here now — I could even do my heart a violence to be revenged of him.

Lady Bab. Why ,what are you about, young man? *(To Capt. Canvas, who has been employed at the book-case.)* You are mixing up my science with all sorts of rubbish — Here's *Thoughts upon Gravity* on the same shelf with *Broad Grins;* and — as I live! — *Sir Isaac Newton* in the corner with *Betsy Thoughtless!*

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir C. Oh, dear ladies! I have had the saddest tumble off my dickey — exactly such as happened to me last spring — you recollect — immediately after the *snows* and the *Parliament* had *dissolved* away, and the *new Ministers* were just budding into *patronage* and *majorities*.

Miss S. Dear Sir Charles, you alarm me beyond expression *(affecting anxiety about him)*.

Sir C. 'Dear Sir Charles!' Ho! ho! She begins to trim, I find *(aside)*.

Capt. C. (Behind.) Perfidious girl!

Lady Bab. and Miss S. (On each side of Sir C.) No material hurt, I hope?

Sir C. Not much — head a little discomposed — but it was this that saved me *(striking the crown of his hat)* — *The Crown* is the best friend to us M. P. *s*, after all — But don't be alarmed, ladies — I am not so ill but that I shall be able to attend you to the Lottery at the Library; and afterwards, if you will allow me, to Miss Hartington's card-party.

FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

Lady Bab Blue, Miss Selwyn, Captain Canvas, Sir C. Canvas, and Davy.*

Capt. C. The last gleam of hope is vanish'd now,
Misery's night surrounds me.
Davy. I could read mighty well, if they'd just show me how,
But this printing like quite confounds me.
Miss S. The pain in your head, is it better? oh tell.
Capt. C. The pain in my heart who can tell?

*) Captain Canvas, during this Finale, must keep as far back as possible, and appear carefully to avoid the eyes of Sir Charles.

Sir C. C. Pretty well—it may swell.
Davy. I can spell—very well—F, E, double L.
Miss S. Think, if aught should harm thee,
How it would alarm me.
Capt. C. Patience! arm me,
Let not anger warm me.
Miss Sel. How I should deplore thee!
Tenderly weep o'er thee!
Capt. C. None will e'er adore thee
With the love *I* bore thee
Oh! happier, happier he,
Whose heart is cold to thee.
Miss Sel. *Lady B.* *Davy.* } Oh! happy, happy we,
Thy safe return to see.
Sir C. C. I'm happy, Ma'am, to see
Your kind concern for me.
Capt. C. *and* *Miss H.* } Can Falsehood then boast of her power to destroy,
And not even blush o'er the ruins of joy?
Can hearts leave the load-star they used to obey,
And not even tremble in turning astray?

(*Davy, who has been fixing books upon the shelves, lets a large parcel of them, at this moment, fall about his ears.*)

Davy. Dang it! what a clatter!
How my head they batter!
Capt. C. Booby! what's the matter?
How the books you scatter!
Lady B. See! you awkward lout,
My ancients thrown about;
My wits all tumbling from above!
Davy. If learning be about
As hard inside as out,
'Twould soon get thro' my skull, by Jove!
Capt. C. *and* *Miss H.* } Farewell—farewell—to hope, joy, and love!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE. — *The Circulating Library.*

Lady BAB BLUE, *Sir* CHARLES CANVAS, *Miss* SELWYN, *Miss* HARTINGTON, SUSAN, *and a motley Groupe of Persons, are discovered attending the Drawing of a Lottery, which* LEATHERHEAD *is busied about behind the Counter. — Various Prizes are lying upon the Counter.*

SONG, RECITATIVE, DUET, CHORUS, &c.

SONG. — *Susan.*

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses too,
As good as new,
Which were not very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.

Chor. A Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, I'm told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts
So well, each thought the *whole* his own!

Chor. A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

RECITATIVE and SONG. — *Leatherhead.*

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen and Ladies—Go not to Cupid's court;
For (whatever the young woman may say) 'tis a place of very bad resort.

AIR.

But mine is the Lottery—hasten to me;
Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be: —
Here's a drawing of Cork—here's a cork-screw for wine,
Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's "Decline;" —
Here's a bright carving-knife—here's a learned Review—
Here's an Essay on Marriage, and here's a Cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our Lottery—our Lottery—
Ye youths and maidens, come to me!
"Tis ne'er too late
To try your fate
In this our lucky Lottery.

Leath. Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your attendance this evening — Hope for *your* patronage, Madam *(to Lady Bab.)* — Have every thing in your way "that has appeared since *Nebechudnezzar's* Work upon *Grasses* — Clever book "that, Ma'am.

"*Lady Bab.* I cannot say that I have ever seen it.

"*Leath.* 'Pon my soul, nor I *(aside)*." — Have got a new printing-press, Ma'am — would be glad to have some of your Flights of Fancy — Wish you could be prevailed upon to try your hand at a Battle — Wonderful taste for battles now, Ma'am.

Lady Bab. No wonder, Sir, when those *indulgent* critics, the Park guns, stand always ready to *report* the merits of such performances.

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! — Very sharp, Ma'am, very sharp. — If you please to step this way, Ma'am, I'll give you a sight of my typographicals. [*They retire.*

Miss Hart. I look in vain for De Rosier — What can be the meaning of his absence *(aside)*?

Sir C. *(Who is all this time paying his court to Miss Selwyn, and is repulsed by her in all his advances.)* Nay, my dear Miss Selwyn — "you change sides as "quick as an Union Member;" just now, at your own house, you were so kind to me! — I declare it quite intoxicated me.

Miss S. Did I intoxicate you, Sir Charles? The Spartans, too, occasionally made their slaves drunk; but 'twas from any thing but *love* for them, I assure you.

Sir. C. What a tongue she has! But I'll *cough her down*, when we're married *(aside)*.

Miss Hart. I suppose, Sir Charles, you know that your brother is arrived.

Sir C. My brother! impossible — Madam — impossible — He would not leave his ship to be made First Lord of the Treasury.

Miss Hart. But to be made Lord of *Love's* Treasury! *(Looking archly at Miss Selwyn, and then addressing her)* — Come — my dear — *you* can tell us, perhaps, whether Captain Canvas is arrived.

Miss S. How insultingly she triumphs over me *(aside)* — Really, Miss Hartington, time makes such changes in mind as well as features, that it is possible I *may* have seen Capt. Canvas, without being able to persuade myself, that it was the same I had known formerly.

Miss Hart. I'll send to the hotels to inquire after him — Perhaps he may be prevailed upon to join our card-party this evening. — Sir Charles! you have no objection to see your brother at my house?

Sir C. Me! Madam! — objection, Madam *(confused)*! —— Afraid to meet the eyes of my brother! — Damn'd bad sign — symptoms of a *rotten Borough* here, I fear *(lays his hand on his heart)* — Must brazen it out, tho' *(aside)* — Oh! no — Miss Hartington — not the least objection — My brother is well aware of the hopelessness of his claims, and will be happy, of course, to find that the title, tho' it has slipped off the higher branch, has settled upon such a promising twig as your humble servant.

Miss Hart. Oh! very well. Susan *(beckons Susan, and exit with her)*!

Lady Bab. *(Coming forward with Leatherhead, and giving him a letter.)* You will be amused and edified by that letter — 'tis from my friend, Doctor O'Jargon, the great Irish chemist, and you may read it at your leisure.

Leath. Ma'am, you do me honour.

Lady Bab. Come hither, niece *(to Miss Selwyn)* — I want to speak with you, upon a matter of much importance to me.

Miss. S. This eternal marriage with Sir Charles *(aside)*!

Lady Bab. I want to ask your advice upon a grand literary scheme I have in view.

Miss S. Heav'n be praised! — Even her literature is a relief *(aside)*.

Lady Bab. You must know I have been, for some time past, employed in writing a *chemical* Poem upon *Sal Ammoniac.*

Miss S. Upon sal ammoniac?

Lady Bab. Yes, my dear, a poem upon *sal ammoniac* — in which, under the name of the *Loves* of *Ammonia*, I have personified this interesting *alkali*, and described very tenderly all the various *experiments* that have been tried on her.

Miss S. This is what has been called 'enlisting Poetry under the banners of Science,' dear aunt.

Lady Bab. Exactly so — And now — look on that venerable Chamberlain of the Muses there.

Leath. What the devil are they staring at me for *(aside)*?

Lady Bab. That man, humble as he stands there — unconscious, as yet, of the glory that is intended him — that man shall I select for the high honour of introducing my *Ammonia* to the literary world.

Miss S. Happy man!

Lady Bab. And I will go home this instant and write him such an epistle on the subject, as will *electrify* him.

Miss S. I have no doubt it will.

Lady Bab. Sir Charles — I had nearly forgot — but there is a paper, which I have had in my pocket for you all day *(giving him a letter)* — It concerns the subject nearest your heart. Farewell — we meet at Miss Hartington's assembly.

Leath. Give me leave, my Lady *(shewing her out)*

Lady Bab. *(To Leath.)* Man! man! thou little knowest the honour and glory to which thou wilt be sublimated. [*Exit Lady Bab, Leatherhead showing her off.*]

Sir C. Let's see what the old lady has given me here *(reads)* — '*Most scientific Madam!*' — Hey-day! 'tis a letter, addressed to herself, and signed Cornelius O'Jargon, Professor of Chemistry — '*Most scientific Madam! I need not tell your Ladyship that my illustrious countryman, the honourable Mr. Boyle, was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork.*' — What the devil have I to do with the father and uncles of Chemistry? I, that am in such a hopeful genealogical way myself! — and this, she said, was 'the subject nearest my heart!' *(Tearing the letter.)* — What's to be done? If my brother is arrived, and Madame De Rosier should find out that my threats against her son were mere bluster, 'tis all over with me. — What *shall* I do? — I'll try bribery — I will — They are poor, and a bribe will certainly stop their mouths — "besides, it will keep my hand in, and "make me a more *saleable* article myself in future*" — for nothing breaks a man in for *taking* bribes so effectually as *giving* them. [*Exit.*

Miss S. *(Who had been occupied among the books at the back of the stage.)* Alas! who can wonder at the choice I have made? Even had Capt. Canvas no other qualities to adorn him, the very fame of his heroism would be sufficient to interest me — For we women, the simplest and tenderest of us, love to fly about a blaze of celebrity, even tho' we receive but little warmth from it; and the sage and the hero are sure of us, whenever they condescend to be our suitors. Not that we have much concern with either their valour or their wisdom, for *our* pride is to produce the very reverse of those qualities which we admire in them — to see the orator mute, the hero humbled, and the philosopher bewildered.

SONG. — *Miss Selwyn.*

Oh! think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor will take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of glory will wake it,
Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him!
For, ah! neither smiling nor weeping
Have pow'r, at those moments, to rouse him.
But, tho' he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Outside of the Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD *(bowing off, as if returned from seeing the Ladies to their Carriage).*

Leath. Charming notion she has of books! and of booksellers too, I flatter

* I forget the words that are substituted for these in representation.

not know the extent of our distresses — Women should be like those temples of old, from which words of ill omen were carefully kept away.

Enter Madame De Rosier.

Mad. De Ros. My dear Henry! what is to become of us?

De Ros. Become of us? oh! every thing that is good and happy.

Mad. De Ros. You are always so sanguine, Henry!

De Ros. And why should I not, dearest mother? I have hitherto steered so safely by the star of Heaven's providence, that, even while 'tis clouded, I trust to its guidance cheerfully!

La Fosse. Ah! dat is brave boy! and here is to your good health (*taking a pinch of snuff*) — 'A votre santé, mon petit bon homme!

Mad. De Ros. But what is your present plan?

De Ros. The money I am to receive from old Leatherhead will support us during my short interval of idleness, and I know a thousand situations, in which willing industry, like mine, is sure to meet with employment — In a soil like this, which liberty has fertilized, the very weakest shoots of talent thrive and flourish!

SONG. — *De Rosier.*

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in Luxury's dome.
Our vision, when absent — our glory, when present, —
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

[*Exit.*

Mad. De Ros. Alas! La Fosse, he little knows the cruel perplexity in which I am placed — the injured son of Lady Canvas is, I find, his friend; and if my Henry were aware of our powers of righting him, his generous nature would forget every personal consideration, and expose him to all the enmity with which that unfeeling Sir Charles threatened him.

La Fosse. (*Who has been all this time in a reverie about his snuff-box, and not attending to her.*) I do not like to lose my good rappée, either.

Mad. De Ros. Oh! that we had the means of flying from this unlucky place, where every thing conspires to perplex and agitate me.

La Fosse. If I could find de little someting to put it in (*aside*).

Mad. De Ros. What are you meditating, La Fosse? Does any thing occur to you?

La Fosse. Oui — my Lady — it occur to me that my rappée have not de true relish out of silver.

Mad. De Ros. (*Turning away.*) Trifling old man!

La Fosse. And if I could find something (*looking round*) — Ah! I have de thought — My Lady! where did you put that little bag the old beggarman did give you to-day?

Mad. De Ros. I know not where I threw it — and I must say, La Fosse, that painfully occupied as my mind is, it is cruel to trifle with me thus (*sits down, much agitated*).

La Fosse. (*Still looking about.*) Pardon, my Lady — Ah! le voilà (*finds it*) — Come here — you little bag — I vil do you an honneur you little dream of (*starts, and lets the bag fall*) — Diable! vat is I see?

Mad. De Ros. Why do you start, La Fosse?

La Fosse. Start? Pardi — I have seen de ghost of a fifty-pound note, looking as fresh and alive as if he just walk out of Threadneedle-street.

Mad. De Ros. What do you mean?

La Fosse. It cannot be real — mais — I will touch (*takes up the note*) — By gar, it is as substantial a *fifty* as ever Monsieur Henri Hase stood godfather for (*shews it to her*).

Mad. De Ros. All-blessing Providence! this is thy agency — Fly, La Fosse, seek your master, and tell him what kind Heaven has sent us.

La Fosse. I will, my Lady; and I will pray by the way, that every poor and honest fellow may find as lucky a bag to put his *tabac* in. [*Exit.*

Mad. De Ros. Mysterious stranger! — Now I feel the meaning of his words

— Thou art, indeed, a medicine for many ills *(addressing the money)* — blest, if thou wert not the *cause* of still more — But oh! how many a heart thou corruptest, for the very few to which thou givest comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Street.*

Enter Sir CHARLES CANVAS, *dressed for the Evening.*

Sir C. 'Tis too true — this brother of mine is arrived — Yes — yes — he thinks to *throw* me *out* — comes to *petition* against *the sitting member* — but it won't do — he'll find me as *sedentary* as the *Long Parliament (looking out).* — Isn't that my ragged friend coming this way? — the very fellow to manage the bribery-business for me — Nothing like an agent, a middle-man upon these occasions — for your *bribe* ought never descend from too great a height, but be let down *easily* into the pocket.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON.

Ah! how do you do, old boy? how d'ye do? — The *very* man I wanted to meet.

Mr. Hart. This everlasting fool *(aside).*

Sir C. I dare say now, my friend, old Hartington has so often employed you, as a sort of journeyman in his works of charity, that your hand falls as naturally into a *giving* attitude as that of a physician into a *taking* one.

Mr. Hart. The art of *giving*, Sir, is not so very easily learned. — It requires so much less exertion of thought to *throw away* than to *give*, that no wonder this short cut to a reputation for generosity should be generally preferred by the indolent and fashionable.

Sir C. A plague on this fellow's moral tongue — What an excellent *dinner-bell* 'twould make in *the House (aside)!* But, I say, my old fellow, my reason for asking is, that I have a little charitable job upon hands myself, which must be managed, you know, in a delicate way, and in which I mean to employ you as my proxy.

Mr. Hart. I have wrong'd him then, and coxcombs *may* have hearts *(aside).*'

Sir C. You know the cottage where I met you to-day — fine woman that — rather *passée*, to be sure — and so is her purse, I fear — *Exchequer low*, you understand me.

Mr. Hart. She is poor, Sir, but evidently has been otherwise; and of all the garbs in Poverty's wardrobe, the faded mantle of former prosperity is the most melancholy!

Sir C. So it is — quite — like a collar of last year's cut exactly — and I have therefore resolved to settle a small annuity upon that lady for her life.

Mr. Hart. Generous young man! what disinterested benevolence!

Sir C. You shall go this instant and settle the matter with her — all I ask in return is that she will (to-night, if possible) pack up all her moveables, not forgetting the old black-muzzled Frenchman — and be off to some remote corner of the island, where — even *the Speaker's warrant* can't reach her.

Mr. Hart. But wherefore this strange condition, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Why, you must know that respectable lady has a little secret of mine in her custody; and as women make but tender-hearted gaolers, I am afraid she might let it *escape* some fine morning or other.

Mr. Hart. Ha! all is not right here *(aside).* Certainly — Sir Charles — I shall, with all my heart, negotiate this business for you — but — it is necessary, of course, that I should be better acquainted with the particulars —

Sir C. True — and the fact is — (remember *the Gauger's List*, old boy,) the fact is, I have just come into a large fortune, which my eldest brother most inconveniently thinks he has a right to, and this lady and her servant are in possession of *certain* circumstances, which — um — in short — they must be got out of the way — you understand me.

Mr. Hart. I understand you *now (warmly)* — tho' weak enough, at first, to believe that Selfishness could, for an instant, turn from her own monstrous idol, to let fall, even by chance, one pure offering on the altar of Benevolence!

Sir C. Heyday! here are heroics! — why, what the devil do you mean, my old speechifier?

Mr. Hart. I mean, fool! that your own weak tongue has betrayed to me the whole trumpery tissue of your base, unnatural machinations, which if I do not unravel to their last thread before I sleep, may my pillow never be blessed with the bright consciousness of having done what is right before man and Heaven!

Sir C. Mr. Hartington, fellow, shall know of this insolence.

Mr. Hart. Mr. Hartington, Sir, despises, as *I* do, the man, however highly placed

who depends upon the venality of others for the support of his own injustice, and whose purse, like packages from an infected country, is never opened but to spread contamination around it!

Sir C. Why thou pauper! — thou old ragamuffin! — that look'st like a torn-up *Act of Insolvency*, how darest thou speak thus to a man of family and a Senator? Venture but to breathe another syllable in this style, and I'll shew you such a specimen of the accomplishments of a gentleman as shall — *(advancing close to Mr. Hartington in a boxing attitude, when De Rosier, who has entered behind during this last speech, steps between them, and turns away Sir C.'s arm).*

De Ros. Hold, Sir! — Is this your bravery? 'Twas but just now I found you insulting a woman, and now I find your valour up in arms against a poor defenceless old man! — Go — go — I said that you should account to me for your conduct; but there are persons, Sir Charles, who, like insects that lose their sting in wounding, become too contemptible for our resentment even in the very act of offending us.

Sir C. Was there ever an M. P. so treated? — If this is not *a breach of privilege*, then is the *Lex Parliamenti* a mere flourish — a flim-flam! Damme — I'll send them both to *the Tower (aside).*

Mr. Hart Your pretensions, Sir ——

Sir C. Order! order! spoke twice — spoke twice — Curse me if I stay any longer to be harangued by this brace of orators — Better get off with a whole skin, tho' *(aside).* Gentlemen — my sedan-chair is in waiting to take me to Miss Hartington's, where if *you*, Sir, have any thing further to say to me *(advancing stoutly to De Rosier)*, you will find me all the evening — Safe enough in that — dare'nt shew his nose there *(aside).*

Mr. Hart. One word before ——

Sir C. No — no — you'll excuse me — your attacks upon me already have been so very much *out of order* that they force me to throw myself on the *protection* of the *Chairman* — Chair! Chair! Chair! [*Exit, calling his chair.*

Mr. Hart. This conspiracy must be sifted to the bottom — The lady of the cottage shall come to my house this evening — Young gentleman, I thank you for your interference; and I pray you, let me know to whom I am indebted for it.

De Ros. To one as pennyless as yourself, old man!

Mr. Hart. Another claim upon me — Kind Heaven! what luck thou hast thrown in my heart's way since morning *(aside)*! And may I ask, Sir, whither you were now going?

De Ros. To any place but home — "there poverty awaits me, and the forced "smile, which those we love put on, when they would hide their wants and sor-"rows from us."

Mr. Hart. Come then with me, and share *my* humble meal.

De Ros. What, thine, poor man! — no — no — yet —— False pride! thou struggleest now — but I will tame thee *(aside).* Yes willingly, my friend, *most* willingly, — and the more rude our fare, the truer foretaste it may give of the hard lot that Heaven prepares for me.

Mr. Hart. Come, then, and the first toast over our scanty beverage shall be, 'May the blessing sent from the poor man's meal be always the sweetener of the cup at the rich man's banquet!' [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *An Antichamber at Mr. Hartington's.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Not come yet — how my old heart beats! I think this suit of my friend the Poet's does charmingly *(admiring his dress)* — binding remarkably neat — *frontispiece (putting his hand to his face)* rather worn out, I confess — but, when *well gilt* by the heiress's gold, why, a tolerable good *family copy* of *'the Whole Duty of Man.'* Hist! — here comes the old lady. What shall I be doing? looking over the books? — no — curse it — that's too much of the shop — She shall find me in raptures over the last letter she sent me *(reads it with ridiculous gesticulations).*

Enter Lady BAB.

Lady Bab. Ay — there he is — happy man! quite *saturated* with the idea of getting my MS. into his hands. — I perceive, Mr. Leatherhead, that you are *pleased* with the thoughts of possessing my *Ammonia.*

Leath. Pleased, Ma'am? I am astonished, Ma'am — it has made me wild, Ma'am — turned me upside down, like a Hebrew Spelling-Book, Ma'am. —

Lady Bab. I knew the effect it would have upon him *(aside.)* — You will find, I trust, Sir, that notwithstanding the *volatility* of my subject, and the various philosophic amours in which *Ammonia* is engaged *(he starts)*, I have taken care that no improper warmth should appear upon the surface, but that the little of that nature which *does* exist, should be what we chemists call *latent heat.*

Leath. Ay — true — your Ladyship mentioned in your letter that she was a little

volatile — but, bless your heart! that is of no sort of consequence — it will only make herself and me the more fashionable.

Lady Bab. You are not perhaps aware, Mr. Leatherhead, of the *discoveries* that have lately been made respecting *Ammonia.*

Leath. Discoveries! oh ho — here comes the secret of my getting her — some *faux-pas* of Miss's, I suppose *(aside)* Why — no — my Lady, I am not — tho' I confess, when you said the philosophers were about her, I *did* feel a little alarm — for your philosopher, my Lady, is a devilish dangerous sort of fellow.

Lady Bab. Oh! not at all dangerous, except when an *explosion* takes place.

Leath. Mercy on me! the morals of your women of quality *(aside)*! But, with submission, my Lady, what may the discoveries be that have lately been made about Miss Ammonia?

Lady Bab. *Miss* Ammonia! how well he keeps up the personification *(aside)*! It has been found that a lively, *electric spark* —

Leath. A spark! ay — I guess'd how it was *(aside)*.

Lady Bab. Has produced a very interesting effect upon Ammonia.

Leath. I don't doubt it *(aside)* — And pray, my Lady, where did this lively spark come from?

Lady Bab. From *the battery*, Sir.

Leath. From the battery! ay — some young Artillery Officer, I suppose — but it can't be helped — second-hand book — a blot or two on the cover — but high-priced in the catalogue — so better for me than a new one *(aside)*.

Lady Bab. What do you think the world will say of it?

Leath. Say of it, my Lady! — ah! I dare say they'll be severe enough upon it.

Lady Bab. Nay — there I differ with you — To expose any thing so delicately brilliant to the rigours of criticism, would be what is called putting a rainbow into a crucible!

Leath. Well — I hope not — but I say, my Lady, I think I have some reason to expect that, in the *money* arrangements between us —

Lady Bab. Well, Sir?

Leath. Why — that some additional consideration will be made to me for the little flaw in Miss's character —

Lady Bab. Flaw, Sir! give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the character of Ammonia has been kept up from beginning to end —

Leath. Oh! I dare say — pains enough taken to keep it up — but patching seldom does — and you confess yourself that your niece is rather — you know — *(putting his finger to his nose)*.

Lady Bab. My niece, man — what do you mean?

Leath. Oh! I don't mean to say that it makes any difference — but you own that your niece has been rather a comical sort of a young lady —

Lady Bab. My niece comical! I am thunder-struck — explain yourself, dotard, this instant —

Leath. Lord bless your Ladyship's heart, don't be in a passion — for, notwithstanding all this, I'll marry her in a jiffey.

Lady Bab. Marry her!

Leath. Yes — without saying one word more of her flaws or her comicalness.

Lady Bab. I see how it is — his brain is turned with the thoughts of being my publisher *(aside)*. Explain, idiot, if you can, the meaning of all this —

Leath. The meaning! — Oh! for shame, my Lady — isn't here the letter you gave me in the shop so slily, pretending it came from a great Irish druggist? *(she snatches it from him and reads it)* — and here the other, brought to me not an hour ago, in which you tell me that I am to have Miss this very evening — and that her name is *Ammonia*, tho' she is vulgarly called *Sal* by the *apothecaries* — Oh, my Lady!

Lady Bab. I understand the blunder now; and this is the cause of the brute's raptures after all, instead of triumphing, as I fondly imagined, in the possession of my glorious manuscript — But I'll be revenged of him — Here, Davy, kick that impertinent bookseller out of the house.

Davy. I wool, my Lady.

Lady Bab. And teach the vulgar *bibliopolist* to know how superior is the love of *the nine Muses*, to that which is felt for mere *mortal* young women — the former being a pure, *empyreal gas* — the latter (to say no worse of it) mere *inflammable phlogiston!* [*Exit.*

Davy. I wool, my Lady, — I'll teach him all that in no time *(gets between Leatherhead and the door)*.

Leath. I'm all in a panic *(aside)*! — By your leave, young man.

Davy. Noa — you don't go in such a hurry — you come here, you know, to marry the young Lady, and it's I, you see, that's to perform the ceremony — only, instead of Miss's *hand*, you are to have my *foot*, you understand me.

Leath. One word before you proceed — I don't much mind for myself, but I have got on a poor poet's best blue breeches.

Davy. Don't tell me of a poe'ts blue breeches — I must do as mistress bid me — But come, you shall have a fair chance at starting too — there now *(gives room for him to run past him).*

Leath. Bless me! bless me! that a bookseller should be obliged to carry a large *impression of Foote's Works* behind him [*Runs off, and Davy after him.*

SCENE VI. — *Lighted-up Apartments, with folding Doors, within which are discovered Lady* BAB, *Sir* CHARLES, *Miss* SELWYN, *and Capt.* CANVAS, *at Cards — Miss* HARTINGTON *standing by them.*

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. Where am I? It seems to me like a dream of enchantment, and as if this strange old man were the magician that called it up. He bid me wander fearlessly thro' these splendid apartments, and he would soon be with me — I have seen nothing, as I passed along, but rich sparkling lamps and vases breathing with flowers; and I have heard, at a distance, the sounds of sweet voices, that recall to me the times when I was gayest and happiest — *(During this speech Miss Hartington has come forward, and is now close behind him, unobserved.)* — Yes, Emily Hartington! 'twas in scenes like these I first beheld that endearing smile; first listened to the tones of that gentle voice, which must never again charm my ear —

Miss Hart. Mr. De Rosier!

De Ros. (Starting.) Heavens! do I dream, or is it indeed Miss Hartington? — Pardon this intrusion, Madam, but —

Miss Hart. Oh! call it not intrusion — there is not, in this world, one more welcome *(takes his hand)* — Yet — my father coming, and this company assembled — how can I ask him to remain *(aside)*?

De Ros. Allow me to retire, Madam; I have been led into this awkwardness by a poor, but venerable old man, who is, I suppose, a menial of this house, and who invited me — *(hesitating.)*

Miss Hart. He has come with my father — How strange, but oh! how happy *(aside)*! — Then, you *must* stay — I insist upon your staying —

De Ros. (Turning away, but affected by her kindness.) No — no — dear Miss Hartington!

Sir C. (Who, during the few last words, has come forward — De Rosier still keeps his head turn'd away.) What! Miss Hartington, can any one be so stoical as to resist your solicitations? — Perhaps the gentleman is going to *another party* — a *change of party* is often very refreshing. "I *rat* sometimes in that way myself."

Miss Hart. I must not let him perceive my agitation *(aside)*. Perhaps, Sir Charles, *you* will be more successful in prevailing upon him. [*Retires.*

Sir C. Ma'am, I'll *second your motion* with all my heart — tho', after *you*, I can hardly hope to — Pray — *(tapping De Rosier on the shoulder, who turns frowningly.)*

De Ros. Well, Sir!

Sir C. The devil! this hectoring young emigrant — oh my nerves *(aside)*! — Ah! took the hint, I see, and came after me — but, you observe, there are ladies here, and I'd rather put it off till to-morrow morning, if you please, or — the morning after, or — any time in the course of the winter.

De Ros. Make your mind easy, Sir, — there is not the least danger, I assure, you, of our ever being antagonists, unless by some fatality *I* should grow so feeble and defenceless as to tempt *you* to become the aggressor. [*Turns away, and retires.)*

Sir C. Thank you, Sir, very kind indeed — What the devil right has this vapouring shopman to be here? must turn him out — must turn him out — *enforce* the *Standing Order* for the *exclusion of strangers* — *(Turns round to look at Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn, who have been all this time employed in an explanation about the miniature, which appears to end amicably.)* What! my brother so close with Miss Selwyn! um — this won't do — *(advances to them, and seems anxious to get him away from her)* — I say, my dear Captain — most happy, of course, to see you back from sea, but give me leave to tell you that, in *this* quarter, *I* am the *duly elected Representative*, while *you* are — *(with contempt)*

Capt C. What, Sir *(firmly)*?

Sir C. Oh! simply *the Returning Officer* — and — a word in your ear *(apart)* — as you have been so unlucky here, I think you had better try *Old Sarum* yonder *(pointing to Lady Bab).*

Capt. C. Brother! you have robbed me of every worldly advantage, and Heaven, for i s own wise purpose, seems to favour your usurpation — but *here* I have a claim *(taking Miss Selwyn's hand)*, acknowledged warmly and faithfully, which never, *never*, while I have life, will I resign.

Lady. Bab. Why, niece, are you mad? or can you seriously mean, Miss, to degrade the *standard* blood of the Blues by this *base alloy* of illegitimacy and poverty?

Miss S. You know already, Madam, what I think of the claims of Sir Charles (*Sir C. advances smirking towards her*) — that they are surpassed in hollowness only by his heart (*Sir C. returns to his former place, disappointed*) — Capt. Canvas has been, indeed, unfortunate; but tho' Love is often as blind as Fortune, and sometimes even puts on the bandage of that goddess, in *this* instance he sees with his own warm unerring eyes, and turns from the adopted *changeling* of Fortune, to acknowledge the true genuine inheritor of his soul (*giving her hand to Capt. Canvas*).

Miss Hart. How perfectly my own feelings, if I could but dare to utter them (*aside*). — But, see, my father!

Sir C. Odso — I'm quite happy — have long wished to know your father, Miss Hartington! —— *Thrown out* in the *other* — must *canvas here* (*aside*).

Miss Hart. I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, *in his own Dress.*

Mr. Hart. Now for the crowning of this sweet day's task (*aside*)!

Miss Hart. (*Leading Sir C. to him.*) Father! Sir Charles Canvas.

Mr. Hart. (*Turning round.*) Your humble servant, Sir (*Sir C. starts, and sneaks off — Mr. H. following him*) — What! do you turn away from me? the '*old pensioner*' — your '*gauger-that-is-to-be?*' — Go, go, weak man — When fools turn engineers of mischief, the recoil of their own artillery is the best and surest punishment of their temerity — Capt. Canvas! you are welcome — we must soon call you by another title; tho' heraldry can furnish none so honourable as that which the brave man earns for himself — Mr. De Rosier, forgive me for the embarrassment I must have caused you, by so unprepared an introduction among strangers. And, daughter! I have two more guests for your assembly, whom this gentleman (*pointing to Sir C.*), I have no doubt, will recognise with no less pleasure than he exhibited upon being presented to me. — Come, Madam (*leads in Madame De Rosier and La Fosse*).

Sir C. So, so — I see 'tis all over with me (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. This lady and her servant were present at the marriage of the late Lady Canvas, and will have much satisfaction, I doubt not, in being introduced to the rightful heir of the family, Captain Sir William Canvas.

Mad. De Ros. (*Addressing herself to Capt. C.*) I am happy, Sir, that it is in my power to pay a tribute to the memory of my friend, by doing justice to the rights of a son, whom, I know, she loved most tenderly.

La Fosse. (*Running up to Capt. C.*) Ah! den it is your ear I have pinch'd so often — Got bless my soul!

Lady Bab. So then, I find you are *not* Sir Charles Canvas after all?

Sir C. No — Ma'am — nothing but plain Charly Canvas, Esq.; to which you may add M. P. till the next *dissolution*.

Lady Bab. I declare that alters the result materially; and I begin to think it would not be altogether wise to trust my niece's fortune to you; for tho' you are a lively, *mercurial* fellow, yet we chemists know that gold, when *amalgamated* with *quicksilver*, becomes very brittle, and soon flies.

Sir C. So then — there's an end to all *my* dignities; and now that I am decidedly *out*, it is high time for me to *resign* — Brother, I wish you joy — and my Lords and Gentlemen — (Ladies and Gentlemen I mean) for any other little delinquencies I have been guilty of, I must only *throw myself on the mercy of the House.*

Mr. Hart. (*Coming forward with a miniature, which has, since his last speech, been given to him, with some dumb-show explanation, by Miss Selwyn and Capt. Canvas.*) Daughter! (*with assumed severity*) here is a circumstance, which requires serious explanation.

Miss Hart. My father!

Mr. Hart. You gave this miniature, of yourself, to Mr. De Rosier?

Miss Hart. What! I? Oh! never. Mr. De Rosier (*appealing to him*).

De Ros. No — Madam — you *did* not give it. I confess with shame ——

Mr. Hart. Come, children — your friends here have let me into a secret about you — you love each other, and I rejoice, Sir, that my daughter's heart has anticipated mine in doing justice to your merits. Take her, and be happy; and may the events of this day be long remembered as a source of hope to the injured, and of warning to the unjust — of kindly omen to the faithful in love, and of sweet solace to the patient in adversity!

FINALE

De Rosier, Capt. Canvas, Miss Selwyn, Miss Hartington, and Chorus.

De Rosier.

How sweet the day hath ended!
Ne'er yet has sun descended
Leaving bliss
So dear as this
To gild the dreams of night.

Chorus. How sweet the day hath ended! &c

Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn.

The bright star yonder
As soon can wander
As I from thee,
As thou from me.

Chorus. How sweet the day, &c.

Miss Hartington.

Hope's rose had nearly perish'd,
No breath its budding cherish'd;
But one hour
Hath wak'd the flow'r
In Love's own tenderest light!

Chorus. How sweet the day, &c.

ODES OF ANACREON.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR, — In allowing me to dedicate this work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly; and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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☞ For the order of the rest, see the Notes.

AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Επι ῥοδινοις ταπησι,
Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιστης
Ἱλαρος γελων εκειτο,
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων·
Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' ερωτες
Ἁπαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ὁ βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οϊστους·
Ὁ δε λευκα πορφυροισι
Κρινα συν ῥοδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει στεφον γεροντα·
Ἡ δε Θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπου
Εσορωσ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορωσα τους ερωτας,
Ὑπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα
Τον σοφωτατον ἁπαντων,
Καλεουσιν οἱ σοφισται,
Τι, γερων, τεον βιον μεν
Τοις ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ,
Κ' ουκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας;
Τι φιλημα της Κυθηρης,
Τι κυπελλα του Λυαιου,
Αιει γ' ετρυφησας ᾀδων,
Ουκ εμους νομους διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων ωτον;
Ὁ δε Τηϊος μελιστης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
Ὅτι, θεα, σου γ' ανευ μεν,
Ὁ σοφωτατος ἁπαντων
Παρα των σοφων καλουμαι·
Φιλεω, πιω, λυριζω,
Μετα των καλων γυναικων
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ὡς λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπνει μονους ερωτας·
Ὧδε βιοτου γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιστα παντων,
Ου σοφος μελῳδος ειμι;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εστι;

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes,[1] who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance,[2] and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.[3]

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where every thing respired voluptuousness.[4] The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ,[5] and he flourished at that remarkable period when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious, but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.[6]

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.[7]

The amours of the poet and the rivalship of the tyrant[8] I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Ho-

1 He is quoted by Athenæus *εν τῳ περι του Αναχρεοντος*.

2 The History of Anacreon, by Monsieur Gacon (le poëte sans fard) is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

3 The learned Monsieur Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. See *Dictionnaire Historique*, &c. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

4 The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecere poetae, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus," &c. — Solinus.

5 I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car, pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

6 This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

7 *Αναχρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ημερωσε.* — Maxim. Tyr. §. 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

8 In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

mer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were wafted with him to Athens.[1]

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone;[2] and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

Then,[3] hallow'd sage, these lips which pour'd along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath;
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful theme for the warmest speculations of fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of an intercourse between Anacreon and Sappho. I could wish to believe that they were contemporary: any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it; but the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.[4]

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.[5] We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing; like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those vices in our estimate which ethnic religion not only connived at but consecrated, we shall say that the disposition of our

1 There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Devyvetiux, and called "Anacreon Citoyen."

2 Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvae passae acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidae in οινοποτης; alii enim hoc mortis genere perisse tradunt Sophoclem." Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his Anacreon.

3 At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara misit;
Cygneae clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hederae, tumulum, tumulum vos, cingite lauri:
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quae causam dirae petuiit, uva, necis,
Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quae fuit ausa nefas.

Cælius Calcagninus has translated or imitated the epigrams εις την Μυρωνος βουν, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

4 Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho; but very gratuitously. In citing his authorities, it is strange that he neglected the line which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as of Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:

Ειμι λαβων εισαρας Σαπφω παρθενον ἁδυφωνον.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as also Olaus Borrichius, &c. &c.

5 An Italian poet, in some verses on Bellean's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote.

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta;
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum prae se habitum gerens amantis.

poet was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and Virtue with her zone loosened may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon.[1]

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that perhaps it were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing to the lyre.[2]

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,[3] we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.[4] They are all beauty, all enchantment.[5] He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of Love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents

To Love and Bacchus, ever young,
  While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
  Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
These flowery days had faded long,
  When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
  But never, never reach'd his heart.

1 Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration, but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes even profane. Monsieur Baillet, who is in the opposite extreme, exaggerates too much the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité." — Jugement des Savans, M. C. V.

Barnes could not have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question is manifest irony, in allusion to some reprehension which Le Fevre had suffered for his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius de Utilitate Poëtices, who vindicates our poet's reputation.

2 Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions a head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters *ΤΕΙΟΣ* around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin in the left, with the word *ΤΙΑΝΩΝ*, inscribed, "volendoci denotare (says Ganini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of de Wilde one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word *ΤΗΙΩΝ*, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit haec corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" — De Wilde.

3 Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17. The scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

4 See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." Poëtices lib. i. cap. 44. — "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c." Dissertationes Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2. — Scaliger again praises him in a pun; speaking of the *μελος*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit haec *μελη*, sed etiam is ipsis melle." — See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos, sublimes animæ, vos, Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in tota Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quaeso vos, an ullus unquam fuerit vates, qui Teio cantori vel naturae candore vel metri suavitate palmam praeripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97. — Among the Ritratti del Cavalier Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning Cingetemi la fronte, &c. &c.

5 "We may perceive," says Vossius, that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.[1] The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.[2]

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity.[3] Sappho and Alcaeus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive,[4] and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit aetas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,[5] who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubmannus, Barthius,[6] and others, have evinced that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.[7] The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus,[8] have preserved, more happily than any, the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects, and in the

1 In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by citizens Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

2 The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9). — The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

3 See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra eorum non potui non apponere."

4 We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> Αγε μοι, λιγεια φορμιγξ,
> Μετα Τηϊαν αοιδαν,
> Μετα Λεσβιαν τε μολπαν.

Marganius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

5 This perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Graeculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Αναχρεων Χριστιανος, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

6 I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

7 Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

> Fidii tui minister
> Gaudebo semper esse,
> Gaudebo semper illi
> Litare thure mulso;
> Gaudebo semper illum
> Laudare pumilillis
> Anacreontielilis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. There is a very beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius. See lib. i. Farraginis.

8 From Angerianus, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.[1] If we may judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations: and Hagedorn[2] is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have professed too to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence, with little of the grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras[3] we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a restrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.[4] In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,[5] accompanied with Annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has, at length, been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.[6]

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important: —

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris — the Latin version is, by Colomesius, attributed to John Dorat.[7]

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau — the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet.[8]

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.[9]

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacréon," by Monsieur Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

1 See Crescimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

2 L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacreon. Dorat, Idée de la Poésie Allemande.

3 See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by De Courcard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

4 Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be triflings of some insipid Græcist.

5 Ronsard commemorates this event:

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Teïenne. Ode xv, book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

6 This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams; and in the 676th page of it are found the ἡμιαμβια συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

7 "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avait possédé un Anacréon, où Scaliger avait marqué de sa main, qu' Henri Etienne n'était pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat." Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius: almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

8 La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, necore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduite, συ μεν φιλη χελιδων."

9 The author of Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lett. praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier,[1] Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.[2]

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.[3]

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, seventh year, 1799, with a prose translation.

1 The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition: they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, bestowed some research on the subject, by a passage in the Menagiana — "C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le temps que je travaillais sur Anacréon." — Menagiana, seconde partie.

2 I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, an Italian translation mentioned, by Caponne in Venice, 1670.

3 This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.[1]

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wandering sight:
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him and blush'd with wine!
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

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1 This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius have been misled by the words *Του αυτου βασιλικως* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was *φιλευνος*?" There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: *Οφθαλμοι κλυζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν αυτοις, εις αφροδισια και συπαθειαν επτοηνται. ουτε δε αδικοι, ουτε κακουργοι, ουτε φυσεως φαυλης, ουτε αμουσοι.* — Adamantius. "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognom. Johan. Baptist. Portæ.

I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him, &c.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his *Ερωτικα*, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. *Ει δε βουλει τι φιλῳ χαριζεσθαι, τα λειψανα αντιπεμψον, μηκετι πνεοντα ῥοδων μονον αλλα και σου.* "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's: —

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when, it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now!] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεσταουσα Χαρικλω
Λαθρη τους ιδιους αμφεβαλε στεφανους,
Πυρ ολοον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul!

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.[1]

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first pourtray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this pourtray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV[2]

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No — let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wane,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider *κυπελλα θεσμων* as an inversion of *θεσμους κυπελλων*.

1 Monsieur La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

2 This is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was performed by minstrels at an entertainment where he was present.

While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, &c.] I have given this according to the Vatican manuscript, in which the ode concludes with the following lines, not inserted accurately in any of the editions:

Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.[1]

Grave me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heav'nly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No — cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys, disporting round
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!

Ποιησον αμπελους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
Και μαιναδας τρυγωσας,
Ποιει δε ληνον οινου,
Ληνοβατας πατουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,
Και χρυσους τους ερωτας,
Και Κυθερην γελοσαν,
Ὁμου καλῳ Λυαιῳ,
Ερωτα κ' Αφροδιτην.

1 Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calcagninus, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, &c. &c.

Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting round in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris:
Ite, nymphae, posuit arma, feriatus est amor.
Love is disarm'd — ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them:

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco

ODE VI.[1]

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.[2]

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;

Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

1 The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent:

et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet.

Where many an early rose was weeping.

I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius;

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincla puer,
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nota movere Deos,
Impositosque comae ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;
"I (dixit) mea, quaere novum tibi mater amorem,
Imperio sedes haec erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus" (said the raptured child
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguiled),
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
Hyella's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce, in a poem beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, &c. &c.

2 Alberti has imitated this ode, in a poem beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair.

I'm sure I neither know nor care.] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας μεν
Ειτ' ειειν, ειτ' απηλθον
Ουκ οιδα.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic, but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very elegant; at the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets

ODE XI.[1]

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way.
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray believe it was not I;
No — it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," I said, with joy,
Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream.
But phrensied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim;
While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too —
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

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1 It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet παντοφεντα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!] Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove.] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or her jealousy, is a point which authors are not agreed upon.

Cybele's name he howls around, &c.] I have adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele:

In montibus Cybelen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring, &c.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus oestro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

While waves of perfume, &c.] Spaletti has mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress: "Mea fatigatus amica." He interprets it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry.

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure,
But slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too: —
Assumed the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you Powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed —
And I had just in terror fled —
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart — alas the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length was forced to yield.
Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too.] Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Ὅπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εων προς ἑνα.
Θνατος δ' αθανατῳ συνελευσομαι. ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχῃ, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend'io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
C' hor con l' humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s' io lo bevessi un giorno.
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, più che non sono ebró d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve
(Shepherd-youth! the tale believe),
'Twas not a cooling crystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily wanton minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
This was a day of fatal star,
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this fluttering, young desire?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove
Much more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines:

ODE XIV.*

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids,
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score;
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.

— — — I'm all o'er Love;
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

* The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole, to tell us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Monsieur Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here:

Προς Βιωνα.

Ει αλσεων τα φυλλα,
Δειμωνιους τε ποιας,
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα,
Παρακτιους τε ψαμμους,
Ἅλος τε κυματωδη,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν,
Και τους εμους ερωτας
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν.
Κορην, Γυναικα, Χηραν,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μεγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,
Ορειαδας, Ναπαιας,
Νηρηϊδας τε πασας
Ὁ σος φιλος φιλησε.
Παντων κορος μεν εστιν.
Αυτην νεων Ερωταν,
Δεσποιναν Αφροδιτην,
Χρυσην, καλην, γλυκειαν,
Ερασμιον, ποθεινην,
Αει μονην φιλησαι
Εγωγε μη δυναιμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife —
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes — I swear I've loved them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practised all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever!

Count me, on the summer trees,

Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by the rhetoricians, *αδυνατον*, and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

— quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa basiare,
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est:
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.

Carm. 7.

In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains by which my heart is bound;
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine;
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all — of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Decks the shrine of love in Crete;
Where the god, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving — all are loved!

ODE XV.

TELL * me why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who, fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie!
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many vermil, honey'd kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses.
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine;
No lips shall fascinate but thine!

In the sweet Corinthian grove,

Where the glowing wantons rove, &c.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and the number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans. We may perceive from the application of the verb *κορινθιαζειν*, in Aristophanes, that the wantonness of the Corinthians became proverbial.

There indeed are girls divine,

Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece." Degen.

Monsieur de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks that, by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty, and accounts upon this supposition for a very singular depravation of instinct among them.

Gades' warm desiring train.] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessin, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons, et les cadences de ces ballets tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes. — Raynal.

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat. Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Ludovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

* The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden:

Shedding through the air, in showers,
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove?
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love
Warbled in her votive grove
('Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay),
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all — away — away —
You have made me waste the day
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI. *

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, pourtray

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us that, at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. See Fuller's Holy War, chap. 24. book i.

Ah! that eye has madden'd many, &c.] For τυραννον, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τυραννου, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates. — See Degen.

Venus, for a hymn of love

Warbled in her votive grove, &c.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!" — Longepierre.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a license for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

* This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book, "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, &c. &c. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret Amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attuned his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlæus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse.] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. ῥοδης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that's far away.] If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress:

Βεβληκως χρυσεην χειρας εκ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyolbion of Drayton, song the second; where, observing that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (καλλιπλοκαμος), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και τον ανθρωπον των ῥοδων, και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the deviness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρον of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l' alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet:

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a Love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough — 'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.*

And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
Pourtray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light,
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;

Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress."

Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus, too, Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!

Sweet petitioner for kisses!) The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιλημματα, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others; "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting: "Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114. lib. i.

Then beneath the velvet chin,

Whose dimple shades a Love within, &c.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By the finger of Cupid imprest;
There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil

Shadow her limbs, but not conceal, &c.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m'intendi" should be always left to fancy.

* The reader who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in lapses bright,

Fall like streaming rays of light; &c.] He here describes the sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobiensecky de Luxu Romanorum.

Let not the braid, with artful twine, &c.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his Letters to West.

But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breezes wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front as fair as mountain snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances
Power that awes, and love that trances;
Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we, by turns, may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek!
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play; —
Blushes of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
Then for his lips, that ripely gem —
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

Front as fair as mountain-snow.

And guileless as the dews of dawn, &c.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in the thirty-third ode of the first book of Horace, is of opinion that "tenui" bears the meaning of ἄπαλον here; but he is certainly incorrect.

Mingle in his jetty glances

Power that awes, and love that trances! &c.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l' ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
Emaning fire, and e'n in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression.'

Occhi lucenti et belli
Come esser può ch' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil' altieri
Vi mostrate in un punto, ondi di speme,
Et di timor de empiete, &c. &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire?
Now with angry scorn you darkle,
Now with tender anguish sparkle,
And we, who view the various mirror,
Feel at once both hope and terror.

Monsieur Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan Falconis Amoreonticl Lusus."

Persuasion sleeping upon roses.] It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Οὐδ' αργυρεη κοτ' ελαμψε Πειθω.
Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And give his lip that speaking air,

As if a word was hovering there!] In the original λαλεον σιωπη. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.] In Shakspeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description;

With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet — but, hold — forbear —
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus! — sure there's none
So like Bathyllus but the Sun!
Oh, let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.*

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

— — — this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his martial thigh
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire

With all that glow of young desire, &c.] I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted, that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice, "claramque facem præferre pudendis."

— — — *But, hold — forbear —*

I see a godlike portrait there.] This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

* "An elegant translation of this ode may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403." Degen.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, &c.] Orig. πιειν αμυστι. "The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, 'Threicia vincat amystide.'" Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, &c., &c.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.), explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, Politianus vestem esse putabat," but I cannot find where.

Give me all those humid flowers, &c.] By the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine" — Date flosculos Lyæi, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. Ανθος would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles:

Εσβεσθης, γεραιε Σοφοκλεες, ανθος αοιδων.

And flos, in the Latin, is frequently applied in this manner — thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos illibatus populi, suadæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion" in those verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit εκεινων, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, and we need not have recourse to refinements.

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flow'ret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

Here * recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this imbowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here:

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At cum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan, "Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve.

But for you, my burning mind! &c.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

* The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ερχεο, και κατ' εμαν ἷζευ πιτυν, ἁ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακους ηχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρους.
Ηνιδε και κρουνισμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ἡδυν ερημαιαις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS. reads *βαθυλλου*, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of *βαθυλλον*, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy *Αστηρ*. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laërtius, which turns upon the same word:

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν ἑωος
Νυν δε θανων, λαμπεις ἑσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning-star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicæ, under the head of "allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I! What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

One* day the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love, with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?"

---

* By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laërtius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love:

Ἀ Κυπρις Μουσαισι, κοραισια ταν Αφροδιταν
Τιματ' η τον Ερωτα ὑμμιν εφοπλισομαι.
Αἰ Μοισαι ποτι Κυπριν. Αρει τα στωμυλα ταυτα
Ἡμιν ου πεταται τουτο το παιδαριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms —
"Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"
"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né volea uscirne fore.
Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Si, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin; per farsi eterno onore.
Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei visto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found't were vain to fly,
His heart was close confined;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twined.
Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy, &c.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyl of Moschius:

Ὁ μαυυτας γεραις ἐξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος. ην δ' αγαγῃς νιν,
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ' ω ξενε, και πλεον ἐξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow,
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more" is the quidquid post oscula dulce of Secundus.

ODE XXI.[1]

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.[2]

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ἡδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ἡδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκερασας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δοκει
Και Διονυσος εισελθων
Και Παφιη παραχροος
Και αυτος Ερως καν επιειν.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber.

1 The commentators who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Monsieur Gail very wisely thinks that the poet uses the epithet *μελαινη*, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard.

Dum vixi, sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus,
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assidue fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.

Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea;
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

TIMON, ACT IV.

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrements.

2 Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those

To sparkle with that smile divine;
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

---

fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius;

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε στειχουσα παρ' ανγας,
Στεθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ὁδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, κομισαις στεθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτιης κορεσης.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
And place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower!

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
There I should wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laërtius:

Αστερας εισαθρεις, αστηρ εμος. ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος. ὡς πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω·

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam, &c., &c.

I wish I were the zone that lies

Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!] This *ταινιη* was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial:

Fascia crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet —

Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought; *ω αδεποι ποδες. ω καλλος ελευθερος. ω τρισευδαιμων εγω και μακαριος αν πατησετε με.* "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove:

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

ODE XXIII.[1]

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to Love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of Love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.[2]

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.

He, spying her, bounced in, where as he stood,
"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrago of "all such reading as was never read," there is a very old translation of this ode, before 1632. "Englished by Mr. B. Holidey, in his Technog. act 1, scene 7."

1 This ode is the first in the series of all the editions, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest; it however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it.

———cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Praecepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. *Ovid.*

The twenty-sixth Ode, *συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης*, might, with as much propriety, be the harbinger of his songs.

Bion has expressed the sentiments of the ode before us with much simplicity in his fourth Idyl. I have given it rather paraphrastically; it has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,

To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates *λυρη* into a lute, which I believe is rather inaccurate. "D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says Monsieur Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." Bibliothèque Française.

But still its fainting sighs repeat,

"*The tale of Love alone is sweet!*"] The word *αντεφωνει*, in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes: "*οταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω, και οταν αυτη αποκρινηται.*" *Περι Ιδεων. Τομ. δευτ.*

2 Henry Stephens has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems.

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua fœmineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulaque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est forma fœmina pulchra sua.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Così noi la bellezza
Che è vertu nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l' ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heaven assign'd!

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm in den Anmerkk. Ueber einige Oden des Anakr."

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven — a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty — shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty — blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV. *

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here,
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of Heaven — a thinking mind!] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

———the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty — shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!] Thus Achilles Tatius: καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βελους, και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταδυει. Οφθαλμος γαρ ὁδος ερωτικῳ τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Woman! be fair, we must adore thee!
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious: "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

* This is another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto
Rondinella importuna, &c.

Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia:

Αιει μοι δυνει μην εν ουασιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα ποθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ, ου φεγγος εκοιμισεν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ἡδε που κραδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουδ' ὁσον ισχυετε;

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;

Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI. [1]

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
T'was not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No — from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII. [2]

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;

For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.
Oh bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

1 "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew.] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Ου με λεληθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

2 This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies.] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers —

Il cor ne gli occhi e ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,

Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.*

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honied dews;
And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
That though they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft — and, oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took —
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,
"It is not light — I die with pain!
Take — take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;

Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheek's confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

* This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. Journée Quatrième.

And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart.] Thus Claudian.—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the close connexion which subsists between sweets and bitterness. Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius), quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

——ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruenta."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas. Eleg. 1.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill.
And not to love more painful still, &c.] Monsieur Menage, in the following Anacreontic, enforces the necessity of loving:

But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heav'nly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven —
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven! —
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

Περι του δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Τεττον.

Μεγα θαυμα των αοιδων
Χαριτων θαλος Τεττε,
Φιλεωμεν, ω ἑταιρε.
Φιλεησαν οἱ σοφισται.
Φιλεησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον του Σωφρονισκου,
Σοφιης πατηρ ἁπασης.
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
Ακονη μεν εστι ψυχης. (a)
Πτερυγεσσιν εις Ολυμπον
Κατακειμενους αναιρει.
Βραδεας τετηγμενοισι
Βελεεσσι εξαγειρει,
Πυρι λαμπαδος φαεινῳ
Ρυπαρωτερους καθαιρει.
Φιλεωμεν ουν, ΤΕΤΤΕ,
Φιλεωμεν, ω ἑταιρε
Αδικως δε λοιδορουντι
Ἁγιους ερωτας ἡμων
Κακον ευξομαι το μουνον
Ἱνα μη δυναιτ' εκεινος
Φιλεειν τε και φιλεισθαι.

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nursed;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by Love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

(a) This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene.

——ψυχης εστιν Ερως ακονη.

Menage, I think, says somewhere, that he was the first who produced this epigram to the world.

ODE XXX.[1]

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied, that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued — and could I e'er have thought? —
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by Love till now!

ODE XXXI.[2]

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod
(Arms enough for such a god),
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chill with drops of dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;

And when hearts, from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be),
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

1 Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. I do not perceive any thing in the ode which seems to allude to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I must confess that I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

2 The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it), which has some similitude to this ode:

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via media.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forced me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow, all the night I stray,
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way.
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard;
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

My brow was chill with drops of dew.] I have followed those who read τειρεν ἱδρως for πειρεν ὑδρος; the former is partly authorized by the MS. which reads πειρεν ἱδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying, &c.] In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose;

And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.*

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And, while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb!
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here!

---

but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Την ψυχην, Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον,
Ηλθε γαρ ἡ τλημων ὡς διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find many of those mignardises of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom.] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." La Fosse.

* We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making *Ερως* the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment. *Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἁβρως συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οινοχοουσα τουτοισι τοις ἑταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.*

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus! queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!
Venus! hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Hamler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 296. Amor als Diener."

ODE XXXIII.[1]

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away;
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
"Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
"I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
"Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
"Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child
(My bosom trembled as he smiled),
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
"The rain has not relax'd my bow;
"It still can send a maddening dart,
"As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.[2]

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest

1 Monsieur Bernard, the author of l'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. Oeuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii. "Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kleist: die Heilung. La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"*And who art thou*," *I waking cry*,
"*That bid'st my blissful visions fly?*] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'*Twas Love! the little wandering sprite*, &c.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

2 Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, has preserved some of the thoughts of our author:

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos

Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear
And bless the notes and thee revere
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vain;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st a little deity!

ODE XXXV. *

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;

Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Cœli caducis ebria fletibus, &c.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Reclinest soft, and tunest thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou liest on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, &c

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93 and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says *εστ' ισοιν οἱ τεττιγες ουκ ευδαιμονες, ὧν ταις γυναιξιν ουδ' ὁτι ουν φωνης ενι*; 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?'" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone, &c.] Philo, de Animal. Proprietat., calls this insect *Μουσαις φιλος*, the darling of the Muses; and *Μουσων ορνιν*, the bird of the Muses, and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laërtius:

Των παντων δ' ἡγειτο πλατυστατος, αλλ' αγορητης
Ἡδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οἱ θ' εκαδημου
Δενδρεα εφεζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ιεισι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, λ. where there occurs the very same simile.

Melodious insect! child of earth!] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρκει τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιοντες
Δειδειν κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

* Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus:

Luckless urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked — with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"Oh mother! — I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.*

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, &c.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek Anacreontic of Monsieur Menage, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of this natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
Των παρθενων ωστον
Την μοι φιλην Κορωνναν
Ὡς ειδεν, ὡς προς αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλῳ
Διδυμας τε χειρας ἀπτων
Φιλει με, μητερ, ειπε.
Καλουμενη Κορινναα
Μητηρ, ερυθριαζει,
Ὡς παρθενος μεν ουσα.
Κ' αυτος δε δυσχεραινων,
Ὡς ομμασι πλανηθεις,
Ερως ερυθριαζει.
Εγω δε οἱ παραστας,
Μη δυσχεραινε, φημι.
Κυπριν τε και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι ουκ εχουσι
Και οἱ βλεποντες οξυ.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna, lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
The little infant blush'd with shame.
"Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Capricciosi Pensieri, has translated this ode of Anacreon.

* Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.*

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled —
Smiled indeed with wanton glee;
But ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew — and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss — when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem 'Gestern, Brüder, &c.' Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod,' and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl. Gotting. 1783, p. 7." Degen.

That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion, &c.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lana caprina," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase ἐν ἂν θανεῖν ἀπελθῇ. The reading of ἐν ἂν θανατος ἀπελθῃ, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amœnitates Literariæ, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

The goblet rich, the board of friends.
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Ὑγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι θνητῳ. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυῃ γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν αδολως. Και το τεταρτον, συνηβαν μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding, guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

* "Compare with this ode the beautiful poem, 'der Traum of Uz.'" Degen.

Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim, fateor (says he, in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector), noli sperare," &c. &c. He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.
"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

— when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys
All were gone!] Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,

Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII. *

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold, my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν.

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid! LONGEPIERRE.

"*Sleep! again my joys restore,*
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I tried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

* "Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of Hagedorn, lib v. das Gesellschaftliche; and of Bürger, p. 51," &c. Degen.

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytheræa, the name of Venus, *παρα το κευθειν τους ερωτας*, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Λουσαμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
Ἑλκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.
Ῥαιος ὁ χαιροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly, my beloved, to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam!
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death — alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

Of odours chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping with the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart — his heart is young!

ODE XL.

I know that Heav'n ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er
Return no more — alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather joy's luxurious flow'rs,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassé nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour.
Peut-être en serez vous émue:
Il est jeune, et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vue.

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

No, no, the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase; it is by no means anacreontic, but has an interesting simplicity which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις, και συ, τυχη, μεγα χαιρετε. τον λιμεν' ευρον.
Ουδεν εμοι χ' ὑμιν. παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguiled is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destined shore!
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, writ-

ODE XLI.

When Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.*

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses;
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread

ten upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good-fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' αεισα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, &c.] Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breathed the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

* The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁστις Μουσεων τε, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
Ευμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes,
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower:
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings, &c.] On the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors, (*a*) extant upon the subject, are, I imagine, little understood; but certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called *το σύρημα του Ανακρεοντος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot. in Horat. on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

(*a*) Collected by Meibomius.

The gall that Envy's tongue can shed.
Away — I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along:
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth, the while, with loosen'd hair
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?
Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

ODE XLIV.*

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,

And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:

Κουρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ εην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following may give some idea:

The kiss that she left on my lip
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh!

The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!] *Κωμος*, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed) gives a very beautiful description of this god.

* This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall

In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When, with the blushing naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For Death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep:
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

ODE XLVI.*

See, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;

find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this forty-fourth ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz die Rose."

When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." Degen.

With some celestial, glowing maid, &c.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from Pleasure's way, &c.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

* The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of Ιδε πως καρος φανεντος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Socrate ——

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
Let those who pant for Glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honied wave!
For, though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,

The imperative ἰδὲ is infinitely more impressive, as in Shakspeare,

> But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature, and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. vita, §. xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

Monsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring. I cannot find it. See Chevreau, Oeuvres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth der Frühling, and book fifth der Mai."

While virgin Graces warm with May,

Fling roses o'er her dewy way!] De Pauw reads, Χαριτας ῥοδα βρυουσιν, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has objected very frivolously.

The murmuring billows of the deep

Have languish'd into silent sleep, &c.] It has been justly remarked that the liquid flow of the line ἀπαλυνεται γαλὴνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultured field, and winding stream, &c.] By βροτων εργα, "the works of men," (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

But brandishing a rosy flask, &c.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I, wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, oh, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me;
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.*

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heav'nly sweet, to drink!
Sing, sing of love, let Music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die!
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), beause he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine. Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

* This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,

Thaws the winter of our soul.] Ἀυαιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Ἀεῖ (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

ODE L.*

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
My heart invokes the heav'nly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And, while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury;
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines, —
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine, —
There's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till Death o'ershadows all my joy!

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* Faber thinks this spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of this ode, in the original, is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Ὁτ' εγω πιω τον οινον,

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. der Wein, where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδῳ,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις εποϛ."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And, while we dance through breathing bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to *πολυανθσιν μ' εν αυραις*, "Cave, ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following:

Quand je bois, mon oeil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m'emporte dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro
Baccho in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the *Θιασοι* of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At

ODE LI.[1]

FLY not thus, my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.[2]

AWAY, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;

the opening of the Odeon, in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail, through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

1 Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro, pulchra puella, sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mixta rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
And thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See the rich garland, cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
And I will be the lily, thou the rose!

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair:

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και ἁ γραπτα ὑακινθος
Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται."

Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

2 This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." — Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for, though the dawnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. *Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγετε*, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!] By *χρυσης Αφροδιτης* here, I understand some beautiful girl; in the same manner that *Αυαιος* is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

And there's an end — for ah! you know,
They drink but little wine below!

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

ODE LIV.*

Methinks, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove — it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m' insegni con più rare
Forme accorte d' involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there's an end — for ah! you know,
They drink but little wine below!] Thus the witty Mainard:

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bons repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language are borrowed.

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows, &c.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphics, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus." "It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

He still can kiss the goblet's brim, &c.] Wine is prescribed by Galen as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat," &c.; but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εστ' αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω πατερ,
Πειθειν χορευειν ου θελοντας.

* "This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." Madame Dacier. It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum fœmina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante, cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

Could any beast of vulgar vein
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.*

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When Pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heav'nly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.

Moschus has written a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove.] Thus Moschus:

Κρυψε θεον και τρεψε δεμας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

* This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, *ῥοδα μ' ειρηκας*, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word *ῥοδον*, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose:

Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
Teius arguta cecinit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing.] I have passed over the line *συν ἑταιρῃ αυξει μελπην*; it is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: *φερε δη φυσιν λεγωμεν*.

The rose is warm Dione's bliss, &c.] Bellesu, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here *αφροδισιων τ' αθυρμα*, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Vénus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung, &c.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. *Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ὁ Ζευς επιθειναι βασιλεα, το ῥοδον αν των ανθεων εβασιλευε. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αστραπτον. Κρατος πνει, Αφροδιτην πρυξενει, συειδεσι φυλλοις κομα, συκινητοις πεταλοις τρυφα. το πεταλον το Ζεφυρῳ γελα.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty nursed by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray!

When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend — for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes, &c.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα των σοφων. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages; even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam.

Preserves the cold inurned clay, &c.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Iliad, ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

——— hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriaque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet, in another ode, calls σαρος μειλημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. iv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenera poneret ossa rosa. Propert. lib. 1. eleg. 17), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ῥοδα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death.] Thus Caspar Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI. *

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance!
Bacchus, the god, again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heav'nly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus — till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye!

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, &c.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis —

——— rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore —

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus strieto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'ret feels her blood, and blushes!

* "Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Ux, lib. i. die Weinlese." Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the *επιληνιοι ὑμνοι*, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original *ποτον αστονον κομιξων*. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssea, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See de Meré, quoted by Bayle, art. Hélène.

ODE LVII.*

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul,
Sublime as Heav'n's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form,
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?
Oh! he has given the raptured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of Love,
Where only hallowed eyes may rove,
Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

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* This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomene, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offendar maculis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

And whose immortal hand could shed

Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of *αρα τις τορευσε ποντον*, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

And all those sacred scenes of love,

Where only hallow'd eyes may rove, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the humid rose, &c.] *Ῥοδεον* (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

Ea, hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crettus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

——*young Desire*, &c.] In the original *Ἱμερος*, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And, for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

ODE LVIII.*

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again;
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;

* I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS., but it appeared to me the more natural order.

When gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,

Escapes like any faithless minion, &c.] In the original Ὁ δραπετας ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (*as he flies me ever*), &c.] Αει δ', αει με φευγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, &c.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.] Original:

Φιληματαων δε κεδνων,
Ποθων κυπελλα κιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine,"

as in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ἵνα και πινῃς ἅμα και φιλῃς," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And, with thy gay fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

ODE LIX.*

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And, as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er th' inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleepes some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to th' embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heav'n had spread
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And, oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!

* The title *Επιληνιος ὑμνος*, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title *εις οινον*, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;" but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed, &c.] The original here has been variously interpreted. Some, in their zeal for our author's purity, have supposed that the youth only persuades her to a premature marriage. Others understand from the words *προδοτιν γαμων γενεσθαι*, that he seduces her to a violation of the nuptial vow. The turn which I have given it is somewhat like the sentiment of Heloïsa, "amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferre." (See her original Letters.) The Italian translations have almost all wantoned upon this description: but that of Marchetti is indeed "nimium lubricus aspici."

Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.*

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour,
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursued, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But oh, my soul! no more — no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade, &c.] Original:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσεως δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word *κεντρον* here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa," &c. &c. (See Martial). In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings may place the stop after *φυσεως*, thus:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσεως, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LXI.*

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

Still be Anacreon, still inspire

The descant of the Teian lyre.] The original is *Τον Αναχρεοντα μιμου.* I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Αναχρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines:

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world to whom we would wish to say, *Τον Αναχρεοντα μιμου!*

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS. whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes had quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω*, he says, "Vaticau MS. *συσκιαζων*, etiam Presciano invito, "though the MS. reads *συγκαλυψω*, with *συσκιασω* interlined. Degen, too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has *τενη* with *αι* interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τενδη*. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. *Αλαλημενη δ' ει' αυτη*, while the latter has *αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα* Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

* The intrusion of this melancholy ode among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. Quid habet illius, illius, quæ spirabat amores?

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,

All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying, &c.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Farre.

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, &c.

I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here: it is impossible to be very anacreontic on such a subject.

ODE LXII.[1]

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.[2]

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for heav'n and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.[3]

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.

And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per iter," &c. remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called ανεξοδος, by Theocritus, and δυσεκδρομος by Nicander.

1 This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow, &c.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavere Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo,

While heav'nly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph:
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

2 "This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc." BARNES.

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

3 This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led to some doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v 1. as cited by Barnes). Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they — must they pine?

ODE LXV.[1]

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport'st amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.[2]

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Who rulest the world with darts of fire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander; near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

1 This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously throughout it, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates: there is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us, that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

2 This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums:

Ολβιε γαμβρε. σοι μεν δη γαμος ὡς αραο,
Εκτετελεστ', εχεις δε παρθενον αν αραο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

ODE LXVII.[1]

Gentle youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of gray,
Believe me oft with converse gay;
I've chain'd the years of tender age,
And boys have loved the prattling sage!
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
Nature has never formed to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by Nature given!

ODE LXVIII.[2]

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;

And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!] Original *Κυπαριττος δε πεφυκοι σευ ενι κηπῳ.* Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the nuptial song of Catullus, after explaining "flos," in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to *ῥοδον*, says, "Hortum quoque vocant, in quo flos ille carpitur: et Græcis *κηπον εστι το αφηβαιον γυναικων.*

May I remark, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus has neglected a most striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses, "Ut flos in septis," &c. which is the repetition of the line "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; he has translated *γελωσας ἱμερον*, but takes no notice of *ἀδυ φωνουσας.* Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

1 I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning *φερ' ὑδωρ, φερ' οινον, ω παι*, which he has subjoined to the epigrams.

The fragments combined in this ode, are the sixty-seventh, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth of Barnes's edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

And boys have loved the prattling sage!] Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherché par les jeunes gens,
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
Je tolère leur imprudence
En faveur de leurs agrémens.

2 This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own.] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, a hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXIX. [1]

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX. [2]

They wove the lotus band, to deck
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heav'nly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI. [3]

A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown,
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXII. [4]

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin! wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.
The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,

1 This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

2 Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread.] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the tensons of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See l'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

3 This poem is compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

4 This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursling fawn that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, &c.] In the original:

Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXIII. [1]

FARE thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here!

ODE LXXIV. [2]

I BLOOM'D, awhile, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd, one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV. [3]

MONARCH Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise;
That thou wilt whisper, to the breast
Of her I love, thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou has taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXVI. [4]

SPIRIT of Love! whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine,

Ὃς εν ὑλῃ κεροεσσης
Απολειφθεις ὑπο μητρος.

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier, however, observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

1 This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

2 This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I must here apologize for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, *Ξανθη δ' Ευρυπυλη μελει*, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

3 This fragment is preserved by Dion. Chrysostom, Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

4 This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says) Sapho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingts ans avant Anacréon. Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett. tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μουσ', ενισπες
Ὕμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χωρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγανος.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;

Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVII. [1]

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVIII. [2]

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which in the Dionysian choir
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXIX. [3]

When Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And, flitting on, he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

Cupid, [4] whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way —
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!

But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

1 This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

2 This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

3 See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules.

4 Barnes, 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

LET [1] me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To sooth my misery!

I KNOW [2] thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I FEAR [3] that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

FROM [4] dread Leucadia's frowning steep
I'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For love intoxicates my mind!

MIX [5] me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer — love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try,
Here — upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety: a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four Epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but, designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρου Σιδωνιου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,

1 This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

2 Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

3 This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th.

Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

4 This also is in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

5 This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus, and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form, *Το δ' ωζ' Αναχρεοντος.*

οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν ασιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

AROUND * the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρειοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὕδει, χη παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλῳ
Ἱμερα· και κισσον λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αιδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν· εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ων, ὁλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερη.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here, mute in death, the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!
And yet, oh bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;

* Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are these I have selected, upon Anacreon. These remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet (*a*) of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Ανθολογιας*, lib. iv. tit. *εις Ορχηστριδας*. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos, ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione," &c. &c.

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

— — *the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συντροφον
Λυαιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηϊον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὑγρῃ νεκταρος μεληδονῃ.

Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd,
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan than ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!

The Teian, nursed with all those honied boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose lipp'd Joys!

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath.] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

a) Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur.

Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through th' Elysian grove:
And dreams are thine that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee, even in death, her own!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρεοντος αμειβων
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινῳ
Οστεα γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουασε κωμος
Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητου συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχου δεχα τουτον ὑποισω
Τον γενεη μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

Oh! stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear,
In exquisite libation here!
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπεος, αλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευνασεν ειν αϊδῃ.

Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poëtes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator, here appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id neoquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

* The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

—— —— *if Anacreon's shell*

Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from the words *ex βιβλων εμων*, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these, M. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poëtes Grecs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium:

Εις Ανακρεοντος ανδριαντα.

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον, ω ξενε,
σπουδᾳ, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ελθῃς·
Ανακρεοντος εικον' ειδον εν Τεῳ.
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ῳδοποιων.
προσθεις δε χωτι τοις νεοισιν ᾁδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ὁλον τον ανδρα.

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
And you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblets richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

I cannot e'n in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When Fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

Ε΄ΤΔΕΙΣ εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας,
ευδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
ευδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων εαρ, ᾧ σν μελισδων
βαρβιτ', ανεκρουου νυκταρ εναρμονιον.
ηϊδεου γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μουνον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἐκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She, too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ἧς ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ στοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreathed,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breathed,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted; the line ὡς ὁ *Διονυσου*, is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ὡς ὁ Διονυσοιο λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc. vol. ii.

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

ὡς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρες φιλοκωμος
παννυχιος κρουοι (a) την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.

Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he loved on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild aërial shell!

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, *το Ποθων εαρ*, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress, Eurypyle, would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ὑγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ουλον αειδοις,
αιθυσσων λιπαρες ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *ανθος κομης*, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: *Απεκειρας δ' ἁπαλης εμαμον ανθος.*

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

(a) Brunck has *κρουων;* but *κρουοι*, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it, but "nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, &c.] *εφυς σκοπος*, "scopus eras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
Ηδυν Ανακρειοντα, (a) *Τεως εις Ἑλλαδ' ανηγεν,*
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.*

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving!
Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

a) Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:
Blandus, suavilequus, dulcis Anacreon.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

THOMAS LITTLE, ESQ.

LUSISSE PUDET. HOR.

Ταδ' εστ' ονειρων νεοτερων φαντασματα, οἷον ληρος.

Metroc. ap. Diog. Laërt. Lib. vi. cap. 6.

PREFACE,

BY

THE EDITOR.

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing were never intended by the Author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented Mr. LITTLE from submitting these trifles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate criticism: and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. LITTLE died in his one and twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may claim some indulgence from the critic: their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; he wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurea legge, s'ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment and variety of fancy, which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics have preferred him to the pathetic Tibullus; but I believe the defects which a common reader condemns have been looked upon rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,[1]" &c. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses: but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos, he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines:

> O quid solutis est beatius curis!
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
>
> CARM. xxxii.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I admire [2] so warmly.

1 Lib. i. Eleg. 3.
2 In the following Poems, there is a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered the rest to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, I must confess, in the midst of these beauties,

——Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.[1]

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such a refinement; but he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which are very unlike the sentimental levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

From what I have had an opportunity of observing, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. Little selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity (aevo rarissima nostro simplicitas) was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment;[2] and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. Little was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends. T. M.

DEDICATION.

TO

J. AT — NS — N, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

I feel a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend Little's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

Non possunt nostros multae, Faustine, liturae
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that though not quite a *casuiste relâché* you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *juveniali* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,
T. M.

April 19, 1802.

1 Lucretius.

2 It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought —
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul —
"No critic law, no chill control,
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hov'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.
ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here —
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear —

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him, — or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast? —

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love."

To MRS. ——

If, in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind;

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thoul't forgive me this;
For he who wakes to sorrow,
At least may dream of bliss!

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er requir'd:
Oh! if I feel, in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desir'd;

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or — something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ——.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego pars — Virg.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remain'd in the wheel!*

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for *me;*
For what could I do with the *whole?*

TO JULIA.

Well, Julia, if to love, and live
'Mid all the pleasures love can give,
Be crimes that bring damnation;
You — you and I have giv'n such scope
To loves and joys, we scarce can hope,
In Heav'n, the least salvation!

And yet, I think, did Heav'n design
That blisses dear, like yours and mine,
Should be our own undoing;
It had not made my soul so warm,
Nor giv'n you such a witching form,
To bid me dote on ruin!

Then wipe away that timid tear;
Sweet truant! you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you *so like an angel* smile,
They can't but *let you in.*

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me —
But could I expect any more from a woman?

Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, ah! while he's blest, let him die on the minute —
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.[1]

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

Chase the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl who smil'd so rosy sweet —
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again!
You met — your souls seem'd all in one —
Sweet little sports were said and done —
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, indeed, was nothing loath,
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine!
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjur'd girl! — but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none. — And he who lov'd before
Can never, never love thee more!

EPIGRAM.[2]

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's *something not correct* between us,
And you're in fault as much as I:
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie!

1 Few poets knew better than Catullus what a French writer calls
—— la délicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment:
but his passions too often obscured his imagination. E.
2 I believe this epigram is originally French. E.

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn? — Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming —
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! — Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
Nor that, nor all the world beside
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

SONG.

Sweet seducer! blandly smiling;
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing —
All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses —
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet, again, ah! turn them to me:
Ruin's sweet, when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting;
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile without admiring!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt),
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Such pretty short descriptions write,

In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all — But stay —
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arrang'd those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words — at least suppose so —
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain.
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with — froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO MRS. M ——

Sweet lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her — madly love —
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray.
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SONG.

Why, the world are all thinking about it;
And, as for myself, I can swear,

If I fancied that heav'n were without it,
I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints,
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

But why should I think of a trip
To the Prophet's seraglio above,
When Phillida gives me her lip,
As my own little heaven of love!

Oh Phillis! that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given;
But your lip, love, is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your heaven!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air!
And must I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

IMPROMPTU.

Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there;
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me.
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's eyes!

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breath'd the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast —
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp — forgotten lover —
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—— sine me sit nulla Venus. SULPICIA.

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy:

They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather —
How often have I raptur'd read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together!*"

PIETY.

Sur, the pretty nun,
Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eyes
In love or in devotion.

If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the fault,
With, "Oh! may God forgive you!"

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

TO MRS. ——.

— amore
In canuti pensier si disconvene. GUARINI.

Yes, I think I once heard of an amorous youth
Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;
But I own I had ne'er such a liquorish tooth
As to wish to be there in his stead.

'Tis for you, my dear madam, such conquests to make;
Antiquarians may value you high:
But I swear I can't love for antiquity's sake,
Such a poor virtuoso am I.

I have seen many ruins all gilded with care,
But the cracks were still plain to the eye;
And I ne'er felt a passion to venture in there,
But turn'd up my nose, and pass'd by!

I perhaps might have sigh'd in your magical chain
When your lip had more freshness to deck it;
But I'd hate even Dian herself *in the wane* —
She might then *go to hell for a Hecate!*

No, no! when my heart's in these amorous faints,
Which is seldom, thank Heaven! the case!

For by reading the *Fathers*, and *Lives of the Saints*,
I keep up a stock of good grace:

But then 'tis the creature luxuriant and fresh
That my passion with ecstasy owns;
For indeed, my dear madam, though fond *of the flesh*,
I never was partial to *bones!*

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in lux'ry weep,
Till the last heart's drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal —
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die.

TO JULIA.

Sweet is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet! —
At midnight, love! I'll think of thee!
At midnight, love! oh, think of me:
Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kiss,
And I will think I feel the bliss.
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine;
And, if I weep, the tear be thine!

TO ——.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in rapture twine?
No, no! the lip that all may press
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recall
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that burns on all
Shall never more be priz'd by me!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF

A LADY'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserv'd for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

SONG.

Away with this pouting and sadness!
Sweet girl! will you never give o'er?

I love you, by Heaven! to madness,
And what can I swear to you more?
Believe not the old woman's fable,
That oaths are as short as a kiss;
I'll love you as long as I'm able,
And swear for no longer than this.

Then waste not the time with professions;
For *not* to be bless'd when we can
Is one of the darkest transgressions
That happen 'twixt woman and man. —
Pretty moralist! why thus beginning
My innocent warmth to reprove?
Heav'n knows that I never lov'd *sinning* —
Except little sinnings in love!

If swearing, however, will do it,
Come bring me the calendar, pray —
I vow, by that lip, I'll go through it,
And not miss a saint on my way.
The angels shall help me to wheedle;
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle, *
Or rode on a beam of the sun!

Oh! why should Platonic control, love,
Enchain an emotion so free?
Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think, by this coolness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh! *be a woman to-night!*

TO ROSA.

Like who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO ROSA.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!" — And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

* I believe Mr. Little alluded here to a famous question among the early schoolmen: "How many thousand angels could dance on the point of a very fine needle, without jostling one another?" If he *could* have been thinking of the schools while he was writing this song, we cannot say "canit *indoctum*."

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say —
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight —
And then, my love! my soul! "Good night!"

AN ARGUMENT

TO ANY PHILLIS OR CHLOE.

I've oft been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come, then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment!

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wand'ring way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love! — but drop the veil;
Hide, hide from Heav'n th' unholy flame.

No! — when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet.
And mingle to eternity!

ANACREONTIQUE.

— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
Tib. Lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think — in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon; —
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
ST. JOHN, chap. viii.

OH, woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wand'rer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go — be innocent, and live —
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECUNDUS, Eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind:
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refin'd;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that heav'n to earth allows,

I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

THE KISS.

Illa nisi in lecto nusquam potuere doceri.
OVID, Lib. ii. Eleg 5

Give me, my love, that billing kiss
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning epicures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move. —
Ah! no! — again — that kiss was wrong, —
How can you be so dull, my love?

"Cease, cease!" the blushing girl replied —
And in her milky arms she caught me —
"How can you thus your pupil chide?
You know '*twas in the dark* you taught me!"

TO MISS ——,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say — her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say — her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care? —
Perhaps, oh sylph! perhaps 'tis *love?*

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green: —
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,

Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven!

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new!
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.*

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glitt'ring dreams of youth are past!
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti. PAST. FID.

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, pow'rless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one*?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free, —
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

LOVE IN A STORM.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu. TIBULLUS.

Loud sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of Time o'er our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to Love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.

Damp was the chill of the wintry air,
But it made us cling closer, and warmly unite;
Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest did frown:
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as dear
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down!

* This poem, and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose, were the result of the *few* melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed. E.

SONG.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flow'r beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flow'r, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by Slumber's wing,
Never felt what Love was doing —
Never dream'd of such a thing.

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more. —
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more* — than *now!*

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

Wake, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twin'd around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love! and let desire
Kindle those op'ning orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or *seem to sleep.*

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle:
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle!*

SONG.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess:
Oh! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half-expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

THE BALLAD.*

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
I would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following Epigram in Martial:
Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas. Epig. xc. lib. ii.—E.

And each little flowret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That Affection has stolen from thee!

TO MRS. ——

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur mon lèvre était lors toute entière
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrestait. VOIT.

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly love
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above!

When, tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which, — ah! forgive a mind that's weak, —
So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die — Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE-BOOK

CALLED

"THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

in which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself!

The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly!
Yet still, O book! th' allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands:
The rest, — alas! I own the truth, —
Have all been scribbled so uncouth
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer — such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch! —
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten? — never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!

WRITTEN IN THE SAME.

TO THE

PRETTY LITTLE MRS. ——.

IMPROMPTU.

Magis venustatem an brevitatem mireris incertum est. MACROB. SAT. Lib. II. cap. 2.

This journal of folly's an emblem of me;
But what book shall we find emblematic of thee?
Oh! shall we not say thou art *Love's duodecimo?*
None can be prettier; few can be less, you know.
Such a volume in *sheets* were a volume of charms;
Or if *bound*, it should only be *bound in our arms!*

SONG.

Dear! in pity do not speak;
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall.
Yes, yes, my soul! I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me while I die,
And, oh! I live again;
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And, oh! revive with kisses still!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept —
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:

All night it lay an ice-drop there,
  At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
  Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
  And hung it on her diadem!

TO ——.

In bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit? OVID.

So! Rosa turns her back on me,
Thou walking monument! for thee;
Whose visage, like a grave-stone scribbled,
With vanity bedaub'd, befribbled,
Tells only to the *reading* eye,
That underneath corrupting lie,
Within thy heart's contagious tomb
(As in a cemetery's gloom),
Suspicion, rankling to infection,
And all the worms of black reflection!

And thou art Rosa's dear elect,
  And thou hast won the lovely trifle;
And I must bear repulse, neglect,
  And I must all my anguish stifle:
While thou for ever linger'st nigh,
  Scowling, mutt'ring, gloating, mumming,
Like some sharp, busy, fretful fly,
  About a twinkling taper humming.

TO JULIA,

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,
  If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
  And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
  With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
  That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
  Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
  Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
  Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still
  A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
  Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
  One long, long thought of you
If all your tender faith is o'er,
  If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but *one* proof more, —
  I'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD.*

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
  And did you not mark the paly form

* This poem is perfectly in the taste of the present day—"his nam plebecula gaudet." E.

Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
  And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
  Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
  To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
  Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic — man of blood —
  It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See! how the red, red lightning strays,
  And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
  Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
  Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
  But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
  Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
  Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO MRS. ——.

Yes, Heav'n can witness how I strove
To love thee with a spirit's love;
To make the purer wish my own,
And mingle with thy mind alone.
Oh! I appeal to those pure dreams
In which my soul has hung on thee,
And I've forgot thy witching form,
And I've forgot the liquid beams
That eye effuses, thrilling warm —
Yes, yes, forgot each sensual charm,
Each mad'ning spell of luxury
That could seduce my soul's desires,
And bid it throb with guiltier fires. —
Such *was* my love, and many a time,
When sleep has giv'n thee to my breast,
And thou hast seem'd to share the crime
Which made thy lover wildly blest;
E'en then, in all that rich delusion,
When, by voluptuous visions fir'd,
My soul, in rapture's warm confusion,
Has on a phantom's lip expir'd!
E'en *then* some purer thoughts would steal
Amid my senses' warm excess;
And at the moment — oh! e'en *then*
I've started from thy melting press,
And blush'd for all I've dar'd to feel,
Yet sigh'd to feel it all again! —
Such *was* my love, and still, O, still
I might have calm'd th' unholy thrill:
My heart might be a taintless shrine,
And thou its votive saint should be;*
There, there I'd make thee all divine,
Myself divine in honouring thee.
But, oh! that night! that fatal night!
When, both bewilder'd, both betray'd,
We sunk beneath the flow of soul,
Which for a moment mock'd control;
And on the dang'rous kiss delay'd,
And almost yielded to delight!
God! how I wish'd, in that wild hour,
That lips alone, thus stamp'd with heat,

Had for a moment all the pow'r
To make our souls effusing meet!
That we might mingle by the breath
In all of love's delicious death;
And in a kiss at once be blest,
As, oh! we trembled at the rest! —
Pity me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its little griefs away;
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye,
While my brain maddens, where, O, where
Is that serene consoling pray'r,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Has seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away;
And e'en the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee!*

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,
ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes — for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth —
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nurs'd by taste;

* This irregular occurrence of the rhymes is adopted from the light poetry of the French, and is, I think, particularly suited to express the varieties of feeling. In gentler emotions, the verse may flow periodic and regular; and, in the transition to violent passion, can assume all the animated abruptness of blank verse. Besides, by dispensing with the limits of distich and stanza, it allows an interesting suspension of the sentiment. E.

While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
  Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw his gradual op'ning mind
  Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
  In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well;
  Such were the hopes that fate denied —
We lov'd, but ah! we could not tell
  How deep, how dearly till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
  Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
  The heart is almost broken too!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. HORACE.

Sweet Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
  To the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
I thought to myself, if it were not a sin,
  I could teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

For your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
  Seem'd to know they were born for the use of another;
And, to put me in mind of what I ought to do,
  Were eternally biting and kissing each other.

And then you were darting from eyelids so sly, —
  Half open, half shutting, — such tremulous light:
Let them say what they will, I could read in your eye
  More comical things than I ever shall write.

And oft as we mingled our legs and our feet,
  I felt a pulsation, and cannot tell whether
In yours or in mine — but I know it was sweet,
  And I think we both felt it and trembled together.

At length when arriv'd, at our supper we sat,
  I heard with a sigh, which had something of pain,
That perhaps our last moment of meeting was that,
  And Fanny should go back to Timmol again.

Yet I swore not that I was in love with you, Fanny, —
  Oh, no! for I felt it could never be true;
I but said what I've said very often to many —
  There's few I would rather be kissing than you!

Then first did I learn that you once had believ'd
  Some lover, the dearest and falsest of men;
And so gently you spoke of the youth who deceiv'd
  That I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

But you told me that passion a moment amus'd
  Was follow'd too oft by an age of repenting;
And check'd me, so softly, that while you refus'd,
  Forgive me, dear girl, if I thought 'twas consenting!

And still I entreated, and still you denied,
  Till I almost was made to believe you sincere:
Though I found that, in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
  And when you repuls'd me, 'twas done with a tear.

In vain did I whisper "There's nobody nigh;"
  In vain with the tremors of passion implore:
Your excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply —
  I acknowledg'd them both, and I ask'd for no more.

Was I right? — oh! I cannot believe I was wrong.
  Poor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again;

And may Providence guide her uninjur'd along,
Nor scatter her path with repentance and pain!

By Heav'n! I would rather for ever forswear
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
Than alarm for a moment the *peace* that is there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heav'nly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul
Come panting to this fever'd breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ——.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,

There, close that languid trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as Night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!

Our joys shall take their stolen flight,
Secret as those celestial spheres
Which make sweet music all the night,
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

SONG.*

Oh! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store;
With this, and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!
Come, then, bid Ganymede fill ev'ry bowl for you,
Fill them up brimmers, and drink as I call:
I'm going to toast ev'ry nymph of my soul for you,
Ay, on my soul, I'm in love with them all!

Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
Looking, sighing about and about them,
We dote on them, die for them, all that we can.
Here's Phillis! — whose innocent bosom
Is always agog for some novel desires;
To-day to get lovers, to-morrow to lose 'em,
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires. —
Here's to the gay little Jessy! — who simpers
So vastly good humour'd, whatever is done;
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or whimpers,
And do what you please with you — all out of fun!

Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny! — I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world! —
Another to Lyddy! — still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, "whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say "Only for *something* I certainly would!"

Dear creatures, &c.

Fill for Chloe! — bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure! —
Here's pious Susan! — the saint, who alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright:
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!

Dear creatures, &c.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

* There are many spurious copies of this song in circulation; and it is universally attributed to a gentleman who has no more right than the Editor of these Poems to any share whatever in the composition. E.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
  While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
  Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
  I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
  Oh! 'tis the utmost Heav'n can do!

SONG.*

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee;
  Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
  Lovely, gentle as thou art! —
    Farewell, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we'll meet, love,
  And repose our hearts at last:
Oh! sure it will then be sweet, love,
  Calm to think on sorrows past. —
    Farewell, Bessy!

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
  Mayn't be always sought in vain;
And the moment of possessing —
  Will't not, love, repay our pain? —
    Farewell, Bessy!

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
  When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
  Which I fear is not for me! —
    Farewell, Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom —
  Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
  He for ever loses thee!
    Farewell, Bessy!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
  Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
  The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly
  Such different arrows have got,
That on oath, on the glance of an eye
  Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
  Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
  I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
  The dew and the oath that are there!
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
  To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up that heav'n of your brow,
  Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
  And they both must be broken together!

JULIA'S KISS.

When infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept;

* All these songs were adapted to airs which Mr. Little composed, and sometimes sang, or his friends: this may account for the peculiarity of metre observable in many of them. E.

And while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "With this, with this
I'll scent my Julia's burning kiss!"

Nay, more; he stole to Venus' bed,
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fled,
Which Love's divinest, dearest flame
Had kindled through her panting frame.
Her soul still dwelt on mem'ry's themes;
Still floated in voluptuous dreams;
And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd to thrill
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung,
He stole the dew that trembling hung,
And smiling said, "With this, with this
I'll bathe my Julia's burning kiss!"

TO ——.

Remember him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I lov'd,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my muse's early theme,
Beguil'd me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou — ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom rov'd,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have lov'd!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But, ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my belov'd! still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love?

SONG.

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;

I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
  I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
  That our loves will be censur'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
  That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
  Have we felt as if virtue forbid it? —
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet? —
  No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it!
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
  So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
  And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
  From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed
  As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when on our pillow the tempest is driven,
  And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
  'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our deathbed, my love,
  Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
  And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
  "Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven;"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
  And a kiss be our passport to Heaven!

SONG.

Think on that look of humid ray,
  Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
  "I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on ev'ry smile and glance,
  On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
  And tell me, 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin;
  For sure, if Heav'n's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
  As I was destin'd to be won!

SONG.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
  How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
  To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
  And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
  And both our souls exhal'd together!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
  One day she reclin'd on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
  Of the nymphs you have lov'd and carest." —
Oh Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that rov'd,
  My heart at the moment was free;

But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've lov'd,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow:
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame
But my head was so full of romance
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven!
"Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee!*"

* * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

TO ——.

'Tis night, the spectred hour is nigh!
Pensive I hear the moaning blast,
Passing, with sad sepulchral sigh,
My lyre that hangs neglected by,
And seems to mourn for pleasures past!
That lyre was once attun'd for thee
To many a lay of fond delight,
When all thy days were giv'n to me,
And mine was every blissful night.
How oft I've languish'd by thy side, —
And while my heart's luxuriant tide
Ran in wild riot through my veins,
I've wak'd such sweetly madd'ning strains
As if by inspiration's fire
My soul was blended with my lyre!
Oh! while in every fainting note
We heard the soul of passion float;
While, in thy blue dissolving glance,
I've raptur'd read thy bosom's trance,
I've sung and trembled, kiss'd and sung,
Till, as we mingle breath with breath,
Thy burning kisses parch my tongue,
My hands drop listless on the lyre,
And, murmuring like a swan in death,
Upon thy bosom I expire!
Yes, I indeed remember well
Those hours of pleasure past and o'er;

Why have I liv'd their sweets to tell?
To tell, but never feel them more!
I should have died, have sweetly died,
In one of those impassion'd dreams,
When languid, silent on thy breast,
Drinking thine eyes' delicious beams,
My soul has flutter'd from its nest,
And on thy lip just parting sigh'd!
Oh! dying thus a death of love,
To heav'n how dearly should I go!
He well might hope for joys above
Who had begun them here below!

* * * * *

SONG.

Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill —
Her voice upon the gale? —
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
Oh maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promis'd hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bow'r.

SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl! — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And mem'ry gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

TO ——.

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, ev'ry *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

The darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay!
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day;

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave; —
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard — "And tell me, oh, tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?" —
"Yes, yes, — when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And she hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose. —

How strangely the order of destiny falls! —
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,

When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When, — hark! — 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold? —
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought,
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then, springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri. OVID. Amor lib. ii. eleg. 15.

The happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,

* I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, Fromman *upon Fascination*, Book iii. part vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.

To strike the bounding tennis-ball
  In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
  The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
  Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
  Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
  Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
  Which there full long had been:
It was a Heathen goddess, or
  Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
  He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
  Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
  Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
  Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
  Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shock'd to find
  The marble finger bent!

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
  With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
  He could not loose the grasp!

How sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind, —
  As well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
  When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
  He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
  So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
  He went without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand,
  And force the ring away!

But, mark a stranger wonder still —
  The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
  And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
  And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
  With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
  The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procur'd,
  And none th' adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
  The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
  Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
  In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
  And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
  In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phoebus, when he bends to cast
  His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
  Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
  It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
  A death-cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
  Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
  But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
  With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
  A kiss of horror gave;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
  Or from the mould'ring grave!

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
  Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
  My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
  She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
  That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
  These words to Rupert came:
(Oh God! while he did hear the words,
  What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I have the ring
  Thou gav'st to-day to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
  As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
  Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
  He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
  The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
  By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
  Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
  But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
  Of coming night with fear:
Ah! that he must with terror view
  The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,
  Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
  And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
  The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
  With howl exulting cried: —

"Husband! husband! I have the ring,
  The ring thou gav'st to me;

And thour't to me for ever wed,
  As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
  He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
  The trembling Rupert said:

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
  A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
  And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
  No shape of horrors see;
And much I mourn the phantasy
  That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
  In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
  Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
  Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
  This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
  Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believ'd
  A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
  Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
  To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
  Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour,
  Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
  Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
  And list what thou shalt see.

"Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
  In strange disorder'd crowd,
Traveling by torch-light through the roads,
  With noises strange and loud.

"And one that's high above the rest,
  Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
  So I need say no more.

"To him from me these tablets give,
  They'll soon be understood;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
  I've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
  In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
  Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
  In strange disorder'd crowd,
Traveling by torch-light through the roads,
  With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
  Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
  Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
  The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
  For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
  With eyeballs flashing death;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
  Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
  Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
  And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
  The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
  That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
  His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
  But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look
  Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
  And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
  Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
  She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
  With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice
  Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
  The ring thou gav'st to me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
  Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
  He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
  The happiest he of men.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF MRS. ——.
WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
  And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
  Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
  So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
  To smile on such a day as this is!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
  Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
  Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
  Which could disturb our soul's communion!
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
  We'll e'en for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their powers,
  And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;

The union of the soul be ours,
And ev'ry union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY,

With a Watch.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flow'rs of fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour
That life and time shall fade away,
While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. JUV.

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;

Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes. LIVY.

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumb'ring babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heav'n within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
And echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate — but the one!

SONG.*

Mary, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever lov'd like me, —
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee;

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken! —
Fare thee well!

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!

* I believe these words were adapted by Mr. Little to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water." E.

All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO
J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M. R. I. A. [1]

THOUGH long at school and college dozing,
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heav'n or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess my searches past,
I only learn'd *to doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie;
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heav'n the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flow'rs* were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's [2] tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human pow'rs should tend,
And Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more!

1 The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed is the author of some esteemed works, and was Mr. Little's most particular friend. I have heard Mr. Little very frequently speak of him as one in whom "the elements were so mixed," that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency. E.

2 Aristippus.

Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refin'd,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage when most enjoying!"

Is this morality? — Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flow'r within this vase confin'd,
The pure, th' unfading flow'r of mind
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality:
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heav'n's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By Heav'n approv'd to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wak'ning from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue:
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heav'n and nature claim the heart;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go — measure *angles of refraction!*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A Dream.

TO ——,

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smil'd;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flow'rs which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
  Bade me to Nona's image pay —
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
  How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
  That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
  But all be sunshine, peace, and love!

The wing of time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
  To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
  That flashes from my Nona's eye!

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

Twopenny Post-Bag.

BY

THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapsae manibus cecidêre tabellae.
OVID.

DEDICATION.

TO

ST —— N W —— LR —— E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W —— E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality;[1] leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W —— E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and, however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and
attached friend,
THE AUTHOR.

245, PICCADILLY,
March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"[2] those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of proffigacy, which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. — In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper! — in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié* — so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

1 Ariosto, Canto 35.
2 Herrick.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ——, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα και μονον*[1]) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,[2] who held "that God is in Africa *and not elsewhere*." But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ——, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or sess serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thouland times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lanthorn in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains[3] in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

1 Pindar, Pyth. 2.—My friend certainly cannot add *ουτ' εν ανδρασι γεραασφορον.*

2 Bishop of Casae Nigrae, in the fourth century.

3 A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n, page 73. In the line "Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "*Surteea*," instead of "Syrtes," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "aestuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH——E OF W——S TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y.*

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!
Lord Eld—n first heard — and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King — that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies —
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right* —
"Pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
"To ride over your most Royal Highness roughshod —
"Excuse, Sir, my tears — they're from loyalty's source —
"Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
"But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"
Quick a Council is call'd — the whole Cabinet sits —
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations —
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the Pr—nc—ss *will* keep them, (says Lord C—stl—r—gh—)
"To make them quite harmless the only true way,
"Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
"To flog them within half an inch of their lives —
"If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
"This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or — if this be thought cruel — his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses —
"A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
"Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
"Which, however high mettled, their gamesomeness checks,
(Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks their necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around — and the neck-breaking clause

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
And my Lord C—STL—R—GH, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu! — I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the QU—N's best repeater.

C——E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book.*
Wherein — as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek —
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade —
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But — to your work's immortal credit —
The P E, good Sir, the P——E, has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE's)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They e'en must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"
Or — "hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
And 'twill be done — ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT.

* See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

Else, though the P—E be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging, —
Two wigs to every paragraph —
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily —
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scar'd the CH—NC—LL—R just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane)*
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste —
So, send your System. —

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance — in *Seraglio* matters —
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school —
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;[1]
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions —
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is — as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates — full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites* — nothing more —
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E — OF Y —.[2]

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners —
His soups scientific — his fishes quite *prime* —
His patés superb — and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E ————GM,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,

1 The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place. — "A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles." — And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c. — See *Tales of the East*, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

2 This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-Cook, of course! —
"While you live — (what's there under that cover, pray, look) —
"While you live — (I'll just taste it) — ne'er keep a She-Cook.
"'Tis a sound Salic Law — (a small bit of that toast) —
"Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
"For Cookery's a secret — (this turtle's uncommon) —
"Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J——e
For his Speech to the J—y—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig — Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
And we car'd not for Juries or Libels — no — damme! nor
E'en for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said — but Tom T—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say — sated with turtle — "I'll now try the beef" —
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you *try* it!"

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him — oh dish well-devis'd! —
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's-head surpris'd!"
The *brains* were near —; and *once* they'd been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains, at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank — and you'll own 'twas benevolent too —
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—d—t gave M——y, and *I* gave ————.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge —
We were all fun and frolic! — and even the J——e
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff —
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—tr—ck D—g—n—n TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—hn N—ch—l.

Dublin.[*]

Last week, dear N—ch—l, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
"These Papist dogs — hiccup — od rot 'em!

[*] This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

"Deserve to be bespatter'd — hiccup —
"With all the dirt e'en *you* can pick up —
"But, as the P —R— (here's to him — fill —
"Hip, hip, hurra!) — is trying still
"To humbug them with kind professions,
"And, as you deal in *strong* expressions —
"*Rogue*" — "*traitor*" — hiccup — and all that —
"You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT! —
"You must indeed — hiccup — that's flat." —

Yes — "muzzled" was the word SIR JOHN —
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore! [1] —
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again! —
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
To hear e'en noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

Oh! 'tis too much — who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN —
Thou — who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK [2] his Port-folio send?
Take it — 'tis thine — his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman —
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man —
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation —
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell — I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket. —
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration. [3] —
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallaeum [4] —

1 In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

2 This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse. — As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus.

3 ——— lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat. *Pers.* Sat. 2.

4 I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallaeus — "Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis, non a Christianis *manasse*."

i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
Connors, and Toolks, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough — let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows —
No — No — the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him — not a tittle!

* * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C —— TO LADY ——

My dear Lady —— ! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout —
(By the bye, you've seen Rokeby? — this moment got mine —
The Mail-Coach Edition * — prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundred's to meet —
(Apropos — you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear Lady —— ! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion? —
As to having the R—c—nt — *that* show is gone by —
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which — consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of the two —
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all! —
(Apropos, though, of love-work — you've heard it, I hope,
That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope, —
What a comical pair!) — but, to stick to my Rout, —
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arriv'd?
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When — provided their wigs were but decently black —
A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But — whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much —
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down —
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V —— n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintztschitstopschinzoudhoff
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off —
So, get me a Russian — till death I'm your debtor —
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
And — Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl — I must leave you in haste —
Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster? [1]
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH, [2] IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King — our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure! —
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses; —
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders! —
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on — the admiration
Of this short-coated population —
This sew'd-up race — this button'd nation —
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their kneepans fetter,
(They're Christians, and they know no better) [3]
In *some* things they're a thinking nation —
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our SUNNITES, [4] hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs
Or longs to flog [5] — 'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places! [6]
'Tis true, they worship ALI's name [7] —
Their Heav'n and *ours* are just the same —
(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
'Tis but — black eyes and lemonade.)
Yet — though we've tried for centuries back —
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers! [8]

1 Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturae in the Newspapers lately.

2 I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform. — See the second of these Letters. — How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

3 "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

4 *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

5 "Les Sunnites, qui étaient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." *D'Herbelot.*

6 "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of their breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs, &c. &c. *Forster's Voyage.*

7 "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnaissent, &c. &c." *Chardin.*

8 "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." *Mariti.*

Then — only think — the libertines!
They wash their toes — they comb their chins,[1]
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day,
(According to a Form that's set)
And, far from tort'ring, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to us, th' Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose —
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last! —
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die —
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye![2]

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.

TO —— ——, ESQ.[3]

Per Post, Sir, we send your MS. — look'd it thro' —
Very sorry — but can't undertake — 'twouldn't do.

1 For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

2 This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which it alludes is the *Justak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

3 From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter. — See the Appendix.

Clever work, Sir! — would *get up* prodigiously well —
Its only defect is — it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir, — most books are too dear to be read —
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *smallchange* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink it!

However, Sir — if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible — we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly —
No job, Sir, more easy — your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell —
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or — supposing you've nothing *original* in you —
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking routs of ALB-N-A! [1]
(Mind — *not* to her *dinners* — a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
Or — in case nothing else in this world you can do —
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest — Mr. SC—TT, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row* [2])
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches —
May do a few Villas, before SC—TT approaches —
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ABBEY.

Such, Sir, is our plan — if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week —
At present, no more — in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête, [3] and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When B — L's self inquir'd "who made it?" —
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet PYE *at least!*

Oh! come — (if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale) — with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips e'en thy whisker-tops with red —

1 This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.
2 Paternoster Row.
3 This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd) — thy rings,
Thy seals — in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who — by particular desire —
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire —
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors![1] best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance;
Both gay Lotharios — both good dressers —
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors —
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor —
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.[2]
The Ball-room opens — far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet,
That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way! —
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life — (thus SC—TT would write,
And spinsters read him with delight) —
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone![3]

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their arts,
Who say the P——E neglects the arts —
Neglects the arts! — no ST——G! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermilion,
Thou'rt *best* — beneath a French cotillion;
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate —

1 Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, &c. *Horat.*
The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse, at the hour of his birth —
Let them say what they will, that's the man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!
The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.
Illum ——
——— non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico.*

2 To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

3 Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.
After all, however, Mr. SC—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) ῥᾶον μωμεσθαι η μιμεσθαι.

While *some* chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left — so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact will be
The former Fête's *fac-simile*; [1]
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present!
The same *fauteuils* and girondoles —
The same gold Asses, [2] pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not* — ah! not the same dear fishes —
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*

So, pr'ythee, come — our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee! J. T.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. PAGE 424.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect that, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time when they were in Athens —when

"by Ilissus' stream
"We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
"The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek; —
"Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
"Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE! [3]
"That I — the humble Joan — whose housewife art
"Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
"(And those alas! at sixes and at sevens)
"Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

1 "C—rl—t—a H——e will exhibit a complete *facsimile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. &c." *Morning-Post.*
2 The salt-cellars on the P——R's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.
3 Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals — "Non vi aliqua, sed concorditer, omnium in se conversò desiderio, quae sunt blandiendis sexus artes, latentes in hac quanquam!"

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
"And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
"Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
"That name should ever have been fix'd upon!

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

"But oh! more dear, more precious ten times over—
"Farewell, my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
"I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
"Thou mad'st the Papa[1] of the World Mamma!

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument, which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FOEMINAE
Fert vallum!—

LETTER VII. *Page* 428.

The Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "The BOOK,"[2] of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.— This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner— *Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber[3] in C—r—l—t-n House—Enter the P——E R—G—T solus — After a few broken sentences he thus exclaims —

Away — away —
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee — trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D's Spouse —
V—NS—TT—T's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—D—R's face!
While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*)
I find, ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation*)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçao!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino, oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*" — "*Wrong Measures*" — "*the Queen*" — "*Mr. Lambert*" — "*the* R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House! — Curst words that wither
My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*) what Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife!" — "the Book" too! — stay — a nearer look —
(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)

1 This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

2 There was a mysterious Book in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day — Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis) — Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "à tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

3 The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grande Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs de-lys*.

Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book —
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter — A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office."* The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P —— E! —
Methought I heard thee, 'midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
Worship my whiskers!" — (*weeps*) not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his handkerchief*) — while cries
Of "Whiskers, whiskers" shook the echoing skies! —
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*)—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy Princely nose. (*weeps*)
Heav'ns, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire,
(*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourn'd to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods! - the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One" and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh*).
Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls —
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go — for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem — the smiles that light within —
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd ones Heav'n has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere! —
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Workshop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board — Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about — They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P — E (and a fig for his railers),
The Shop-board's delight! the Maecenas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.
Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd button-hole!
Derry down, &c.
Look through all Europe's Kings — at least, those who go loose —
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P — E about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S — e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M — N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of all slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too — shamefully wrong —
They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT, when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—G—T—
So, hope you'll excuse your's till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

EPISTLES, ODES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPIS, LUPERCE.
MARTIAL, *Lib.* i. *Epig.* 118.

ΠΕΡΙΠΛΕΥΣΑΙ ΜΕΝ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΝ,
ΕΝΟΙΚΗΣΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΗ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΧΡΗΣΙΜΟΝ.

Plutarch. περι παιδων αγωγης.

DEDICATION.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, &c.

MY LORD,

It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude, which I have here the honour to present.

I am,

MY LORD,

With every feeling of attachment

and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27, Bury Street, St. James's,
April, 10, 1806.

PREFACE.

The principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans suggested the Epistles which are written from the City of Washington and Lake Erie.* How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal imbitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

* Epistles VI. VII. and VIII.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprized of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions; they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy, which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

EPISTLE I.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES.

By Moonlight.

SWEET Moon! if like Crotona's sage,[1]
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

Oh STRANGFORD! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world!

And yet 'twas time — in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more![2]

E'en now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as younder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake

1 Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. See *Bayle*, *Art. Pythag.*

2 Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of this Poet:

Jam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
Jam laeti studio pedes vigescunt!

The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height, [1]
Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids. [2]

Dear STRANGFORD! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine! [3]
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But, hark! — the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells: — the middle watch is set;
Good night, my STRANGFORD! — ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea [4]
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος .....
..... με πυροσφωνει ταδε·
Γινωσκε τανδρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
Aeschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the pillow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;

1 Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the Island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

2 I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

3 These islands belong to the Portugueze.

4 From Capt. Cockburn, who commanded the Phaeton, I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude. As some of the journalists have gravely asserted that I went to America to speculate in lands, it may not be impertinent to state, that the object of this voyage across the Atlantic was my appointment to the office of Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Bermuda.

And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

THE

TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong:
They were not heav'nly song so much
As they were dreams of heav'nly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothings it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul!

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
If 'mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echoed notes that heav'n might hear!

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
But dar'd not tell the world how well;
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear-one blest,
Whom love had giv'n her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanc'd that in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow!

And while the melting words she breath'd
On all its echoes wanton'd round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreath'd,
Through golden mazes charm'd the sound!

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranc'd they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
  Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,
  Nor chang'd the sweet, the treasur'd tone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
  To every passing lip that sigh'd;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
  On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
  Hung high amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fann'd
  Betray'd the mystery of your loves!

Yet, oh! — not many a suffering hour,
  Thy cup of shame on earth was giv'n;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
  And took the Lyre and thee to heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
  Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
  The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs!

Still do your happy souls attune
  The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
  In sympathies of angel love!

TO

THE FLYING-FISH.*

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; *συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα νηκτα.* With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

EPISTLE II.

TO

MISS M—E.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER. 1803.

In days, my KATE, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose!
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye;
And oh! e'en then, that darling seal,
(Upon whose print, I us'd to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there!)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness may be chill'd!
But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes!
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand

TO

CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us — hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one!

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us, those moments were not fled:
Oh, no! — we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one!

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide,
And, still, my Cara, may the sigh
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.*

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted or prest!
But I will not believe them — no, science! to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it?
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?
No, no — but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear, you are one of those spirits, that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue!
Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,

* This and the subsequent poem have appeared in the public prints.

As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
Oh spirit! — and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my CARA is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and CARA may smile for me still!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
Honour's eye and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath, we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded,
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle.
And the eyes of peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

TO

. . . . . ., 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,

And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear!
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, MARY! oh! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray,
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever, to remember thee!
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend his sweetest care,
With mem'ry to embalm it there!

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me;
Yet, no — it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest;
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."
ANON.

La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.
D'ALEMBERT.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
"For a soul so warm and true;
"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,*
"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

EPISTLE III.

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D—LL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;[1]
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,[2]
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay!

Yet, Lady! no — for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine:
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictur'd spell;

1 Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.
2 The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

And, while I sing th' animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you!

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?[1]
There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breath'd from elysium through each shadowy form
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies!
Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bow'rs etherial and the spirit's clime!

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.[2]
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plaintain shades, that like an awning twin'd
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,[3]
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze

1 M. Gebelin says, in his Monde Primitif, "Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et Poëtes plaçaient les champs élysées dans les Isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

2 Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, form all together the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

3 This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being![1] who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh!
Though weak the magic of my humble strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye),
A moment wander from your starry sphere,
And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells!

THE

GENIUS OF HARMONY.

An Irregular Ode.

AD HARMONIAM CANERE MUNDUM.
Cicero de Nat. Deor. Lib. 3.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell,
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,[2]
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heav'n's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear![3]

1 Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's Tempest, and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

2 In the "Histoire naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curaçao, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, par ce qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on diroit qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avaient cinq lignes, une clé, et des notes, qui formaient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avait ajouté la lettre, que la nature avait oubliée, et la faisait chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air était fort agréable." Chap. 19. Art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

3 According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille coeli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitatior, acuto et excitato movetur sono; gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus." Somn. Scip. Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languescente jam volvitur, et propter angustias, quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu lenore convertitur." In Somn. Scip. Lib. 2., Cap. 4. It is not very easy to understand the ancients in their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies. See Ptolem. Lib. 3.

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non pero manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è la lor amicitia harmonica et la concordantia, che perpetuamente si trova in loro." Dialog. 2. di Amore, p. 58. This reciproco

And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides,[1] that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,[2]
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields;[3]
Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony!

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceas'd to burn,[4]
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,[5]
Since thy aerial spell
Hath in the waters slept!
I fly
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
The syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,[6]
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful soul![7]
While thou!
Oh son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;[8]
Listen! — when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp, it sighs!
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows![9]

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,

amore" of Leone is the φιλοτης of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Laërtius, Αλλοτε μεν φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν', κ. τ. λ. Lib. 8. Cap. 2. n. 12.

1 Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

2 Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

3 In the account of Africa which D'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu' en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable, &c. &c. L'Afrique de Marmol.

4 Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

5 Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear. Την θαλατταν μεν καλει ειναι δακρυον. De Vit and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth:" ιδρωτα της γης. See Rittershusius upon Porphyry, Num. 41.

6 The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian accounts, ἡ δε Λυρη ἐπταμιτος ουσα την των κινουμενων αστρων ἁρμονιαν συνεβαλλετο, κ. τ. λ. in Astrolog.

7 Διειλε ψυχας ισαριθμους τοις αστροις, ενειμε θ' ἑκαστην προς ἑκαστον, και εμβιβασας Ὡς ΕΙΣ ΟΧΗΜΑ. Platon. Timaeus.

8 This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. Επει ποταμου * * * ην δε ακουσαι θελης του ὑδατος λαλουντος. The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispania quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu &c. &c."

9 These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. Εαν γαρ ολιγος ανεμος εις τας δινας εμπεση, το μεν ὑδωρ ὡς χορδη κρουεται. το δε πνευμα του ὑδατος πληκτρον γινεται. το ρευμα δε ὡς κιθαρα λαλει. Lib. 2.

And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such — mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of him,[1]
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,[2]
Sate on the chill Pangaean mount,[3]
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire!
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstasy[4]
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest[5]
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,[6]
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?
When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank as the source of nature's fontal number,[7]
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heav'n's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heav'nly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there[8]
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

1 Orpheus.

2 They called his lyre *αρχαιοτροπον ἑπταχορδον Ορφεως*. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri." Lib. 4. Cap. 3. pag. 177.

3 Eratosthenes, telling the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangaean mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. *Εγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την ἑωθινην επι το ορος το καλουμενον Παγγαιον, προσεμενε τας ανατολας, ἱνα ιδη τον Ἡλιον πρωτον. Καταστερισμ.* 24.

4 There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. As those which Justin Martyr has produced:

Οὗτος μεν χαλκειον ες ουρανον εστηριχται
Χρυσειω ενι θρονω, κ. τ. λ. *Ad Graec. cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still it appears doubtful to whom we should impute them; they are too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

5 In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

6 Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. Iamblich. de Vit. This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

7 The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παγαν αεναου φυσεως*, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very finely in his Sale of Philosophers.

8 This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. *Οψις τε και ακοη, μετα· φωνης τε και φωτος την ἁρμονιαν επιφαινουσι.* De Musica.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boëtius, "Fit diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cithara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. Lib. 2. Variar.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. [1]

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

ΚΕΙΝΗ Δ' ΗΝΕΜΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΤΡΟΠΟΣ, 'ΟΙΑ Θ' ΑΛΙΠΑΗΞ, ΑΙΘΤΙΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ ΕΠΙΔΡΟΜΟΣ ΗΕΡΕΡ 'ΙΠΠΟΙΣ, ΠΟΝΤΩ ΕΝΕΣΤΗΡΙΚΤΑΙ.

Callimach. Hymn. in Del. v. 11.

Oh, what a tempest whirl'd us hither! [2]
Winds, whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!
Yet think not, George, that fancy's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm,
When close they reef'd the timid sail,
  When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
  And e'en our haughty main-mast bow'd!
The muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, 'midst the war of waves and wind,
In songs elysian lapp'd my mind!
She open'd, with her golden key,
  The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
  Which time has sav'd from ancient days!
Take one of these, to Lais sung,
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

Sweetly [3] you kiss, my Lais dear!
But, while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter, as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eyelid start!
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?

1 This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere, but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips, "col dolce in bocca," could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the Travels of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, Vol 2.

2 We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The Driver sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the Lilly in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well manned merchant-man was at any time a match for her.

3 This epigram is by Paulus Silentiarius, and may be found in the Analecta of Brunck. Vol. 3, p. 72. But as the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poemata.

Ἡδυ μεν εστι φιλημα το Λαιδος· ἡδυ δε αυτων
Ηπιοδινητων δακρυ χεεις βλεφαρων,
Και πολυ κιχλιζουσα σοβεις ευβοστρυχον αιγλην,
Ημετερα κεφαλην δηρον ερεισαμενη.
Μυρομενην δ' εφιλησα· τα δ' ὡς δροσερης απο πηγης,
Δακρυα μιγνυμενων πιπτε κατα στοματων·
Ειπε δ' ανειρομενω, τινος ούνεκα δακρυα λειβεις;
Δειδια μη με λιπης. εστε γαρ ορκαπαται.

Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet —
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
Ah, LAIS! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last —— go, false to heav'n and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
  Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
  With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
  How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
  Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth
Warm from the very lips of health!

Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
  That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd here
  Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heav'n for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below,
  In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
  The coral rocks they love to steep![1]

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
  The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
  That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heav'n its surface seems!
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
  So pictured o'er the waters lie,
That every languid bark appears
  To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave[2]
  To him who, in his heav'nward flight,
Sail'd, o'er the sun's etherial wave,
  To planet-isles of od'rous light!
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round![3]
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
  That pant around thy twilight car;
There angels dwell, so pure of form
  That each appears a living star![4]

1 The water is so clear around the island that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth; and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

2 In Kircher's "Ecstatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam navicularn commoditati tuae praeparatam." Itinerar 1. Dial. 1. Cap. 5. There are some very strange fancies in this work of Kircher.

3 When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — "An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

4 This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." Itinerar. 1. Dial. 1. Cap. 5

These are the sprites, oh radiant queen!
  Thou send'st so often to the bed
Of her I love, with spell unseen,
  Thy planet's bright'ning balm to shed;
To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
  To give the cheek one rose-bud more,
And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
  Which had been, oh! too dear before!

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have ever thought to search her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
  Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
  Mirth and song your board illumine!
Fare you well — remember too,
  When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
  And, oh! — as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

TO

. . . . . .

1801.

No — Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
  Oh! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
  May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
  Though love hath ne'er the myst'ry warm'd;
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
  To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye!
  Oh! it doth ask, with magic power,
If heav'n can ever bless the tie
  Where love inwreaths no genial flower!

Away, away, bewild'ring look!
  Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go — hie thee to the sage's book,
  And learn from him to feel no more!

I cannot warn thee; every touch,
  That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
  Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine.

Yet, stay, dear love — one effort yet —
  A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
  The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
  That our hearts bear one common seal,
Oh, Lady! think, how man's deceit
  Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
  Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
  The feeling ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
  Perhaps, was but the child of art,
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
  With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow!
  Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I lived till now,
  With loveless heart or senses cold?

No — many a throb of bliss and pain,
  For many a maid, my soul hath prov'd;
With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
  While some I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
  To theirs had been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
  To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
  Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
  And — keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough — now, turn thine eyes again;
  What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
  Oh! no, beloved! — nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
  While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
  'Twere more than man, to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
  This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so ond and lips so near —
  Give me the ring, and now — Oh heaven!

TO

. . . . . .

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

ΜΑΡΓΑΡΙΤΑΙ ΔΗΛΟΥΣΙ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΝ ΡΟΟΝ.

Ap. Nicephor. in Oneirocritico.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
  Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
  And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
  The lucid pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
  The hour that Love unbound it.

THE

RESEMBLANCE.

——— vo cercand' io,
Donna, quant' è possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.
PETRARC. *Sonett.* 14.

Yes, if 'twere any common love,
  That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above
  Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
  In every look so like to thee,
That, oh! beneath the blessed sun,
  So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
  She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth
  That could have charm'd my soul to sin?

Your eyes! — the eyes of languid doves
  Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
  Resemble less their warm-ey'd mother!

Her lip! oh, call me not false hearted,
  When such a lip I fondly press'd;
'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
  Gave thee one half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murm'ring tone,
  They sued, half-open, to be kiss'd,
I could as soon resist thine own,
  And them, heav'n knows! I ne'er resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
  'Twas love that wak'd the dear excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
  Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less!

TO

. . . . . .

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
  I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
  Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
  Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
  And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE

GREEK OF MELEAGER. *

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name!
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there,
  It was but last delicious night,
It hung upon her wavy hair,
  And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow;
It breathes of Heliodora now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
  Of her he loves —
The swell of yonder foaming billow

* *Εγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, Ἡλιοδωρας*
Ειπε, συν ακρητω το γλυκυ μισγ' ονομα.
Και μοι τον βρεχθεντα μυροις και χθιζον εοντα,
Μναμοσυνον κεινας, αμφιτιθει στεφανον·
Δακρυει φιλεραστον ιδον ῥοδον, ουνεκα κειναν
Αλλοθι κ'ου κολποις ἡμετεροις εσορα.

Brunck. Analect. Tom. i. p. 28.

Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil now
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stol'n, beneath the ev'ning star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumb'ring with the dead to-morrów
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well! — there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes — *he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heav'n! do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping,
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES

TO

NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA TYPANNEI.
EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights —
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again!

Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone!
How many hours of idle waste,

Within those witching arms embrac'd,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolv'd life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too — for love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours!

Say, NEA dear! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no — on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast:
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last;

NEA! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine —
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

— TALE ITER OMNE CAVE.
Propert. Lib. iv. *Eleg.* 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom heav'n intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din
(As lovers steal to bliss),
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dang'rous dream we stood —
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush! you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wish'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with falt'ring hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I rais'd it to your lips of dew,
You kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too —
Good heav'n! how sweet it seem'd!

Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in!

Sweet NEA! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks will be our ruin!

YOU read it in my languid eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but heav'n and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot — nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dar'd to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you — oh, e'en this! —
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 'twas passion — soul and sense —
'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
Of heav'n and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone, but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have — oh, my only love!
My life! what should I *not* have done?

A

DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep,
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles,
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
  Were lighted by a Grecian sky —
As if I breath'd the blissful air
  That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now, the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,[1]
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
  To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
  Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness![2]
'Twas one of those delicious nights
  So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withraws but half its lights,
  And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own belov'd!
And dearly by thy side I rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
  And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
  To make the coldest learn to love!

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
  To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
  Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene —
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way![3]
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
  Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
  And gone to seek its heav'nly home!
And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
  Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
  Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
  Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
  Or wanton'd in Milesian story![4]

1 Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first Book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Chap. ii. Vol. I.

2 This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. Lib. vii. cap. 34.

3 In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus. Plin. Lib. x. cap. 47.

4 The Milesiacs, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso) who calls them *ακολαστα βιβλια*.

And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
  Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,[1]
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
  The onyx shone beneath their feet![2]
While others, waving arms of snow
  Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,[3]
And showing limbs, as loath to show,
  Through many a thin Tarentian fold,[4]
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young beegrape,[5] round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek!

Oh, Nea! why did morning break
  The spell that so divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how *could* I wake
  With thee my own and heav'n around me!

Well — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda,[6] and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller[7] has stray'd!
And thou — when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say —
Oh! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
  And thou the isle it clasps around,

1 "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenaeus calls *οινος ανθοσμιας*, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers." *Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

2 It appears that, in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." Epig. 50. Lib. xii.

3 Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. *Οἱ επικαρπιοι ὀφεις και αἱ χρυσαι παδαι Θαιδος και Αριστογοραας και Λαιδος φαρμακα.* Philostrat. Epist. xi.. Lucian too tells us of the *βραχιοσι δρακοντες*. See his Amores, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

4 *Ταραντινιδιον, διαφανες ενδυμα, ονομασμενον απο της Ταραντινων χρηστεως και τρυφης. Pollux.*

5 Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum tells)" says Pancirollus, Book i. Sect. 1. Chap. 17.

6 The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest. — I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century) was sent Patriarch of the Latin Church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered. *Travels of the Jesuits*, Vol. I. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

7 Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but the "Account of the European Settlements in America" affirms it confidently. (Vol. II.) I mention this work however less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.

I would not let a foot come near
  My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

If I were yonder couch of gold,
  And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
I would not let an eye behold
  The sacred gem my arms embrac'd!

If I were yonder orange-tree,
  And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
  To scent the most imploring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
  Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
  The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
  Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly that my soul could seek
  Its Nea in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
  And nuptial bed at once may be,
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
  And die upon the shade of thee!

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
  O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
  The shadow to her eyes of light!

Oh, my belov'd! where'er I turn,
  Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
  Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

But then thy breath! — not all the fire,
  That lights the lone Semenda's * death
In eastern climes, could e'er respire
  An odour like thy dulcet breath!

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
  To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
  Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
  In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
  The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flow'ry grove,
  The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The lustre of the lips I love.
  May seem to give their perfume too!

ON

SEEING AN INFANT IN NEA'S ARMS.

The first ambrosial child of bliss,
  That Psyche to her bosom press'd,
Was not a brighter babe than this,
  Nor blush'd upon a lovelier breast!
His little snow-white fingers, straying
  Along her lip's luxuriant flower,
Look'd like a flight of ring-doves playing,
  Silv'ry through a roseate bower!
And when, to shade the playful boy,
  Her dark hair fell, in mazes bright,

* Referunt tamen quidam in interiore India avem esse, nomine Semendam, &c. Cardan. 10 de Subtilitat. Caesar. Scaliger seems to think Semenda but another name for the Phoenix. Exercitat. 233.

Oh! 'twas a type of stolen joy,
'Twas love beneath the veil of night!
Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again;
They seem'd so kindred in their charms,
That one might think, the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms!

THE

SNOW SPIRIT.

TU POTES INSOLITAS, CYNTHIA, FERRE NIVES?
Propert. Lib. I. Eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow Spirit never comes here!

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear —
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here!

Ενταυθα δε καθωρμισται ἡμιν, και ὁ, τι μεν ονομα τη νησω,
ουκ οιδα· χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου ονομαζοιτο.
Philostrat. Icon. 17. Lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape* drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,

* The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

To lead me, where my soul should meet —
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's * lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there?
'Twas NEA! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanc'd around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

Was ever witchery half so sweet!
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole —
Oh! you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this!

ON THE

LOSS OF A LETTER

INTENDED FOR NEA.

OH! it was fill'd with words of flame,
With all the wishes wild and dear,
Which love may write, but dares not name,
Which woman reads, but must not hear!

Of many a nightly dream it told,
When all that chills the heart by day,
The worldly doubt, the caution cold,
In fancy's fire dissolve away!

When soul and soul divinely meet,
Free from the senses' guilty shame,

* The Agave. I know that this is an erroneous idea, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" τριτατος απο της αληθειας.

And mingle in a sigh so sweet,
As virtue's self would blush to blame!

How could he lose such tender words?
Words! that of themselves, should spring
To NEA's ear, like panting birds,
With heart and soul upon their wing!

Oh! fancy what they dar'd to speak;
Think all a virgin's shame can dread,
Nor pause, until thy conscious cheek
Shall burn with thinking all they said?

And I shall feign, shall fancy too,
Some dear reply thou mightst have giv'n;
Shall make that lip distil its dew
In promise bland and hopes of heaven!

Shall think it tells of future days,
When the averted cheek will turn,
When eye with eye shall mingle rays,
And lip to lip shall closely burn! —

Ah! if this flattery is not thine,
If colder hope thy answer brings,
I'll wish thy words were lost like mine,
Since I can dream such dearer things!

I FOUND her not — the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace!

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there!

I saw the web, which, all the day
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose!

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And love himself had stamp'd the form!

Oh NEA! NEA! where wert thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee!

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

Look, darling, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more:
Come, — closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
  By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —
Look, Nea love! and say in sooth
  Is not her hand most dearly plac'd?

Upon his curled head behind
  It seems in careless play to lie, [1]
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
  To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

Oh happy maid! too happy boy!
  The one so fond and faintly loath,
The other yielding slow to joy —
  Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both!

Imagine, love, that I am he,
  And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine too that thou art she,
  But quite as cold as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
  In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
  Upon thy wreathed hair behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
  As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
  And — thus I kiss thee — oh, my love!

. . . . . λιβανοτω εικασεν, ὅτι απολλυμενον ευφραινει.
ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* Lib. iii. Cap. 4.

There's not a look, a word of thine,
  My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine
  Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
  From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
  Like something heaven had sung!

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
  All, all that haunts me so —
And yet, thou witching girl! — and yet
To die were sweeter, than to let
  The lov'd remembrance go!

No, if this slighted heart must see
  Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
  Consum'd in sweets away!

EPISTLE V.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA. [2]

March.

"The daylight is gone — but, before we depart,
"One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,

1 Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely expressive of affection. See the Museum Florentinum, Tom. ii. Tab. 43, 44. I know of very few subjects in which poetry could be more interestingly employed, than in illustrating some of the ancient statues and gems.

2 Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;' but there certainly are not materials for such

"To the kindest, the dearest — oh! judge by the tear,
"That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"

'Twas thus by the shade of a calabash-tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh! — such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!
Not the valleys Heraean (though water'd by rills.
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
Where the song of the shepherd, primeval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child),
Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,

a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the transatlantic politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so fairly in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkely for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education, which would entirely remove the alternative, in which the colonists are involved at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or entrusting them to colleges in the States of America, where ideas, by no means favourable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls — that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, Lib. iv. Ἡραια γαρ ορη κατα την Σικελιαν εστιν, ἃ φασι καλλει, κ. τ. λ.

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away, [1]
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
Of the wave, that would carry your wanderer home!

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."
J. J. ROUSSEAU. [2]

'Twas in the summer time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That — who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love —
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd —
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,

1 A ship, ready to sail for England.
2 Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Études de la Nature.

He saw the nymph reclining calm,
  With brow as cool as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
  In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
  And flung it round his fever'd head

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
  And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
  And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear!
  While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
  From that beloved eye!

The world! — ah, Fanny! love must shun
  The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only-one,
  Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish, that is not here
  Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear,
As that within the blessed sphere
  Two loving arms entwine!

For me, there's not a lock of jet
  Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
  All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
  My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
  May frown or smile for me!

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met, and Learning smil'd
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole, to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time! when laws of state,
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!

Sweet times! you could not always last —
And yet, oh! yet, you *are* not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
That, oh! — 'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee!
No aid of words th' unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires;
But, by a throb to spirits only given,
By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies!

We met — like thee the youthful vision smil'd;
But not like thee, when passionately wild,
Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my cheek,
By looking things thyself would blush to speak!
No; 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
Flush'd with the past and yet serene the while,
Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam!

Oh my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!
Th' Elean god, * whose faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
Think, when he mingles with his fountain bride,
What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide!
Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
Confound their currents in a sea of bliss!
'Twas thus —
But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
Oh! that our lips were, at this moment, near,
And I would kiss thee into patience, dear!
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
But no; no more — soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest:
Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams!

THE SENSES.

A Dream.

Imbower'd in the vernal shades,
And circled all by rosy fences,
I saw the five luxurious maids,
Whom mortals love, and call The Senses.

Many and blissful were the ways,
In which they seem'd to pass their hours —
One wander'd through the garden's maze,
Inhaling all the soul of flowers;

* The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. *Και επι την Αρεθουσαν ουτω τον Αλφειον νυμφοστολει· οταν ουν ἡ των ολυμπιων ἑορτη, κ. τ. λ.* Lib. I.

Like those, who live upon the smell
  Of roses, by the Ganges' stream, *
With perfume from the flow'ret's bell,
  She fed her life's ambrosial dream!

Another touch'd the silvery lute,
  To chain a charmed sister's ear,
Who, hung beside her, still and mute,
  Gazing as if her eyes could hear!

The nymph, who thrill'd the warbling wire,
  Would often raise her ruby lip,
As if it pouted with desire
  Some cooling nectar'd draught to sip.

Nor yet was she, who heard the lute,
  Unmindful of the minstrel maid,
But press'd the sweetest, richest fruit
  To bathe her ripe lip as she play'd!

But, oh! the fairest of the group
  Was one, who in the sunshine lay,
And op'd the cincture's golden loop
  That hid her bosom's panting play!

And still her gentle hand she stole
  Along the snows, so smoothly orb'd,
And look'd the while, as if her soul
  Were in that heav'nly touch absorb'd!

Another nymph, who linger'd nigh,
  And held a prism of various light,
Now put the rainbow wonder by,
  To look upon this lovelier sight.

And still as one's enamour'd touch
  Adown the lapsing ivory fell,
The other's eye, entranc'd as much,
  Hung giddy o'er its radiant swell!

Too wildly charm'd, I would have fled —
  But she, who in the sunshine lay,
Replac'd her golden loop, and said,
  "We pray thee for a moment stay.

"If true my counting pulses beat,
  "It must be now almost the hour,
"When Love, with visitation sweet,
  "Descends upon our bloomy bower.

"And with him from the sky he brings
  "Our sister-nymph who dwells above —
"Oh! never may she haunt these springs,
  "With any other god but Love!

"When he illumes her magic urn,
  "And sheds his own enchantments in it,
"Though but a minute's space it burn,
  "'Tis heaven to breathe it but a minute!

"Not all the purest power we boast,
  "Nor silken touch, nor vernal dye,
"Nor music, when it thrills the most,
  "Nor balmy cup, nor perfume's sigh,

"Such transport to the soul can give,
  "Though felt till time itself shall wither,
"As in that one dear moment live,
  "When Love conducts our sister hither!"

She ceas'd — the air respir'd of bliss —
  A languor slept in every eye;
And now the scent of Cupid's kiss
  Declar'd the melting pow'r was nigh!

* Circa fontem Gangis Astomorum gentem . . . . . halitu tantum viventem et odore, quem naribus trahant. Plin. Lib. vii. cap. 2.

I saw them come — the nymph and boy,
  In twisted wreaths of rapture bound;
I saw her light the urn of joy,
  While all her sisters languish'd round!

A sigh from every bosom broke —
  I felt the flames around me glide,
Till with the glow I trembling woke,
  And found myself by FANNY's side!

THE

STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL. *

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
  And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
  And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
  I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
  I think of her I love, and cry,
                Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
  Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
  And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
  My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
  I watch the sails and sighing say,
                Thus, my boy! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
  All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
  Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
  Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
  And in that hope I smiling sing,
                Steady, boy! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
  Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
  To lose it, CLOE, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However warm I've twin'd about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
  I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
  That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
  To — do without you altogether!

* I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New-York.

TO

THE FIRE-FLY.*

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
  Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
  Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
  And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
  For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
  When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
  To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
  For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
  To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
  The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd;
Oh, Love! how happy 'twould have been,
  If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
  Would know the spell that lurks within;
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
  But Beauty murmur'd "'twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
  That neither heav'n nor earth forbad it;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
  And look'd as if — she wish'd he had it!

He stole the key when Virtue slept
  (E'en she can sleep, if Love but ask it),
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
  While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

Oh dulcet air that vanish'd then!
  Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever?
Can Love himself inhale again
  A breath so precious? never, never!

Go, maiden, weep — the tears of woe
  By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
  Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE

WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
  I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
  The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
  Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,

* The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se developpant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie. &c. &c." See L'Histoire des Antilles, Art. 2. Chap. 4. Liv. I.

Just when the setting sun had shed
  The sober beam of ev'ning there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
  With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
  To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
  Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
  And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah! — if there were not something wrong,
  The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
  The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine
  That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
  Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
  Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
  And all their glow, their tints are faded!
Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
  When all her blooms had lost their grace?
Might she not steal a rose or two,
  From other Wreaths to fill their place? —
Oh! better to be always free
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
  And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
  Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's dearest rose
  Gave one of its seducing sighs —
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,
  That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes!
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
"The tie to bind my soul to thee!"

TO

. . . . . .

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
  That many a time obscures my brow,
'Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
  Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
  Th' endearing charms that round me twine —
There never throbb'd a bosom yet
  Could feel their witchery, like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
  And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
  Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
  Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
  The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
  When he who first thy soul possess'd,

Like me awak'd its witching powers,
  Like me was lov'd, like me was blest!

Upon *his* name thy murm'ring tongue
  Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
  In ecstasy, as purely felt!

For him — yet why the past recall
  To wither blooms of present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
  And heav'n can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
  I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
  The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
  Love should have kept that leaf alone
On which he first so dearly trac'd
  That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

EPISTLE VI.

TO

LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΗΣ ΜΗΤ' ΕΙ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ ΓΕΓΡΑΦΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΝ, ΜΗΔ' ΕΙ ΤΙ ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΟΤΕΡΟΝ Η ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΙΚΩΤΕΡΟΝ ΕΙΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ ΕΝ ΑΤΤΗ.

ISOCRAT. *Epist.* IV.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heav'n within his view,
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much before!
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reas'ning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

E'en here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,

Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
"To full maturity of nerve and mind,
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind![1]
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
"But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
"Free as that heav'n its tranquil waves reflect.
"Around the columns of the public shrine
"Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,
"Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
"Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
"No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
"Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
"But take her range through all the social frame,
"Pure and pervading as that vital flame
"Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
"And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The brightness rather than the shades of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still —
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope, with all that heav'nly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, e'en on earth, divine!
Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth e'en the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so — e'en now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
E'en now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime![2]

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reas'ning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
Already blighted, with her black'ning trace,
The op'ning bloom of every social grace,

1 Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge, &c. &c. P. 569.

2 "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous dispatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, Vol. i. P. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess;
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely vent'ring in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bart'ring land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade! [1]

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings —
E'en here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes, [2]
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt, [3]
Have prov'd at length the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too. [4]
Oh! freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and characters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites, [5]

1 "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales." Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois, Liv. 20. Chap. 2.

2 I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the Colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

3 The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

4 See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's Works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer, than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

5 In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiania, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which

And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away — I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made brute!

But, oh my Forbes! while thus, in flow'rless song,
I feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst!
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they serv'd —
Thou, gently lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been!
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Bright'ning the young conceptions of thy heart!

Forgive me, Forbes — and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can!
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

SONG.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair — but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stol'n from love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

LYING.

CHE CON LE LOR BUGIE PAJON DIVINI.
Mauro d' Arcano.

I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,

are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay — look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh, no! — believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can Heav'n decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours;
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO
....'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain —
Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go — and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I were,
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow
The spirit which my fancy knew —
Yet, ah! 'tis vain — go, picture, go —
Smile at me once, and then — adieu!

FRAGMENT

OF

A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE. *

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown, the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!
'Tis she!
Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air,
To thee, oh Love! she turns,
On thee her eyebeam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy!
They meet —
The blooming god — the spirit fair
Oh! sweet, oh heav'nly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

* * * * *

* * * *

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timaeus held Form to be the father and Matter the mother of the World; Elion and Berouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia."

TO

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS

Portrait of the Lady Adelaide F=rb=s.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
  Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
  The silent story of the mind;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
  And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
  Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
  Divinest of the powers divine
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
  And these, oh Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
  In emanating soul exprest,
The sweet memorial of a face
  On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
  The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
  The eye, that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
  Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand, whose various hue
  Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
  And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart
  Than critic taste can *ever* feel!

THE

PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS.*

TO

A Lamp which was given him by Lais.

DULCIS CONSCIA LECTULI LUCERNA.

Martial, Lib. xiv. Epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp" (my Mistress said),
  "The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
"Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
  "Has kept its little watch of light!

"Full often has it seen her weep,
  "And fix her eye upon its flame,

* It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch de Placit. Philosoph. Lib. ii. Cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring the genius, and smiling at the absurdities of the philosophers.

"Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
"Repeating her beloved's name!

"Oft has it known her cheek to burn
"With recollections, fondly free,
"And seen her turn, impassion'd turn
"To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
"And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
"That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

"Then love the Lamp — 'twill often lead
"Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And, lighted by its happy ray,
"Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
"Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
"Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes — dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung; [1]
The neck reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze!

Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades! [2]
To whom the nightly warbling Nine [3]
A wand of inspiration gave, [4]
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages heav'nly store,
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is chang'd before the fall of night! [5]

1 The ancients had their lucernae cubiculariae or bedchamber lamps, which as the Emperor Galienus said "nil cras meminere; and, with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, *Εκκλης*. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic Lucerna, which we find in the Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causei, p. 127.

2 Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascra. *Εργ. και Ἡμερ.* v. 251.

3 *Εννυχιαι στειχον, περικαλλεα οσσαν ιεισαι.* Theog. v. 10.

4 *Και μοι σκηπτρον εδον, δαφνης εριθηλεα οζον.* Id v. 30.

5 *Ῥειν τα ὁλα ποταμου δικην*, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides, currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quae videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," &c.

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
"Will also quench yon heav'n of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to inquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which heav'n has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who that has cull'd a weeping rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die!

Pleasure! thou only good on earth![1]
One little hour resign'd to thee —
Oh! by my LAIS' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality!

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page —
Whate'er my blushing LAIS said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
'Twas mockery all — her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ![2]

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heav'n's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!
Or if she dream, oh! let her dream
Of those delights we both have known,
And felt so truly that they seem
Form'd to be felt by us alone!

1 Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

2 Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra goûter les mêmes plaisirs." See his Vénus Physique. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well ridiculed in the Akakia of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his Essai de Philosophie Morale, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laërtius, held μη διαφερειν τα ἡδονην ἡδονης, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.

And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
  Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
  The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till e'en the sigh,
That wafts her very soul, be nigh,
And, when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet Lais! what an age of bliss
  In that one moment waits for me!
Oh sages! — think on joy like this,
  And where's your boast of apathy!

TO

MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τουτο δε τι εστι το ποτον; πλανη, ειφη. *Cebetis Tabula.*

They say that Love had once a book
  (The urchin likes to copy you),
Where, all who came the pencil took,
  And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
  Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
  Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
  With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
  More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
  How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
  And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
  And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
  Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
  Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
  As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
  And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
  Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
  Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain, that lingers
  After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night
  He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
  And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip
  The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
  The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
  The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
  Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
  And Hope's sweet lines were all defac'd,
And Love himself could scarcely know
  What Love himself had lately trac'd!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
  (For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
  In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
  Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
  Yet Mem'ry counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
  And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
  And thinks of lines that long are faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
  But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
  Since Love and you are near related!

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΔΙΗΓΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΔΙΗΓΗΜΑΤΑ ΙΣΩΣ ΑΠΙΣΤΑ, ΚΟΙΝΩΝΑ 'ΩΝ ΠΕΠΟΝΘΑ ΟΥΚ ΕΧΩΝ. XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiac.* Lib. 5.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he wooes some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace![1]

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome![2]
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now![3] —
This fam'd metropolis, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood[4] and ********* they see,

1 The "black Aspasia" of the present ********** of the United States, "inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas" has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

2 "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." Weld's Travels, Letter iv.

3 A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

4 "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious, and, I believe, a novel circumstance." Weld, Letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The Hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's House, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pale, through which

Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be!
And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave! —
Oh great Potowmac! oh you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love!
Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organiz'd, half-minded race [1]
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demigods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
Did heav'n design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush; — observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief, [2]
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stepp'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborn to be!

Now turn thine eye were faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome — and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,

a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, *τα δε εν απορρητῳ.*

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin, and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago, have remained so long waste and unfinished, that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

1 The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *be-littles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere, it has not yet sufficiently recovered. See his Recherches sur les Américains, Part. I. Tom. i. p. 102.

2 On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls — but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, e'en the rank that's there:
So here I pause — and now, my HUME! we part,
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise! *
While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

THE

S N A K E.

1801.

MY love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
"Who could expect such hidden harm
"Beneath the rose's velvet charm?

Never did moral thought occur
  In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her,
  To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd, it might not be.
"No," said the girl — and many a spark
  Flash'd from her eyelid, as she said it —
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
  "One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
"But when its wicked eyes appear,
  "And when we know for what they wink so,
"One must be very simple, dear,
  "To let it sting one — don't you think so?"

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

LINES
WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

..... τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων· επαξια γαρ.
SOPHOCL. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

Oh Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman — oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue!
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE

FALL OF HEBE.
A Dithyrambic Ode.*

'TWAS on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;

* Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features. He adds, "Ces caractères des dithyrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." Mémoires de l'Acad. vol. x. p. 306. And the same opinion may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. But I think, if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, Lib. i. cap. 12.) has given, amongst his Vendemmie, a Dithyrambic, all' uso de' Greci; it is full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief character of the style (συνθετους δε λεξεις εποιουν. Suid. Διθυραμβοδιδ.); such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the licence of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.
. . . . . esser verrei Coppier,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier.

Rime del CHIABRERA, Part. II. p. 352.

The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, th' almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,
Stor'd the rich fluid of etherial soul![1]
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd,
All, all was luxury!

All *must* be luxury, where Lyaeus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!
While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clust'ring blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy!
Now, on his arm,
In blushes she repos'd,
And, while her zone resign'd its every charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole
And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyaeus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently clos'd,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl!
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Wav'd o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending[2]
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!

Th' Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
Th' empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;[3]
And still

1 This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his Timaeus, that, when the deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. *Ταυτ' ειπε και παλιν επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν οι την του παντος ψυχην κεραννυς εμισγε, κ. τ. λ.*

2 We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. *Ευοσματα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ῥοδα.*

3 Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. "Scintilla stellaris essentiae." MACROBIUS, in Somn. Scip. Lib. i. cap. 14.

As the resplendent rill
Flam'd o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heav'nly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands,[1]
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow!
But oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,
With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
Check'd thy impatient pace!
And all heav'n's host of eyes
Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies![2]
Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine!
The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sweetly twin'd
Its spirit with the breathing rings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings
(Oh wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,
Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries![3]

* * * *

* the brow of Juno flush'd —
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.
Drops of etherial dew,
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew

1 The country of the Hyperboreans; they were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: *Τα ὦν πτερα εἰκαζοντας τὴν χιονα τους Σκυθας τε και τους περιοικους δοκεω λεγειν.* Herodot. Lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise. See Metamorph. Lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland however will have it, that Abaris was a Welshman and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

2 I believe it is Servius who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him; "Cum Hebe, pocula Jovi administrans perque lubricum minus canté incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus" — in short, she fell in a very awkward manner, and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

3 The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the Divine Legation. Book ii. sect. 4.

From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heav'n they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below? [1]
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of Heav'n's illumin'd lyre, [2]
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!

The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower; [3]
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
But, when the waking boy
Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heav'nly WINE!

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs!
Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god! [4]

1 In the Geoponica, Lib. ii. cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. *Εν ουρανῳ των θεων συνωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασκιρτησαι χορεια τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τῳ πτερῳ του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον· το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν, κ. τ. λ.* Vid. Autor. de Re Rust. edit. Cantab. 1704.

2 The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendenti, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his Urania:

——— Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcetque novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captae nascentum animae concordia ducunt
Pectora, &c.

3 The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. *Εκτε Αιγυπτους ἑωρακως αρχην ανατολης παιδιον νεογνον γραφοντας επι λωτῳ καθεζομενον.* Plutarch. *περι του μη χραν εμμετρ.* See also his Treatise de Isid. et Osir. Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. planche 158, and the "Supplement," &c. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

4 The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had

TO

. . . . . .

That wrinkle, when first I espied it,
  At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
  Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
  When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
  She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
  I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
  Than bask in the noon of another!

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before —
  "Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
  "'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, sipp'd
  The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
  Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
  As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung —
  On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
  A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
  Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
  Of which luxurious heav'n hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
  As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
  Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
  And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
  And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream —
  The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman! — such, oh! such
  Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
Every hand's licentious touch
  Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
  And when you think heav'n's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break —
  Oh Love! oh Music! how I hate you!

TO

MRS. . . . . .

On some Calumnies against her Character.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refin'd?

appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) καιουσι, instead of καλουσι, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow. De Origin. et Progress. Idololat. lib. iii. cap. 13.

Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or heav'n can trace?
And, oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man be first to wound thee;
Though the whole world may freeze around thee,
Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,[1]
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN
OF
A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.
At the Tomb of her Mother.

Oh! lost, for ever lost! — no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!
No more to Tempe's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home![2]
'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a deity!
Guide of my heart! to mem'ry true,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own —
I see thee raising from the dew
Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
"Was planted for a doom divine;
"And, though it weep in languor now,
"Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
"Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
"Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
"A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
"To bloom immortal in the skies!"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heav'n's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! as oft, at close of day

1 This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water inclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. de Crystallo cui aqua inerat. Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; he also says: "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." Addison's Remarks on several parts of Italy.

2 The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempe for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." *Αλλα μην και τῳ κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην διαφ την εις Δελφους ταρομαρτει αυλητης.*

When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To mem'ry so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ωσπερ σφραγιδος τα φιληματα. *Achilles Tatius*, Lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken! — once betray'd,
"Oh! never can my heart rely
"On word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
"With promis'd faith and vows to heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal which oft, in moments blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
"And sworn its dewy spring should be
"A fountain seal'd * for only thee!
"Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring — the seal I took,
While, oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!
"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the seals he gave
"To every ringlet's jetty wave,
"And where is every one he printed
"Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
"Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
"Oh! richer, softer far than this!

"And then the ring — my love! recall
"How many rings, delicious all,
"His arms around that neck hath twisted,
"Twining warmer far than this did!
"Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
"Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew!
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine —

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking." Maundrell's Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO

MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

On her Singing.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy Fancy keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that heav'n had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has lov'd to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pin'd
For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
Are realiz'd, at once, in thee!

LINES

WRITTEN AT

The Cohos, or Falls of the Mohawk River.*

GIA ERA IN LOCO OVE S'UDIA 'L RIMBOMBO
DELL' ACQUA . . . . . *Dante.*

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And, as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,
Flying by every green recess

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd —
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May heav'n's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it —
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

TO
MISS . . . . . .

With woman's form and woman's tricks
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you:
I pray you, if 'tis not too far,
Go, ask of Nature *which* you are,
Or what she meant to make you.

Yet, stay — you need not take the pains —
With neither beauty, youth, nor brains
For man or maid's desiring;
Pert as female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale
The thing's not worth inquiring!

TO
. . . . . .

On her Asking me to address a Poem to her.

SINE VENERE FRIGET APOLLO. *Aegid. Menagius.*

How can I sing of fragrant sighs
I ne'er have felt from thee?
How can I sing of smiling eyes
That ne'er have smil'd on me?

The heart, 'tis true, may fancy much,
But, oh! 'tis cold and seeming —
One moment's real, rapturous touch
Is wroth an age of dreaming!

Think'st thou, when JULIA's lip and breast
Inspir'd my youthful tongue,
I coldly spoke of lips unprest,
Nor felt the heav'n I sung?

No, no, the spell that warm'd so long
Was still my JULIA's kiss,
And still the girl was paid, in song,
What she had giv'n, in bliss!

Then beam one burning smile on me,
And I will sing those eyes;
Let me but feel a breath from thee,
And I will praise thy sighs.

That rosy mouth alone can bring
What makes the bard divine —
Oh, Lady! how my lip would sing,
If once 'twere prest to thine!

SONG

OF

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.[1]

QUA VIA DIFFICILIS, QUAQUE EST VIA NULLA . . . . . .
Ovid. Metam. Lib. III. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!
Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along!
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam —
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home![2]

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman[3] loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,[4]
Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error

1 The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

2 "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." Morse's American Geography.

3 The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

4 This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there![1]
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires.

TO

MRS. HENRY T—GHE,

ON

READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And e'en thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd —
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd!

Oh! you that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where heav'n has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, PSYCHE knows, the boy will fly![2]

Dear PSYCHE! many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste

1 "We find also cellars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." See Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." See Hennepin's Voyage into North America.

2 See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his "Osservazioni sopra

To the fair fount and blissful bower [1]
  Thy mazy foot my soul hath trac'd!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
  Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow [2]
  Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above th' horizon dim,
  Along whose verge our spirits stray
(Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
  Half brighten'd by th' eternal ray,[3]

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
  Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
  Through sunny good and evil dark,

Still be the song to PSYCHE dear,
  The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless, here,
  As nectar keeps her soul, in heaven!

IMPROMPTU

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O DULCES COMITUM VALETE COETUS!

Catullus.

No, never shall my soul forget
  The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met!
  And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
  Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
  Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of mem'ry found,
  Alive, within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
  O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

EPISTLE VIII.

TO THE

HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

NEC VENIT AD DUROS MUSA VOCATA GETAS.

Ovid. ex Ponto, Lib. 1. Ep. 5.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd, in those classic bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
'Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,
And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade!

alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi." He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love; and he accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies; accordingly, he observes, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris; and Apuleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the Giornale di Litterati d'Italia, Tom. xxvii. Articol. 1. See also the observations upon the ancient gems in the Museum Florentinum, Vol. i. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopedists have been led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They say "Petrone fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyche). Déjà, dit-il, &c. &c." The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis. See Spon's Recherches curieuses, &c. Dissertat. 5.

1 Allusions to Mrs. T—ghe's poem.

2 Constancy.

3 By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

There still the bard who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Warm without toil and brilliant in repose.
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
How mitres hang where ivy wreaths might twine,
And heathen Massic's damn'd for stronger wine!
There too are all those wandering souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
By mem'ry's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days,
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows e'en the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering[1] rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
The world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take christians, mohawks, democrats and all
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury, but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no — the muse of inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, oh you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave![2]
Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore

1 This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." Letter xxvii.

2 In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hop'd to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and th' illumin'd taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above! —
If yet, releas'd from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness and so pleas'd with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given —
Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er!

Believe me, SPENCER, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!
And looks I met, like looks I lov'd before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
The chord of mem'ry, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd!
When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
E'en now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England — oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

Euripides.

A WARNING.

TO

. . . . . .

OH! fair as heav'n and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep

O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heav'nly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom too was once a zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
The gem has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
To mem'ry rais'd by hands unknown,
Which many a wintry hour has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he crost,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see —
Heav'n keep the lost one's fate from thee!

TO

. . . . . .

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One moment's thought to stray from thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer —
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
I am lost, unless I fly thee!

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would — for thou'rt as cold
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And wouldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet — *could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Good heav'n! how much, how far beyond
Fame, duty, hope that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

But no, no, no — farewell — we part,
Never to meet, no, never, never —

Oh, woman! what a mind and heart
Thy coldness has undone for ever!

FROM

THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI. 1

CUM DIGNO DIGNA... *Sulpicia.*

"WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
"With eyes of fire, and feet of air,
"Whose harp around my altar swells,
"The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

'Twas thus the deity, who treads
The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
Day from his eyelids! — thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
"With eyes of fire and feet of air,
"Whose harp around my altar swells,
"The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,[2]
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns[3] of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven!

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
"In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
"And bid those eyes with fonder fire
"Be kindled for a god's desire;[4]
"Since He, who lights the path of years —
"E'en from the fount of morning's tears
"To where his setting splendours burn
"Upon the western seamaid's urn —
"Cannot, in all his course, behold
"Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold!
"Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
"His lip yet sparkling with the tide
"That mantles in Olympian bowls,
"The nectar of eternal souls!
"For her, for her he quits the skies,
"And to her kiss from nectar flies.

1 This poem requires a little explanation. It is well known that, in the ancient temples, whenever a reverend priest, like the supposed author of the invitation before us, was inspired with a tender inclination towards any fair visitor of the shrine, and, at the same time, felt a diffidence in his own powers of persuasion, he had but to proclaim that the God himself was enamoured of her, and had signified his divine will that she should sleep in the interior of the temple. Many a pious husband connived at this divine assignation, and even declared himself proud of the selection with which his family had been distinguished by the deity. In the temple of Jupiter Belus there was a splendid bed for these occasions. In Egyptian Thebes the same mockery was practised; and, at the oracle of Patara in Lycia, the priestess never could prophesy till an interview with the deity was allowed her. The story which we read in Josephus (Lib. xviii. cap. 3) of the Roman matron Paulina, whom the priests of Isis, for a bribe, betrayed in this manner to Mundus, is a singular instance of the impudent excess to which credulity suffered these impostures to be carried. This story has been put into the form of a little novel, under the name of "La Pudicitia Schernita," by the licentious and unfortunate Pallavicino. See his Opere Scelte, Tom. i. I have made my priest here prefer a cave to the temple.

2 In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already:

Ει δε γε χρη και παρ σοφον αντιφερειξαι
Εροιω·

3 *Αλλ' εις δαφνωδη γυαλα βησομαι ταδε.* EURIPID. *Ion.* v. 76.

4 Ne deve partorir ammiratione ch'egli si pregiasse di haver una Deità concorrente nel possesso della moglie; mentre anche nei nostri secoli, non ostante così rigorose legge d'onore, trovasi chi s'ascrive a gloria il veder la moglie honorata da gl'amplessi di un Principe.
Pallavicino.

"Oh! he would hide his wreath of rays,
"And leave the world to pine for days,
"Might he but pass the hours of shade,
"Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
"She, more than earthly woman blest,
"He, more than god on woman's breast?"

There is a cave beneath the steep;[1]
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew,
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay!
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
"And the dim orb of lunar souls[2]
"Along its shadowy pathway rolls —
"There shall we find our bridal bed,
"And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
"Not e'en in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
"A bridal bed so blest as ours!

"Tell the imperial God, who reigns
"Sublime in oriental fanes,
"Whose towering turrets paint their pride
"Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide;[3]

1 The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

2 See a preceding note, page 473. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes too imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

3 The temple of Jupiter Belus at Babylon, which consisted of several chapels and towers. "In the last tower (says Herodotus) is a large chapel, in which there lies a bed, very splendidly ornamented, and beside it a table of gold; but there is no statue in the place. No man is allowed to sleep here, but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldaean priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite." Lib. i. cap. 181.

The poem now before the reader, and a few more in the present collection, are taken from a work, which I rather prematurely announced to the public, and which, perhaps very luckily for myself, was interrupted by my voyage to America. The following fragments from the same work describe the effect of one of these invitations of Apollo upon the mind of a young enthusiastic girl.

Delphi heard her shrine proclaim,
In oracles, the guilty flame.
Apollo lov'd my youthful charms,
Apollo woo'd me to his arms! —
Sure, sure when man so oft allows
Religion's wreath to blind his brows,
Weak wondering woman *must* believe,
Where pride and zeal at once deceive,
When flattery takes a holy vest,
Oh! 'tis too much for woman's breast!

How often ere the destin'd time,
Which was to seal my joys sublime,
How often did I trembling run
To meet, at morn, the mounting sun,
And, while his fervid beam he threw
Upon my lip's luxuriant dew,
I thought — alas! the simple dream —
There burn'd a kiss in every beam;
With parted lips inhal'd their heat,
And sigh'd "oh god! thy kiss is sweet!"

Oft too, at day's meridian hour,
When to the naiad's gleamy bower
Our virgins steal, and, blushing, hide
Their beauties in the folding tide,
If, through the grove, whose modest arms
Were spread around my robeless charms,
A wandering sunbeam wanton fell
Where lover's looks alone should dwell,
Not all a lover's looks of flame
Could kindle such an amorous shame,
It was the sun's admiring glance,
And, as I felt its glow advance
O'er my young beauties, wildly flush'd
I burn'd and panted, thrill'd and blush'd!

* * * * * *

"Tell him, when to his midnight loves
"In mystic majesty he moves,
"Lighted by many an odorous fire,
"And hymn'd by all Chaldaea's choir —
"Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
"The pompous joy delights him less
"(E'en though his mighty arms enfold
"A priestess on a couch of gold)
"Than, when in love's unholier prank,
"By moonlight cave or rustic bank
"Upon his neck some woodnymph lies,
"Exhaling from her lip and eyes
"The flame and incense of delight,
"To sanctify a dearer rite,
"A myst'ry, more divinely warm'd
"Than priesthood ever yet perform'd!"

Happy the maid, whom heav'n allows
To break for heav'n her virgin vows!
Happy the maid! — her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heav'nly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!

Oh, virgin! what a doom is thine!
To-night, to-night a lip divine *
In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality!
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly;
There lose the world and wed the sky!
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or woman feel!

WOMAN.

Away, away — you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Slow to be warm'd and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain
Than one true, manly lover blest!

No deity at midnight came,
The lamps, that witness'd all my shame,
Reveal'd to these bewilder'd eyes
No other shape than earth supplies;
No solar light, no nectar'd air,
All, all, alas! was human there,
Woman's faint conflict, virtue's fall,
And passion's victory, human all!
How gently must the guilt of love
Be charm'd away by Powers above,
When men possess such tender skill
In softening crime and sweetening ill!
'Twas but a night, and morning's rays
Saw me, with fond, forgiving gaze,
Hang o'er the quiet slumbering breast
Of him who ruin'd all my rest;
Him, who had taught these eyes to weep
Their first sad tears, and yet could sleep!

* * * * * *

* Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'Histoire des Oracles, seconde dissertat. chap. vii. Crebillon too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner very formidable to the husbands of the island. He says, however, "Les maris ont le plaisir de rester toujours dans le doute; en pareil cas, c'est une ressource."

Away, away — your smile's a curse —
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying heaven! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!

TO

. . . . . .

ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ.

Euripides. 1803.

COME, take the harp — 'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love! — though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget —
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost — oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou too wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine —
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A

VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'TWAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; * a virgin bloom

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs.

Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
'Twas language sweeten'd into song — such holy sounds
As oft the spirit oft the good man hears,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh! [1] and still, as he unclos'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium, [2] breath'd around!
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
O'er nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mus'd, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore, [3]
Nor let the living star of science [4] sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd the world! —
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him, [5] who trac'd upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
Of Carmel's sacred mount! [6] — Then, in a flow

Περι την ερυθραν θαλασσαν εὑρον, ανθρωποις ανα παν ετος ἁπαξ εντυγχανοντα, ταλλα δε συν ταις νυμφαις, νομασι και δαιμοσι, ὡς εφασκε. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and when ever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: *φθεγγομενου δε τον τοπον ευωδια κατειχε, του στοματος ἡδιστον αποπνεοντος.* From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

1 The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius "In harmoniam, quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa." Page 501.

2 ..... *ενθα μακαρων*
νασον ωκεανιδες
αυραι περιπνεουσιν· αν-
θεμα δε χρυσου φλεγει. *Pindar. Olymp.* ii.

3 Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Annius, and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c. chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

4 Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea falsee dictum et pro Deo habitum. Bochart. Geograph. Sacr. Lib. iv. cap. I.

5 Orpheus. — Paulinus, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2. Lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, page 4.2. for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument (Plutarch. de Animae Procreat.); and Euryphamus, the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobaeus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well tuned lyre. Some of the ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the operations of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thesin," while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says, "let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle;" but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as in the treatise *Περι κοσμου* attributed to him, *Καθαπερ δε εν χορῳ, χορυφαιου καταρξαντος κ. τ. λ.*

The Abbé Batteux, upon the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration. "L'ame était cause active *ποιειν αιτιος;* le corps cause passive *ἡδε του πασχειν.* L'une agissant dans l'autre; et y prenant, par son action même, un caractère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avait pas par elle-même; à peu près comme l'air, qui, chassé dans un instrument de musique, fait connaître, par les différens sons qu'il produit, les différentes modifications qu'il y reçoit." See a fine simile of this kind in Cardinal Polignac's poem, Lib. 5. v. 734.

6 Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,

Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phoenicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted this idea, Démonstration Evangélique, Prop. iv. chap. 2, §. 7. and Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See Biblioth. Choisie, Tom. i. p. 75. It is certain, however, that the doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated long before Epicurus "With the fountains of Democritus," says Cicero, "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and indeed the learned author of the Intellectual System has shown, that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato, were atomists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhaps few among the ancients had a stronger claim to originality; for, in truth, if we examine their schools of philosophy, notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to distinguish them from each other, we may generally observe that the difference is but verbal and trifling, and that, among those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely one to be selected, whose opinions are its own, original and exclusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be traced through all the sects. The continual metempsychosis of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoics (at the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution), the successive dissolution and combination of atoms maintained by the Epicureans, all these tenets are but different intimations of the same general belief in the eternity of the world. As St. Austin explains the periodic year of the Stoics, it disagrees only so far with the idea of the Pythagoreans, that instead of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul to repeat their former round of existence, and "that identical Plato, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals, during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Academy and resume the same functions —" ..... sic eadem tempora temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. sicut in isto saeculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in ea schola, quae Academia dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per innumerabilia retro saecula, multum plexis quidem intervallis, sed certis, et idem Plato et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde saecula repetendi sint. De Civitat. Dei, Lib. xii. cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Ea de causa, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, toticsque renascentur quotics ceciderunt." 52.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics of the school, and, according to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Priora illa (decreta), quae passim in philosophantium scholis ferè obtinent, ista quae peculiaria huic sectae et habent contradictionem: i. e paradoxa." Manuduct. ad Stoic. Philos. Lib. iii. Dissertat. 2. But it is evident (as the Abbé Garnier has remarked, Mémoires de l'Acad. Tom. 35.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, and that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We find their dogma, "dives qui sapiens," (which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from the Philosopher to the Christian, Paedagog. Lib. iii. cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at the end of the Phaedrus *Ω φιλε Παν τε και αλλοι ὁσοι τηδε θεοι, δοιητε μοι καλω γενεσθαι τανδοθεν. ταξωθεν δε ὁσα εχω, τοις εντος ειναι μοι φιλια· πλουσιον δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον.* And many other instances might be adduced from the *Αντεραστα*, the *Πολιτικος*, &c. to prove that these weeds of paradox were gathered among the bowers of the Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his Paradoxes, calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrates, says "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a coalition, which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similitude of ancient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of the Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his own ignorance, is called in to authorize the pretensions of the most obstinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his Itinerarium, has ridiculed the sabbath of the Jews, as "lassati mollis imago Dei;" but Epicurus gave an eternal holiday to his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to have been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, in a letter to Autolycus, Lib. iii. imputes a similar belief to Pythagoras. *φησι (Πυθαγορας) τε των παντων θεους ανθρωπων μηδεν φροντιζειν.* And Plutarch, though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the very same theological error; having quoted the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divinity, he adds, *Κοινως ουν ἁμαρτανουσιν αμφοτεροι, ὁτι τον θεον εποιησαν επιστεφομενον των ανθρωπινων.* De Placit. Philosoph. Lib. i. cap. 7. Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where Protarchus asks, *Ουκουν εικος γε ουτε χαιρειν θεοις, ουτε το εναντιον;* and Socrates answers, *Παυ μεν ουν εικος ασχημον γουν αυτων ἑκατερον γιγνομενον εστιν*, while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice. *Και γαρ ὡσπερ ουδεν θηριον εστι κακια, ουδ' αρετη, ὁυτως ουδε θεου.* Ethic. Nicomach. Lib. vii. cap. 1. In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise *Περι Κοσμου* (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; they both omit the mention of a deity and, in his Ethics, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. *Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια των ανθρωπινων ὑπο θεων γινεται.* It is true, he adds *Ὡσπερ δοκει*, but even this is very sceptical.

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to interpret all his fancies to their purpose; such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like Borgia, et Caesar et nihil. Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit." Lib. de Providentia cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other. "Peri-

Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heav'nly truth lay, like a broken beam
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,[1]
And bright through every change! — he spoke of Him,
The lone,[2] eternal One, who dwells above,
And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its etherial touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left![3]

pateticos et Academicos, nominibus differentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sententiis dissenserunt." Academic. Lib. ii. 5; and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconcilement of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated." Essays, Vol. iii. In short, from the little which I know upon the subject, it appears to me as difficult to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, as it would be to fix the landmarks of those estates in the moon, which Riccioius so generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician, sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus; "non sine causa igitur Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus." Tusculan. Quaest. Lib. v. Though often pure in his theology, he sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says, "Quae si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ci tandem aliud mors eripuit, praeter sensum doloris?" though here, perhaps, we should do him justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage. "Haec autem dixit, ut causae suae subserviret," Horace roves like a butterfly through the schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, and now basks among the flowers of the Garden; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has left us uncertain of the sect which he espoused; the balance of opinion declares him an Epicurean, but the ancient author of his life asserts that he was an Academician, and we trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the leading sects. The same kind of eclectic indifference is observable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Propertius, in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for Athens,

Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis
Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis. Lib. iii. Eleg. 21.

Though Broeckhusius here reads, "dux Epicure," which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers; and Boccaccio, in his commentary upon Dante, has doubted (in consideration of the philosopher's supposed correspondence with St. Paul) whether Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the rest of the Pagans—the rigid Seneca has bestowed such commendations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his works were preserved to us, we could not, I think, hesitate in pronouncing him an Epicurean. In the same manner we find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lancelotti, the author of Farfalloni degli antici Istorici, has been seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There is no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers, and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menœceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. M. de Sablons, in his Grands Hommes vengés, expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopedists for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "si ce philosophe était vertueux," he denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. *Αλλα την δοξαν, ου την αληθειαν σκοπουμεν.* To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals the Stoics, Epicurus owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of Epicurus with the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the declamations of the fathers against the heretics, trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of this philosopher, as we would to St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time, when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important and much more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present.

1 Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis." Inst. Lib. vi. c. 7.

2 *Το μονον και ερημον.*

3 This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's Cérém. Relig. Tom. IV.

And here the old man ceased — a winged train
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I wak'd,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams,
Who live upon the burning galaxy!*

TO

. . . . . .

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on,
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear —
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again!

With every beamy smile, that crost
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
And peace, which long had learn'd to roam!

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they've left behind!

I could have lov'd you — oh, so well; —
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
Which only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

* * * * *

* * * *

DREAMS.

TO

. . . . . .

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are — Heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they kiss'd the time through,

* According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy. *Δημος δε ονειρων, κατα Πυθαγορον, αἱ ψυχαι ἁς συναγεσθαι φησιν εις τον γαλαξιαν.* Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.

For, when souls come together at night,
  There is no knowing what they mayn't do!
And *your* little Soul, Heaven bless her!
  Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
  By keeping her prison'd all day.
"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
  "For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
  "Just venture abroad on a sigh;
"In an instant, she frightens me in
  "With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
  "Or, what is still worse, into error!
"So, instead of displaying my graces
  "Through look and through words and through mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
  "Where truly I blush to be seen!"
Upon hearing this piteous confession,
  My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
  He did not know much of the matter;
"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
  "Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
  "And we'll talk o'er the subject again."
So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
  I suppose to her door to direct him,
And — just after midnight, my dear,
  Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO

MRS. . . . . .

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste. —
Where are the chords she us'd to touch?
Where are the songs she lov'd so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast!
Yet, no — the simple notes I play'd
On mem'ry's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor mem'ry lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

A

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. *

ET REMIGEM CANTUS HORTATUR.

Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in de-

Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. [1]
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE

LADY CHARLOTTE R — WD — N

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf! [2]
There, listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,

scending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *Voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling, but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now, there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go to the Grande Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

1 "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers." *Mackenzie. General History of the Fur Trade.*

2 Avendo essi per costume di avere in veneratione gli alberi grandi et antici, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate. Pietro della Valle, Part. Second. Lettera 16da i giardini di Sciraz.

Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep, [1]
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed! —
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
Oh Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft! — the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star, [2]
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake, [3] gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

From the clime of sacred doves, [4]
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light, [5]
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks, as if it hung in air! [6]

1 When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited for our amusement, in the race, the bat-game, &c. while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

2 Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence. Vol. i. p. 29.

3 The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

4 "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, Tom. i. p. 402.

5 "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." *Mackenzie's Journal.*

6 I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes. "When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

Then, when I have stray'd a while
Through the Manataulin isle, [1]
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-Bird [2] I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves [3]!
Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Trough his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread [4] loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head, [5]
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heav'n of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wig-wam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird [6] soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,

1 Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin. Voyages du Baron de Lahontan, Tom. i. Lett. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

2 The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." *Morse.*

3 The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

4 "The gold thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." *Morse.*

5 L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistance des fleurs commes les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. Bossu. Seconde Part. Lett. xx.

6 Emberiza hyemalis. See *Imlay's Kentucky*, page 280.

Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
Virgins,[1] who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,[2]
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heav'nly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze or echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say what small and fairy ties
The mem'ry flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead!
Or whether mem'ry to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!
Whatever hue my recollections take,
E'en the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite! — but, oh! no more —
Lady! adieu — my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!

1 Lafitau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians; but I am afraid that Jaques Carthier, upon whose authority he supports himself, meant any thing but vestal institutions by the "cabanes publiques" which he met with at Montreal. See *Lafitau, Moeurs des Sauvages Amériquains, &c.* Tom. i. p. 173.

2 Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Sì che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti sì lontani.

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.
Dante, Purgator. Cant. ii.

IMPROMPTU,

After a Visit to Mrs. ——, of Montreal.

'Twas but for a moment — and yet in that time
  She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
  Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day,
  To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
  Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
  We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
  As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN ON

PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,[1]

IN THE

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO

THE BOSTON FRIGATE,[2]

ON

LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

ΝΟΣΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΓΑΥΚΕΡΟΥ. — *Pindar, Pyth.* 4.

With triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,

1 This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality, with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

2 Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom

For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand *
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well — peace to the land! may the people, at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength;
That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret,
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumin'd our bowl,
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board!
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few — though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest!

But, Douglas! while thus I endear to my mind
Th' elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh! think then how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is inshrin'd
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part! —

But see! — the bent top-sails are ready to swell —
To the boat — I am with thee — Columbia, farewell!

I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

* Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded. — I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

TO

LADY H . . . . . .

ON AN

OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunebridge est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie, &c &c." *See Mémoires de Grammont*, Seconde Part., Chap. iii.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, AUGUST, 1805.

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you!

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because, as yet, she knew no better!

Each night they held a coterie,
Where every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their schoolday pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As — "Why are husbands like the Mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because it wants some hand to rase
The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried,
And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or — some such thing;

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then — to you
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by H — the — te's eye of blue
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in H — the — te live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
  The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
  And acting Grammont every night!

TO

. . . . . .

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
  You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip, that's so scented by roses,
  Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
  Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
  May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
  Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
  Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books —
  Oh, FANNY! they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
  Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
  Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
  As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics — 'tis you that can check,
  In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
  And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
  When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But Eloquence glows on your lip
  When you swear, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
  Of arts is assembled in you —
A course of more exquisite science
  Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh! — if a fellow like me
  May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
  My divine little Mistress of Arts!

EXTRACT

FROM

"THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS." *

ΤΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ Ὁ ΓΕΛΩΣ;

Chrysost. Homil. in Epist. ad Hebraeos.

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
The rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing?
Instead of wise encomiastics,
Upon the Doctors and Scholastics,
Polymaths and Polyhistors,

* I promised that I would give the remainder of this Poem, but, as my critics do not seem to relish the sublime learning which it contains, they shall have no more of it. With a view, however, to the edification of these gentlemen, I have prevailed on an industrious friend of mine, who has read a great number of unnecessary books, to illuminate the extract with a little of his precious erudition.

Polyglots and — all their sisters,
The instant I have got the whim in,
Off I fly with nuns and women,
Like epic poets, ne'er at ease
Until I've stol'n "in medias res!"
So have I known a hopeful youth
Sit down, in quest of lore and truth,
With tomes, sufficient to confound him,
Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,
Mamurra [1] stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus! [2]
When lo! while all that's learn'd and wise
Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
And through the window of his study
Beholds a virgin fair and ruddy,
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
The angels [3] were on Hieronymus,
Saying, 'twas just as sweet to kiss her — oh!
Far more sweet than reading Cicero!
Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,
And Sappho's skin to Tully's leather,
All are confus'd and tost together!
Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page:
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part;
In whom the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume! [4]
But, to begin my subject rhyme —
'Twas just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics,
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor knew the use of her,
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger [5] et caeteris,)
Finding that, in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,

1 Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. "Nulla de re unquam praeterquam de patre dubitavit." In vit. — He was very learned — "La-dedans (that is, in his head when it was opened), le Punique heurte le Persan, l'Hébreu choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler de la mauvaise intelligence du Latin avec le Grec, &c. See L'Histoire de Montmaur, Tom. 2, page 91.

2 Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus. "Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido tegmine Aureoli Theophrasti Paracelsi," says Stadelius de circumforanea Literatorum vanitate. — He used to fight the devil every night with a broad-sword, to the no small terror of his pupil Oporinus, who has recorded the circumstance. (Vide Oporin. Vit. apud Christian. Gryph. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum, &c. Paracelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen. "My very beard (says he in his Paragraeuum) has more learning in it than either Galen or Avicenna."

3 The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "Concordantia discordantium Canonum," and says that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics. "Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat." Distinct. 37. But Gratian is notorious for lying — besides, angels have got no tongues, as the illustrious pupil of Pantenus assures us. *Ουχ' ὡς ἡμιν τα ωτα, οὑτως εκεινοις ἡ γλωττα· ουδ' αν οργανα τις δωη φωνης αγγελοις.* Clem. Alexand. Stromat. Now, how an angel could scold without a tongue, I shall leave the angelic Mrs. —— to determine.

4 The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of woman is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And he makes a deplorable ape of himself.
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he — leaves her behind him as much as he can.

5 Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor. — Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry. See Jaques Gaffarel's Curiosités inouïes, chap. 1. He says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."

Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic manikin,
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas, [1]
Lully, Hales irrefragabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is!
In languages, [1] the Polyglots,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrim and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Were one and seventy fools to him!
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That all for Greek and learning's glory, [3]
He nightly tippled "Graeco more,"
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends,
From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
Say, to be At-tick's to be on tick!
In logics, he was quite Ho Panu! [4]
Knew as much as ever man knew.
He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic,
That though you were the learned Stagyrite,
At once upon the hip he had you right!
Sometimes indeed his speculations
Were view'd as dangerous innovations.
As thus — the Doctor's house did harbour a
Sweet blooming girl, whose name was Barbara:
Oft, when his heart was in a merry key,
He taught his maid his esoterica,
And sometimes, as a cure for hectics,
Would lecture her in dialectics.
How far their zeal let him and her go
Before they came to sealing Ergo,

1 I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boëthius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with. "Alcibiades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis, &c." See Freytag Adparat. Litterar. Art. 86. Tom. 1.

2 The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language:

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.

Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To ask e'en "what's o'clock" in Latin!

These lines may be found in the "Auctorum Censio" of Du Verdier (page 29), an excellent critic, if he could have either felt or understood any one of the works which he criticises.

3 It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachim (says he) has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand."——"Graeca sunt, legi non possunt" is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly — far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy jurisconsult upon the Law 6. D. de Bonor. possess. expressly says, "Graecae literae possunt intelligi et legi." (Vide Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fasciculi IV.) — Scipio Carteromachus seems to think that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature: "Via prima salutis Graia pandetur ab urbe." And the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen "per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriae, per reipublicae decus et emolumentum" to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required no further eulogium on his tomb than "Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer."

4 *O ΠΑΝΥ.* — The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model:

Ου γαρ μοι θεμις εστιν in hac regione *μενοντι*
Αξιον ab nostris *επιδευεα* esse *καμηναις.*

Ronard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His "chère Entelechie," in addressing his mistress, is admirable, and can only be matched by Cowley's "Antiperistasis."

Or how they placed the medius terminus
Our chronicles do not determine us;
But so it was — by some confusion
In this their logical praelusion,
The Doctor wholly spoil'd, they say,
The figure [1] of young Barbara;
And thus, by many a snare sophistic,
And enthymeme paralogistic,
Beguil'd a maid, who could not give,
To save her life, a negative [2]
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that amongst the spheres
(Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it),
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
The ratios of a jig or aria.
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast [3]
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went, to crack a bottle!

Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
Like that great little man Albertus,
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries OA! — if girl, OE! —
They are, says he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries "Oh Adam!" [4]

In point of science astronomical,
It seem'd to him extremely comical
That, once a year, the frolic sun
Should call at Virgo's house for fun,
And stop a month and blaze around her
Yet leave her Virgo, as he found her!
But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our daemon play'd his first and top tricks,
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
That glasses are the best utensils
To catch the eye's bewilder'd pencils;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and pure reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon!
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium.
To which these noted picture stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.

1 The first figure of simple syllogisms, to which Barbara belongs, together with Celarent, Darii, and Ferio.

2 Because the three propositions in the mood of Barbara are universal affirmatives. — The poet borrowed this equivoque upon Barbara from a curious Epigram which Menckenius gives in a note upon his "Essays de Charlataneria Eruditorum." — In the "Nuptiae Peripateticae" of Caspar Barlaeus, the reader will find some facetious applications of the terms of logic to matrimony. Crambe's Treatise on Syllogisms, in Martinus Scriblerus, is borrowed chiefly from the "Nuptiae Peripateticae" of Barlaeus.

3 Or Glass-Breaker — Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work published 1682. "De vitreo scypho fracto, &c."

4 This is translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secretis, &c. — I have not the book by me, or I would transcribe the words.

In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good breeding;
For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again![1]

Our doctor thus with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omnisciency
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible,[2]
Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,
The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw the fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebuses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopaedias
Grammars, prayer books — oh! 'twere tedious,
Did I but tell the half, to follow me,
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No — nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heav'n; have miss'd us),
E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * * *

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL.[3]

TO G. M. ESQ.

FROM FREDERICKSBURGH, VIRGINIA,[4] JUNE 2ND,

DEAR George! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking
I've had this week, over ruts and ridges,[5]
And bridges

1 Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

2 Under this description, I believe "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, merely for his merit in writing a cabalistical letter, one word of which neither they nor himself could interpret. See the Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante. — People in all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Serapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter nos liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." Lib. 2. Epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the learned Arabian, read Aristotle's Metaphysics forty times over, for the supreme pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable trough-out them. (Nicolas Massa in Vit. Avicen.)

3 These fragments form but a small part of a ridiculous medley of prose and doggerel, into which, for my amusement, I threw some of the incidents of my journey. If it were even in a more rational form, there is yet much of it too allusive and too personal for publication.

4 Having remained about a week at New York, where I saw Madame Jérome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake (the only things that particularly awakened my attention), I sailed again in the Boston for Norfolk, from whence I proceeded on my tour to the northward, through Williamsburgh, Richmond, &c. At Richmond there are a few men of considerable talents. Mr. Wickham, one of their celebrated legal characters, is a gentleman whose manners and mode of life would do honour to the most cultivated societies. Judge Marshal, the author of *Washington's Life*, is another very distinguished ornament of Richmond. These gentlemen, I must observe, are of that respectable, but at present unpopular, party, the Federalists.

5 What Mr. Weld says of the continual necessity of balancing or trimming the stage, in passing over some of the wretched roads in America, is by no means exaggerated. "The driver frequently had to call to the passengers in the stage, to lean out of the carriage, first at one side then at the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts with which the road abounds; 'Now, gentlemen, to the right!' upon which the passengers all stretched their bodies half way out of the carriage, to balance it on that side. 'Now, gentlemen, to the left!' and so on." — WELD's *Travels*, letter 3.

Made of a few uneasy planks,[1]
In open ranks
Like old women's teeth, all loosely thrown
Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
Would make the knees of stoutest man knock,
Rappahannock,
Occoquan — the Heavens may harbour us!
Who ever heard of names so barbarous?
Worse than M***'s Latin,
Or the smooth codicil
To a witch's will, where she brings her cat in!
I treat my goddess ill,
(My muse I mean) to make her speak 'em;
Like the Verbum Graecum,
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,[2]
Words that ought only be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do.

But, dearest George, though every bone is aching
After this shaking,
And trying to regain the socket,
From which the stage thought fit to rock it,
I fancy I shall sleep the better
For having scrawl'd a kind of letter
To you.
It seems to me like — "George, good-night!"
Though far the spot I date it from;
To which I fancy, while I write,
You answer back — "Good-night t'ye, Tom."
But do not think that I shall turn all
Sorts of quiddities,
And insipidities,
Into my journal;
That I shall tell you the different prices
Of eating, drinking, and such other vices,
To "contumace your appetite's acidities:"[3]
No, no; the Muse too delicate bodied is
For such commodities!
Neither suppose, like fellow of college, she
Can talk of conchology,
Or meteorology;
Or that a nymph, who wild as comet errs,
Can discuss barometers,
Farming tools, statistic histories,
Geography, law, or such like mysteries,
For which she doesn't care three skips of
Prettiest flea, that e'er the lips of
Catherine Roache look'd smiling upon,
When bards of France all, one by one,
Declared, that never did hand approach
Such a flea as was caught upon Catharine Roache![4]

* * * * *

Sentiment, George, I'll talk, when I've got any,
And botany —
Oh! Linnaeus has made such a prig o' me,
Cases I'll find of such polygamy

1 Before the stage can pass one of these bridges, the driver is obliged to stop and arrange the loose planks, of which it is composed, in the manner that best suits his ideas of safety: and, as the planks are again disturbed by the passing of the coach, the next travellers who arrive have of course a new arrangement to make. Mahomet (as Sale tells us) was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of Paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival: a Virginian bridge, I think, would have answered his purpose completely.

2 Σπερμαγοραιολεκιθολαγανοπωλιδες. — From the *Lysistrata* of ARISTOPHANES, v. 458.

3 This phrase is taken verbatim from an account of an expedition to Drummond's Pond, by one of those many Americans who profess to think that the English language, as it has been hitherto written, is deficient in what they call republican energy. One of the *savans* of Washington is far advanced in the construction of a new language for the United States, which is supposed to be a mixture of Hebrew and Mikmak.

4 Alluding to a collection of poems, called *La Puce des grands-jours de Poitiers*. They were all written upon a flea, which Stephen Pasquier found on the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roches, one morning during the *grands-jours* of Poitiers. I ask pardon of the learned Catherine's memory, for my vulgar alteration of her most respectable name.

Under every bush,
As would make the "shy curcuma" [1] blush;
Vice under every name and shape,
From adulterous gardens to fields of rape!
I'll send you some Dionaea Muscipula,
And, into Bartram's book if you dip, you'll a
Pretty and florid description find of
This "ludicrous, lobed, carnivorous, kind of —" [2]
The Lord deliver us!
Think of a vegetable being "carnivorous!"
And, George, be sure
I'll treat you too, like Liancourt [3]
(Nor thou be risible),
With all the views, so striking and romantic,
Which one *might* have of the Atlantic,
If it were visible

* * * * *

And now, to tell you the gay variety
Of my stage society,
There was a quaker, who room for twenty took,
Pious and big as a Polyglot Pentateuch!
There was his niece too, sitting so fair by,
Like a neat testament, kept to swear by.
What pity, blooming girl!
That lips, so ready for a lover,
Should not beneath their ruby casket cover
One tooth of pearl! [4]
But, like a rose beside the church-yard-stone,
Be doom'd to blush o'er many a mouldering bone!
There was * * * *
There was a student of the college, too,
Who said
Much more about the riches of his head,
Than, if there were an income-tax on brains
His head could venture to acknowledge to.
I ask'd the Scholar
If his — what d'ye call her? —
Alma Mater and her Bishop
Properly follow'd the Marquis's wish up, [5]
And were much advancing
In dancing?

* * * * *

The evening now grew dark and still;
The whip-poor-will
Sung pensively on every tree;
And strait I fell into a reverie
Upon that man of gallantry and pith,
Captain Smith. [6]

1 "Curcuma, cold and shy." — DARWIN.

2 "Observed likewise in these savannas abundance of the ludicrous Dionaea Muscipula." — BARTRAM's *Travels in North America*. For his description of this "carnivorous vegetable," see Introduction, p. 13.

3 This philosophical Duke, describing the view from Mr. Jefferson's house, says, "The Atlantic might be seen, were it not for the greatness of the distance, which renders that prospect impossible." — See his *Travels*.

4 Polygnotus was the first painter, says Pliny, who showed the teeth in his portraits. He would scarcely, I think, have been tempted to such an innovation in America.

5 The Marquis CHASTELLUX, in his wise letter to Mr. Maddison, Professor of Philosophy in the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburgh, dwells with much earnestness on the attention which should be paid to dancing. — See his *Travels*. This college, the only one in the state of Virginia, and the first which I saw in America, gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. That contempt for the elegancies of education, which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia: the young men, who look for advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians; and as every thing that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and unpopular, the levelling system is applied to education, and has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. The Abbé RAYNAL, in his prophetic admonitions to the Americans, directing their attention very strongly to learned establishments, says, "When the youth of a country are seen depraved, the nation is on the decline." I know not what the Abbé Raynal would pronounce of this nation now, were he alive to know the morals of the young students at Williamsburgh! But when he wrote, his countrymen had not yet introduced the "doctrinam deos spernentem" into America.

6 John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most enterprising of the first settlers in Virginia. How much he was indebted to the interesting young Pocahuntas, daughter of King

And very strange it seem'd to me,
That, after having kiss'd so grand a
Dame as Lady Trabigzanda,
By any chance he
Could take a fancy
To a nymph, with such a copper front as
Pocahuntas!
And now, as through the gloom so dark,
The fire-flies scatter'd many a fiery spark,
To one, that glittered on the quaker's bonnet,
I wrote a sonnet. [1]

* * * * * *

And ——
two lines more had just completed it;
But, at the moment I repeated it,
Our stage,
Which good Brissot, with brains so critical
And sage,
Calleth the true "machine political" [2]
With all its load of uncles, scholars, nieces,
Together jumbled,
Tumbled
Into a rut and fell to pieces!

* * * * * *

Good night! — my bed must be,
By this time, warm enough for me,
Because I find old Ephraim Steady
And Miss his niece are there already!
Some cavillers
Object to sleep with fellow-travellers;
But * * * *
Saints protect the pretty quaker,
Heaven forbid that I should wake her!

TO A FRIEND.

When next you see the black-eyed *Caty*,
The loving, languid girl of Hayti, [3]
Whose finger so expertly plays
Amid the ribbon's silken maze,
Just like Aurora, when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies!

Say, that I hope, when winter's o'er,
On Norfolk's bank again to rove,
And then shall search the ribbon store
For some of *Caty's* softest *love*.

I should not like the gloss were past,
Yet want it not entirely new;
But bright and strong enough to last
About — suppose a week or two.

However frail, however light,
'Twill do, at least, to wear at night:
And so you'll tell our black-eyed *Caty* —
The loving, languid girl of Hayti!

Powhatan, may be seen in all the histories of this colony. In the Dedication of his own work to the Duchess of Richmond he thus enumerates his *bonnes fortunes:* "Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honorable and vertuous Ladies, and comparable but among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in forraine parts I have felt reliefe from that sex. The beauteous Lady Trabigzanda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed Pokahuntas, the great King's daughter of Virginia, oft saved my life."

Davis, in his whimsical *Travels through America*, has manufactured into a kind of romance the loves of Mr. Rolfe with this "opaci maxima mundi," Pocahuntas.

1 For the Sonnet, see page 477.

2 "The American stages are the true political carriages." Brissot's *Travels*, letter 6th. — There is nothing more amusing than the philosophical *singeries* of these French travellers. In one of the letters of Clavière, prefixed to those of Brissot, upon their plan for establishing a republic of philosophers in some part of the western world, he intreats Brissot to be particular in choosing a place "where there are no musquitoes:" forsooth, ne quid respublica detrimenti caperet!

3 Among the West-Indian French at Norfolk, there are some very interesting Saint Domingo girls, who, in the day, sell millinery, &c., and at night assemble in little cotillion parties, where they dance away the remembrance of their unfortunate country, and forget the miseries which "les amis des noirs" have brought upon them.

"Errare malo cum Platone, quam cum aliis recte sentire." CICERO.
I would rather think wrongly with Plato, than rightly with any one else.
1802.

FANNY, my love, we ne'er were sages,
But, trust me, all that Tully's zeal
Express'd for Plato's glowing pages,
All that, and more, for thee I feel!

Whate'er the heartless world decree,
Howe'er unfeeling prudes condemn,
Fanny! I'd rather sin with thee,
Than live and die a saint with them!

SONG.

I NE'ER on that lip for a minute have gazed,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you raised,
How delicious 'twould be — if you'd let me!

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that — you could not but let me!

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
Oh think how bewitching it met me!
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seem'd to say — you would let me!

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For, in truth, if I go, you'll regret me;
Or, oh! — let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish — will you let me?

FROM THE GREEK.*

I'VE press'd her bosom oft and oft;
In spite of many a pouting check,
Have touch'd her lip in dalliance soft,
And play'd around her silvery neck.

But, as for more, the maid's so coy,
That saints or angels might have seen us;
She's now for prudence, now for joy.
Minerva half, and half a Venus.

When Venus makes her bless me near,
Why then, Minerva makes her loth;
And — oh the sweet, tormenting dear!
She makes me mad between them both!

ON A BEAUTIFUL EAST-INDIAN.

IF all the daughters of the sun
Have loving looks and hearts of flame,
Go, tell me not that *she* is one —
'Twas from the wintry moon she came!

And yet, sweet eye! thou ne'er wert given
To kindle what thou dost not feel;
And yet, thou flushing lip — by Heaven!
Thou ne'er wert made for Dian's seal!

Oh! for a sunbeam, rich and warm
From thy own Ganges' fervid haunts,
To light thee up, thou lovely form!
To all my soul adores and wants:

To see thee burn — to faint and sigh
Upon that bosom as it blazed,
And be, myself, the first to die,
Amid the flame myself had raised!

* *Μαζους χερσιν εχω, στοματι στομα, δε περι δειρην*
Ασχετα λυσσωων βοσκομαι αργυρεην·
Ουπω δ' αφρογενειαν ὁλην ἑλον· αλλ' ετι καμνων
Παρθενον αμφιεπον λευκον αναινομενην.
Ἡμισυ γαρ Παφιη, το δ' αρ ἡμισυ δωκεν Αθηνη·
Αυταρ εγω μεσσος τηκομαι αμφοτεραων. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

TO ——

I know that none can smile like thee,
  But there is one, a gentler one,
Whose heart, though young and wild it be,
  Would ne'er have done as thine has done.

When we were left alone to-day,
  When every curious eye was fled,
And all that love could look or say,
  We might have look'd, we might have said:

Would *she* have felt me trembling press,
  Nor trembling press to me again?
Would *she* have had the power to bless,
  Yet want the heart to bless me then?

Her tresses, too, as soft as thine —
Would *she* have idly paused to twine
Their scatter'd locks, with cold delay,
While, oh! such minutes pass'd away,
As Heav'n has made for those who love?
  For those who love, and long to steal
What none but hearts of ice reprove,
  What none but hearts of fire can feel!
Go, go — an age of vulgar years
  May now be pined, be sigh'd away,
Before one blessed hour appears,
  Like that which we have lost to-day!

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
  Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
  That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
  Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy too the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
  With those we love exchanged at night!

At night, what dear employ to trace,
In fancy, every glowing grace
  That's hid by darkness from the sight!
And guess, by every broken sigh,
What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
  Is telling from the soul, at night!

TO ——

I often wish that thou wert dead,
  And I beside thee calmly sleeping;
Since love is o'er and passion fled,
  And life has nothing worth our keeping!

No — common souls may bear decline
  Of all that throbb'd them once so high;
But hearts that beat like thine and mine,
  Must still love on — love on or die!

'Tis true, our early joy was such,
  That nature could not bear th' excess!
It was too much — for life too much —
  Though life be all a blank with less!

To see that eye, so cold, so still,
  Which once, oh God! could melt in bliss —
No, no, I *cannot* bear the chill!
  Hate! burning hate were Heav'n to this!

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

I.

NATIONAL AIRS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

II.

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*naturâ ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. I.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

Spanish Air.

I.

"A Temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden, — the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

II.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
"An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;
"But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove;
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
"Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

I.

Flow on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

II.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

I

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall; —
The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

II.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

I.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter e'en I could not tell —
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heav'n, and to part thus another, —
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

II.

The first was like day-break — new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet —
The last was that farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Air. — *The Bells of St. Petersburgh.*

I.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

II.

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

III.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

I.

*Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;

* The metre of the words is here necessarily sacrificed to the air.

Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone; —

II.

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round.
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

I.

Reason, Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bell of his cap rung merely out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book —
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

II.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!" —
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

III.

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *Ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud),
She liked him still better in that than his own!

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

Sicilian Air.

I.

Fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er,
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

II.

Yet those eyes look constant still,

True as stars they keep their light;
Still those checks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

Portuguese Air.

I.

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us — never, never more to part!

II.[1]

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest —
"My life, my only life!" among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
Thou saidst "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
"Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
"For life soon passes, but how bless'd to be
"That soul which never, never parts from thee!"

OH! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

I.

Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Oh! come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

II.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,[2]
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

1 The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.
2 Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise. — Rousseau, *Dictionnaire de Musique.*

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

I.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

I.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing,
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear,
Jubilate, Amen.

II.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along,
Jubilate, Amen.

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. II.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

I.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;

But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

II.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
"Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

III.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay,
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

IV.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.

V.

Another sail — 'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd:
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

VI.

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain,
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er —
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

I.

There comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.
There comes a time, &c.

II.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light —
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.
Oh! there comes a time, &c.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

I.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,

To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

II.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own,
Though thou art oft so full of pain
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH! NO — NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

I.

Oh! no — not e'en when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now!

II.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh! I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

I.

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rov'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

II.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

I.

While I touch the string,
Wreathe my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,

Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles
While I touch the string, &c.

II.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying,
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him,
T' *other* idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

III.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heav'n that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, &c.

IV.

How the wise one smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank! 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

I.

Then, fare thee well! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love! the pain of parting thus!

II.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love! the deep, deep pain of this!

III.

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love! and chased it all away!

IV.

Yet, e'en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love! than years of mirth apart!

V.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love! like them in tears it sets!

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Maltese Air.

I.

Gaily sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,

When, after daylight's golden set,
  Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh! then, how sweet to move
  Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
  Beyond all eyes on earth.

II.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
  On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams overhead,
  And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh! then, how sweet to say
  Into the loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
  To be thus whisper'd here.

III.

When the dance and feast are done,
  Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the drawing sun
  O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, then the farewell kiss,
  And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
  That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

Languedocian Air.

I.

Love is a hunter-boy,
  Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy
  Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie —
  Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly —
  Love shoots them flying there.

II.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
  At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
  And give the trembler chase.
And most he loves through snow
  To trace those footsteps fair,
For then the boy doth know
  None track'd before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

I.

Come, chase that starting tear away,
  Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
  Whate'er to-morrow brings!
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
  When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate —
  The brightest and the last.
    Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

II.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
  But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
  In all its splendour, now!
Let's live it out — then sink in night,
  Like waves that from the shore

One minute swell — are touch'd with light —
Then lost for evermore.

Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Portuguese Air.

I.

Whisp'rings, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us —
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us.
Hearts beating, at meeting,
Tears starting, at parting;
Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

I.

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave,
Of joys now lost and charms now fled.

II.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. III.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

I.

When Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

II.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath —
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

III.

But Love didn't know — and at his weak years
What urchin was likely to know? —
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
That fountain which murmur'd below.

IV.

He caught at the wreath — but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do —
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

V.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day,
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

Sicilian Air.

I.

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea or air,
Too bright, too bold, too high, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas! gone by,
When I loved each hour — I scarce knew whom,
And was bless'd — I scarce knew why.

II.

Ay, those were days when life had wings,
And flew — oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light;
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS!

Welch Air.

I.

Bright be thy dreams — may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
Those by death or seas removed,
Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou'st ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

II.

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still the same — no charm forgot —
Nothing lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

GO, THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

I.

Go, then — 'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead —
At length my dream is over,
'Twas sweet — 'twas false — 'tis fled!
Farewell! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see, —
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

II.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed!
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead!
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh,
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

I.

O'ER mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grots and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with stores of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright with snow and light,
We Crystal Hunters speed along,
While grots and caves, and icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

II.

No lover half so fondly dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains, &c.

III.

Sometimes, when o'er the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains, &c.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

I.

Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom we glide.
Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell of wand'ring youths like me!

II.

Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heav'n above but half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love, what Angels we should be!

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

I.

OH! days of youth and joy, long clouded
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Mem'ry die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whisp'ring of joys that yet remain —
No, no, ne'er more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

II.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me —
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh! 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

Venetian Air.

I.

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh! what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream, ne'er dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

II.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours?
Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness,
Fading as fast as rainbows or day-flowers,
Or ought that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at close of day,
Must be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray —
E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

Catalonian Air.

I.

Peace to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle-plain
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep o'er them.

II.

Vain was their bravery!
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are, gone, alas! for ever.

III.

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

Sicilian Air.

I.

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive —
Oh! then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, e'en thou may'st sigh.

II.

Yes, proud one! e'en thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown aside
When past the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Portuguese Air.

I.

Hymen late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling:

None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who'll buy my love knots?
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

II.

Maids, who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
"Who'll buy my love-knots?" —
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

III.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
"Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em" —
(These, of course, found ready custom).
"Come buy my love-knots!
"Come buy my love-knots!
"Some are labell'd 'Knots to tie men' —
"'Love the maker' — 'Bought of Hymen.'"

IV.

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
"See these flowers — they're drooping sadly;
"This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
"Who'd buy such love-knots?
"Who'd buy such love-knots?
"E'en this tie, with Love's name round it —
"All a sham — He never bound it."

V.

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
"Take back our love-knots!
"Take back our love-knots!" —
Coolly said, "There's no returning
"Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning!"

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

Sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

I.

See, the dawn from Heaven is breaking o'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking, hails the sight!
See, those groups of Angels, winging from the realms above,
On their sunny brows from Eden bringing wreaths of Hope and Love.

II.

Hark — their hymns of glory pealing through the air,
To mortal ears revealing who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly, sleeps the heavn'ly Son,
He, whose home is in the skies, — the Holy One!

NATIONAL AIRS.

No. IV.

NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish Air.

I.

Come, listen to my story,
While your needle's task you ply;

At what I sing some maids will smile,
  While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
  Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
  Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen,
  While your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
  While some, perhaps, will sigh.

II.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
  Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
  Ere caught so much small game:
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
  When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
  One small, neat Love-cage making.
  Come, listen, maids, &c.

III.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
  But mark how things went on:
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
  Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
  That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
  Was able to break through them.
  Come, listen, maids, &c.

IV.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
  Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
  And caged him there for ever;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
  Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
  'Tis wiser to make Cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
  The task your fingers ply.—
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
  Ah! not like Cloe sigh!

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

I.

When through the Piazzetta
  Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
  I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
  I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
  His own Evening Star.

II.

In garb, then, resembling
  Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
  "Our bark, love, is near:
"Now, now, while there hover
  "Those clouds o'er the moon,
"'Twill waft thee safe over
  "Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber —
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour never flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies!

II.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did —
But, ah! never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes at your meeting return.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

I.

Take hence the bowl; though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

II.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by —
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die!
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears.

FAREWÈLL, THERESA!

Venetian Air.

I.

Farewell, Theresa! that cloud which over
Yon moon this moment gathering we see,
Shall scarce from her pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

II.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee;
Oh! think how changed, love, how changed art thou now!

III.

But here I free thee: like one awaking
From fearful slumber, this dream thou'lt tell;
The bright moon her spell too is breaking,
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, oh farewell!

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

Savoyard Air.

I.

How oft, when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
"Oh! come, my love!" each note it utters seems to say,
"Oh! come, my love! the night wears fast away!"

No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

II.

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell,
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
"I come, my love!" each sound they utter seems to say,
"I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day."
Oh! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

German Air.

I.

When the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim —
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and him!

II.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander,
While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

French Air.

I.

Though 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay — 'tis all but a dream, &c.

II.

By friendship we oft are deceived,
And find the love we clung to past;
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay — 'tis all but a dream, &c.

'TIS WHEN THE CUP IS SMILING.

Italian Air.

I.

'Tis when the cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
That the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;

For him but *two* bright eyes were shining —
See what numbers are sparkling for us!

II.

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
And on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb even a saint from his dreams.
Though this life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
While the grape on its bank still is growing,
And such eyes light the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Neapolitan Air.

I.

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

II.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,
Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not, e'en in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.

I.

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table; —
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

II.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water, —
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter!
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh! none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD!

Highland Air.

Here sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell,
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear!
Sleep — sleep — alike unheeded now;
Sleep, mute Bard! unheeded now.
The storm and zephir sweep thy lifeless brow; —
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

A MELOLOGUE
UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term *monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
  Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
  That language of the soul is felt and known.
    From those meridian plains,
    Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
  That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away;*
    To the bleak climes of polar night,
    Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
    As blithe as if the blessed light
  Of vernal Phoebus burn'd upon his brow.
    Oh Music! thy celestial claim
    Is still resistless, still the same;
    And, faithful as the mighty sea
  To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
      The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

Greek Air.

    List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
    While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,
  She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
  Dreams of bright days that never can return!
    When Athens nursed her olive bough,
      With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
    And braided for the muse's brow
      A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
    When heroes trod each classic field
      Where coward feet now faintly falter;
      When every arm was Freedom's shield,
      And every heart was Freedom's altar!

* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband." — *Garcilasso de la Vega*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

Flourish of Trumpet.

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears! —
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft — a hero never —
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!
Oh Music! here, e'en here,
Amid this thoughtless, wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts — would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these!
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home — of love — are all he hears;
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

Swiss Air. — "Ranz des Vaches."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heavens lightning, sacredly destroys!
Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to liberty!

Spanish Chorus.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air!
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Sarragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory!

Spanish Air. — "Ya Desperto."

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Mem'ry's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin! Thine!

BALLADS, SONGS, &c.

BALLADS, SONGS, &c.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

* I.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em, dear Fanny!

II.

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray, —
"By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and I'm yours if you love me!"
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours if you love me!" dear Fanny!

III.

Then tell me, oh! why,
In that lovely eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover, dear Fanny?

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT!

I.

Cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
All its joys and pains
To others I resign;
But be the vacant heart,
The careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

II.

Say, oh say no more
That lover's pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.
Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs, —
This is the lover's lot,
And this I ne'er could prize.
Then say, oh say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!

I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

DEAR FANNY!

I.

She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you must not be caught so:
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny.

II.

"She is lovely!" Then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?

DID NOT.

I.

'Twas a new feeling — something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

II.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch —
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not, and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

III.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not, though gently bid not;
Till — oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who did not, and yet who did not.

FANNY, DEAREST!

I.

Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That e'en the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love, that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

II.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest! thy image lies;
But, oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And 'tis but to see the truly bright
That I keep me eye-beam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow —
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;

If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE.

I.

Fanny was in the grove,
And Lubin, her boy, was nigh;
Her eye was warm with love,
And her soul was warm as her eye.
Oh! oh! if Lubin now would sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

II.

Fanny was made for bliss,
But she was young and shy;
And when he had stolen a kiss,
She blush'd, and said with a sigh —
"Oh! oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true, '
"Oh! oh! what are you going to do?"

III.

They wander'd beneath the shade,
Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
For ah! the poor little maid
Was thrilling with love and fear.
Oh! oh! if Lubin would but sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

IV.

Sweetly along the grove
The birds sang all the while,
And Fanny now said to her love,
With a frown that was half a smile —
"Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?
"Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?"

Viver en Cadenas.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

I.

From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark! — hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding — oh! fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade,
From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

II.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains!
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh! e'en if freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not — at least we shall find her in heaven.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

I.

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch —
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch —
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

II.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch —
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all, who wake to weep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he!
Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell?
No, no — it is my loved Pilgrim's prayer:
No, no — 'twas but the convent bell,
That tolls upon the midnight air.
Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep!
Now, now again the voice I hear!
Some holy man is wand'ring near.

O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming?
Dark is the way, and midnight's coming.
Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar.
Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes;
Here he shall rest till morning blushes.
Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial-rite's begun —
'Tis time for our reposing.

Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er:
'Tis my master! 'tis my master! Welcome here once more;
Come to our shed — all toil is over;
Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover.

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I.

I can no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart
Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it,
So let me be about it,
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

II.

This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir,
And here and there,

And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir.
Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses;
There, hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobs,
She whisks us where she chooses.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

I.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth —
The path which leads to you.

II.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets!
When summer brings, at last,
The sun that never sets.
So dawn'd my love for you;
Thus chasing every pain,
More true than summer sun,
'Twill never set again.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

I.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon thou hast broke the spell.
Oh, I ne'er can love again
The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

II.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone;
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I've loved my hate shall tell.
Oh! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

I.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over —
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom —
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more:
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets roar.
Oh! then comes the harp, when the combat is over —

When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom —
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

II.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest —
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame:
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wakening ear
No other sounds were dear,
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

LITTLE MARY'S EYE.

I.

Little Mary's eye
Is roguish, and all that, Sir;
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, Sir.
Since her eye can speak
Enough to tell her blisses,
If she stir her tongue,
Why — stop her mouth with kisses!
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

II.

Nanny's beaming eye
Looks as warm as any;
But her cheek was pale —
Well-a-day, poor Nanny!
Nanny, in the field,
She pluck'd a little posie,
And Nanny's pallid cheek
Soon grew sleek and rosy.
Oh! the little girls, &c.

III.

Sue, the pretty nun,
Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye
In love or in devotion.
If her pious heart
Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the crime,
With, "Oh! may God forgive you!"
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

I.

Young Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours should in sunshine move!"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
"So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

II.

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,

And placed her where Heaven's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by!
"Oh! how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
"That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

III.

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

I.

'Tis said — but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em —
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em,
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the gray-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh! how he flies away!

II.

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh! how he flies away!

III.

But there's a nymph — whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter —
Who knows — the dear one! — how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh! how he flies away!

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

I.

Love, my Mary, dwells with thee;
On thy cheek his bed I see.
No — that cheek is pale with care;
Love can find no roses there.
'Tis not on the cheek of rose
Love can find the best repose:
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

II.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
No — the eye with sorrow dim
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lies:
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

I.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us —
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er —
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

II.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
Oh! if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm —
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
And every curlet was a tie —
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour,
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender —
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

II.

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness —
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

III.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

II.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!
And e'en the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world's thy radiant eyes—
My throne those circling arms!
Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

OH! YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

I.

Oh! yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

II.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:
Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

I.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

II.

Oh! there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did Heav'n allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not e'en hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold:
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

POH, DERMOT! GO ALONG WITH YOUR GOSTER.

I.

Poh, Dermot! go along with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig,
Or teach an old cow Pater Noster,
Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig!
Arrah, child! do you think I'm a blockhead,
And not the right son of my mother,
To put nothing at all in one pocket,
And not half so much in the other?
Poh, Dermot! &c.

II.

Any thing else I can do for you,
Keadh mille faltha, and welcome,
Put up an Ave or two for you,

Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come.
If you confess you're a rogue,
I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for't;
Bid you put pease in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.
Then get along with, &c.

III.

If you've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you, I'll come take a smack of it;
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty-four hours to the back of it.
Oh! whiskey's a papist, God save it!
The beads are upon it completely;
But I think, before ever we'd leave it,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Then get along with, &c.

IV.

If you're afear'd of a Banshee,
Or Leprochauns are not so civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the devil, dear.
It's I that can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, gra;
But for whiskey, and that sort of spirits,
Why, them—I would rather lay here,* gra.
Then get along with, &c.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

I.

Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here's to the devil with thinking!
Oh! for the round of pleasure,
With sweetly-smiling lasses—
Glasses o'erflowing their measure,
With hearts as full as our glasses.
Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here's to the devil with thinking!

II.

Once I met with a funny lass,
Oh! I loved her dearly!
Left for her my bonny glass—
Faith! I died for her—nearly.
But she proved damn'd uncivil,
And thought to peck like a hen, Sir;
So I pitch'd the jade to the devil,
And took to my glass again, Sir.
Then send the bowl, &c.

III.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
In love with every petticoat;
No matter whom it may cover,
Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat;
And, if the girls can put up
With any good thing in pieces,
My heart I'll certainly cut up,
And share it with all young Misses.
Then send the bowl, &c.

IV.

A bumper round to the pretty ones!
Here's to the girl with the blue eyes!
Here's to her with the jetty ones,
Where the languishing dew lies!
Could all such hours as this is

* Putting his hand on his paunch.

Be summ'd in one little measure,
I'd live a short life of blisses,
And die in a surfeit of pleasure!
Then send the bowl, &c.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

I.

The beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins — sweet morn of love!

II.

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands — warm noon of love!

III.

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines — cold eve of love!

THE PROBABILITY.

I.

My heart is united to Cloe's for ever,
No time shall the link of their tenderness sever;
And, if Love be the parent of joy and of pleasure,
Cloe and I shall be bless'd beyond measure.

II.

Come, tell me, my girl, what's the sweetest of blisses?
"I'll show you," she cries, and she gives me sweet kisses;
Ah, Clo'! if that languishing eye's not a traitor,
It tells me you know of a bliss that is greater.

III.

"Indeed and I do not;" — then softly she blushes,
And her bosom the warm tint of modesty flushes —
"I'm sure if I knew it, I'd certainly show it,
"But Damon, dear, may be you know it."

THE SONG OF WAR.

I.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains —
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

II.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
"To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE TABLET OF LOVE.

I.

You bid me be happy, and bid me adieu —

Can happiness live when absent from you?
Will sleep on my eyelids e'er sweetly alight,
When greeted no more by a tender good night?
Oh, never! for deep is the record enshrined;
Thy look and thy voice will survive in my mind:
Though age may the treasures of mem'ry remove,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

II.

Through life's winding valley — in anguish, in rest,
Exalted in joy, or by sorrow depress'd —
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
Thine image shall never one moment depart.
When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear,
Like visions, like dreams, shall at last disappear,
Though raised among seraphs to realms above,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

I.

The young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

II.

Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee!
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN IN LANGUOR SLEEPS THE HEART.

I.

When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark.

II.

Come, oh! come then, let us haste,
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

III.

And for hearts from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be),
May they ne'er the rapture prove
Of the smile from lips we love.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

I.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

II.

The snow on Jura's steep
  Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
  How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
  Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
  And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
  The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
  But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

I.

When twilight dews are falling soft
  Upon the rosy sea, love!
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
  Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou too, on that orb so clear,
  Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
  Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven?

II.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
  There's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
  Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
  When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
  May turn to smiles in Heaven!

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

I.

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.
  Will you, will you, will you, will you
    Come to the bower?

II.

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
  Will you, will you, will you, will you
    Smile, my beloved?

III.

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
  Will you, will you, will you, will you
    Kiss me, my love?

IV.

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.
  Will you, will you, will you, will you,
    Won't you, my love?

YOUNG JESSICA.

I.

Young Jessica sat all the day,
  In love-dreams languishingly pining,

Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius, idly shining.
Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

II.

A child, who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, "We'll steal it slily."
The needle, having nought to do,
Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

III.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay *Ridicule's* construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

I.

They tell us that Woman was made of a rib
Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you this is a fib,
And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
With a tail, like a monkey, full yard and a span;
And, when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why — then Woman was made of the tail of the Man
Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

If such is the tie between Women and Men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most damnable ape of himself!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashion prevails,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why — he leaves her behind him as much as he can.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

FAREWELL, BESSY!

I.

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

II.

Yes, oh yes! again we meet, love!
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh, sure 'twill then be sweet, love!
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

III.

Yet, I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking
Which I fear is not for me.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

IV.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom —
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!
Yet oh! not for ever!

SACRED SONGS.

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

Air. — UNKNOWN. *

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, oh GOD! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

II.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

III.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

Air. — STEVENSON.

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Air. — MARTINI.

I.

FALLEN is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem —
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage, [1]
Her power thy glory's throne: [2]
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree; — [3]
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other Gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness, [4]
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God!

IV.

"Go," — said the LORD — "Ye Conquerors!
"Steep in her blood your swords,
"And race to earth her battlements, [5]
"For they are not the LORD's!
"Till Zion's mournful daughter
"O'er kindred bones shall tread,
"And Hinnom's vale of slaughter [6]
"Shall hide but half her dead!"

WHO IS THE MAID

ST. JEROME'S LOVE. [7]

Air. — BEETHOVEN.

I.

WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *her's* an eye of this world's light?
No, – wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love,
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine

1 "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies." — *Jeremiah* xii, 7.
2 "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory." — *Jer.* xiv. 21.
3 "The LORD called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit," &c. — *Jer.* xi. 16.
4 "For he shall be like the heath in the desert." — *Jer.* xvii. 6.
5 "Take away her battlements; for they are not the LORD's." — *Jer.* v. 10.
6 Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." — *Jer.* vii. 32.
7 These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the matron Paula: — "Numquid me vestes sericae, nitentes gemmae, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romae matronarum, quae meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene caecata." *Epist.* "*Si tibi putem.*"

In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No — Heav'n but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.[1]

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

Air. — BEETHOVEN.

I.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,[2]
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, GOD! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs; —
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

Air. — HAYDN.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." *Psalm* cxlvii. 3.

I.

OH! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom

1 *Ου γαρ κενοσφορειν. την δαηρηουσαν δε.* — *Chrysost.* Homil. 8. in Epist. ad Tim.
2 The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

Our peace-branch from above?
Then Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than Rapture's ray;
As Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air. — Avison.

I.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,[1]
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow!
Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown —
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her, — in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

Air. — Stevenson.

I.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.[2]

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy Heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

1 This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

2 Pii orant taciti.

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air. — AVISON.[1]

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances." — *Exod.* xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd, — his people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boasting! - The LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd, — his people are free.

II.

Praise to the CONQUEROR, praise to the LORD!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword! —
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,[2]
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd, — his people are free.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Air. — STEVENSON.

I.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind. —
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell

1 I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

2 "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." — *Exod.* xiv. 24.

The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, OH LORD!

Air. — HAYDN.

I.

COME not, oh LORD! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou worest on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

II.

LORD! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation[1]
Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt[2] thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Air. — STEVENSON.

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept — and was forgiven? —

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her SAVIOUR's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd; —

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for GOD alone!

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed, —
That hair, — those weeping eyes, —
And the sunk heart, that inly bled, —
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like MARY kneel, like MARY weep,
"Love much"[3] — and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

Air. — HAYDN.

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,

1 "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." — *Exod.* xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prosewriter, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

2 Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapp'd."

3 "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." — *St. Luke* vii. 47.

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent to Thee —
Pure, warm, silent to Thee:
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

II.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God! trembling to Thee —
True, fond, trembling to Thee:
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air. — Stevenson.

I.

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now![1]
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;[2]
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye![3]

II.

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.[4]
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come![5]
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Air. — Mozart.

I.

Almighty God! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heav'nly branch we twine,[6]
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all,[7]
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, — "In Eden thus
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

II.

When round thy Cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,[8] we wreathe the Palm,

1 "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations." — *Isaiah* xxv. 7.

2 "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." — *Isaiah* xxv. 8.

3 "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain." — *Rev.* xxi. 4.

4 "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." — *Rev.* xxi. 5.

5 "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." *Rev.* xxii. 17.

6 "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel." — *Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

7 "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*. — 1 *Kings* vi. 29.

8 "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind." — *Observations on the Palm.*

Oh God! we feel the emblem true, —
Thy Mercy is eternal too!
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above —
Eternal Life and Peace and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

Air. — Moore.

I.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Oh! be like this dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray: —
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Oh! be like the dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

* In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken: — "Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidae columbae frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiae sunt scripturarum, quae de limpidissimo sapientiae fonte profluentes," &c. — *De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

I.

CORRUPTION

AND

INTOLERANCE:

Two Poems.

II.

THE

SCEPTIC,

A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

ΝΟΜΟΝ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

PINDAR. ap. Herodot. lib. 3.

PREFACE.

The practice, which has lately been introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; for it supplies us with a mode of turning stupid poetry to account; and, as horses too dull for the saddle may serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos."

In the first of the following Poems I have ventured to speak of the Revolution in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman may be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties — however ungrateful it might be in Alderman B-rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations — yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge, to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded, an Irishman *may* venture to criticise the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H-kesb-ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative, that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm, it limited the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses are therefore obvious to their senses and capacities; like the myrtle over a certain statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from their sight the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time however that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress, have all been gradually removed during the Whiggish reigns that succeeded, till at length this spirit of influence is become the vital principle of the State, whose agency, subtle and unseen, pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

"Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque."

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated by Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but nothing can be more unjust than such a suspicion; the very object which my humble animadversions would attain is, that, in the crisis to which I think England is hastening, and between which and foreign subjugations he may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied, and that, as she then had a Revolution without a Reform, she may now seek a Reform without a Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that

name be assumed by any party whatever; Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some men, like the pupil of the eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION:

A POETIC EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἀπανθ' ὥσπερ ἐξ αγορας εκπεπραται ταυτα· αντεισηκται δε αντι τουτων, ὑφ' ὧν απολωλε και νενοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα δ' εστι τι; ζηλος, ει τις ειληφε τι· γελως αν ὁμολογη· συγγνωμη τοις ελεγχομενοις· μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα· ταλλα παντα, ὁσα εκ του δωροδοκειν ηρτηται.

DEMOSTH. PHILIPP. III.

BOAST on, my friend — though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride:[1]
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke,
When Marlborough fought and brilliant St. John spoke,
That pride, which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives e'en Wh-tel-cke's sword and H-wkes-b'ry's tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle,[2]
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate[3] — where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,
We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,
As weeping slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts,
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.
Yet pause a moment — and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear
Which loves no politics in rhyme but P-e's,
And hears no news but W-rd's gazetted lies;
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight"!

1 Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; caeteras nationes despectui habent. — BARCLAY (as quoted in one of Dryden's Prefaces).

2 England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her Government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France." — See his History, vol. i. page 111.

3 "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke) the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure too of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression which were made after the last event were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer us for "invaluable blessings, &c." And this is the era which such Governors as His Grace the Duke of R-chm-nd think it politic to commemorate in the eyes of my insulted countrymen, by an annual procession round the statue of King William!

An unvarying trait of the policy of Great Britain towards Ireland has been her selection of such men to govern us as were least likely to deviate into justice and liberality, and the alarm which she has taken when any conscientious Viceroy has shewn symptoms of departure from the old code of prejudice and oppression. Our most favourite Governors have accordingly been our shortest visitors, and the first moments of their popularity have in general been the last of their Government. Thus Sir Anthony Bellingham, after the death of Henry the Eighth, was recalled "for not sufficiently consulting the English interests," or, in other words, for not shooting the requisite quantity of wild Irish. The same kind of delinquency led to the recall of Sir John Perrot, in Elizabeth's time, and to that of the Earl of Radnor, in the reign of Charles the Second, of whom Lord Orford says, "We are not told how he disappointed the King's expectations, probably, not by too great complaisance, nor why his administration, which Burnet calls *just*, was disliked. If it is true, that he was a good governor, the presumption will be that his rule was not disliked by those *to* whom but *from* whom he was sent." — Royal and Noble Authors.

We are not without instances of the same illiberal policy in our own times.

Things which, though now a cent'ry out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching Lords. — [1]
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint, since Influence lent that foe a screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly feel, when Whigs and gold assail'd. [2]
While Kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown,
Which drain the People but enrich the Throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep,
With Bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep, [3]

1 It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement &c., that all the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. The Revolution, as its greatest admirers acknowledge, was little more than a recognition of ancient privileges, a restoration of that old Gothic structure, which was brought from the woods of Germany into England. Edward the First had long before made a similar recognition, and had even more expressly reverted to the first principles of the constitution, by declaring that "the people should have their laws, liberties, and free customs as largely and wholly as they have used to have the same at any time they had them." But, luckily for the Crown and its interests, the concessions both of Edward and of William have been equally vague and verbal, equally theoretical and insincere. The feudal system was continued, notwithstanding the former, and Lord M——'s honest head is upon his shoulders, in spite of the latter. So that I contess I never meet with a politician who seriously quotes the Declaration of Rights, &c. to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of the Marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions,* who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenées upon the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor Marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but he found no mines after all.

2 The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is the tranquil, uninterrupted flow which it has given to the administration of Government. If Kings *must* be paramount in the State (and their Ministers at least seem to think so), the country is indebted to the Revolution for enabling them to become so quietly, and for removing so skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of prerogative never failed to produce.

It is the nature of a people in general to attend but to the externals of Government. Having neither leisure or ability to discuss its measures, they look no deeper than the surface for their utility, and no farther than the present for their consequences. Mrs. Macaulay has said of a certain period, "The people at this time were, as the people of Great Britain always are, half-stupid, half-drunk, and half-asleep;" and however we may dissent from this petulant effusion of a Scotch-woman, it must be owned that the reasoning powers of John Bull are not very easily called into action, and that even where he does condescend to exert them, it is like Dogberry's display of his reading and writing, "where there is no need of such vanity;" as upon that deep question about the dangers of the church, which was submitted for his discussion by Mr. P-re-v-l at the late elections. It follows, however, from this apathy of the people, that as long as no glaring exertion of power, no open violation of forms is obtruded upon them, it is of very little consequence how matters are managed behind the curtain; and a few quiet men, getting close to the ear of the Throne, may whisper away the salvation of the country so inaudibly, that ruin will be divested of half its alarming preparatives. If, in addition to his slumber of the people, a great majority of those whom they have deputed to watch for them, can be induced, by any irresistible argument, to prefer the safety of the government to the integrity of the constitution, and to think a connivance at the encroachments of power less troublesome than the difficulties which would follow reform, I cannot imagine a more tranquil state of affairs than must necessarily result from such general and well-regulated acquiescence. Instead of vain and agitating efforts to establish that speculative balance of the constitution, which perhaps has never existed but in the pages of Montesquieu** and De Lolme, a preponderance would be silently yielded to one of the three estates, which would carry the other two almost insensibly but effectually along with it; and even though the path might lead eventually to destruction, yet its specious and gilded smoothness would almost atone for the danger—like Milton's bridge over Chaos, it would lead

"Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to ****."

3 Though the kings of England were most unroyally harassed and fettered in all their pursuits by pecuniary difficulties, before the provident enactments of William's reign had opened to the Crown its present sources of wealth, yet we must not attribute to the Revolutionary Whigs the credit altogether of inventing this art of government. Its advantages had long been understood by ministers and favourites, though the limits of the royal revenue prevented them from exercising it with effect. In the reign of Mary indeed the gold of Spain, being added to the usual resources of the Throne, produced such a spirit of ductility in her parliaments, that the price for which each member had sold himself was publicly ascertained: and if Charles the First could have commanded a similar supply, it is not too much to suppose that the Commonwealth never would have existed. But it was during the reign of the second Charles, that the nearest approaches were made to that pecuniary system which our debt, our funds, and our taxes, have since brought to such perfection; and Clifford and Danby would not disgrace even the present times of political venality. Still, however, the experiment was but partial and imperfect***, and attended with scarcely any other advantage than that of suggesting the uses to

* Liv. xxi. chap. 11.

** Montesquieu seems not a little satisfied with his own ingenuity in finding out the character of the English from the nature of their political institutions; but it appears to me somewhat like that easy sagacity, by which Lavater has discovered the genius of Shakspeare in his features.

*** See Preface to a Collection of Debates, &c. in 1694 and 1695, for an account of the public tables kept at Westminster, in Charles the Second's time, "to feed the betrayers of their country." The payment of each day's work was left under their respective plates.

Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's light had too much warm'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like Popes had fall'n so low,
Could pope-like Kings[1] escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern Power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourg'd once more!
'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience — till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That wak'ning Freedom call'd almost in vain!
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How bright, how glorious, in that sunshine hour,
Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower[2]
Of British freedom on a rock divine,
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But no — the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work that rais'd men near to heaven!
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,[3]
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,[4]

which the power of the purse has been since converted, just as the fulminating dust of the chemists may have prepared the way for the invention of gunpowder.

1 The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his "dog Steenie" (the Duke of Buckingham), which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shews, if we wanted such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

2 Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, "a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent:" and, in truth, if we reflect on the English history, we shall feel very much inclined to agree with Tacitus. We shall find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor, reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendency of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne which every succeeding year increases. So that the British constitution has never perhaps existed but in theory.

3 "Those two thieves (says Ralph) between whom the nation was crucified". — Use and Abuse of Parliaments, page 164.

4 The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that generous spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the Crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations, which other men might have taken advantage of such a moment to enforce, and in framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended however to accept of places, but they took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and though an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, yet it was not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor indeed with that of his successor Anne, as the purifying clause was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very considerately repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the King were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as faithfully represented as his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those "apostate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the habeas Corpus Act, which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its defence the celebrated "Balancing Letter," in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of Parliaments; and though the Declaration of Rights acknowledged the necessity of such a reform, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it.* But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power which they gave to the Crown of annihilating

* See a Pamphlet published in 1693, upon the King's refusing to sign the Triennial Bill, called "A Discourse between a Yeoman of Kent and a Knight of a Shire." — "Hereupon (says the Yeoman) the gentleman grew angry, and said that I talked like a base commons-wealth man."

The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er th' unfinish'd pile!
Hence all the ills you suffer, hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,[1]
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loos'd and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,[2]
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise
While Parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of Kings,
Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own!
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,[3]

the freedom of elections, of muddying for ever that stream of representation, which had, even in the most agitated times, reflected some features of the people, but which then, for the first time, became the Pactolus of the court, and grew so darkened with sands of gold, that it served for the people's mirror no longer. We need but consult the writings of that time, to understand the astonishment then excited by measures, which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet called "The Danger of mercenary Parliaments," 1698; State Tracts, Will. III. vol. ii. p. 638; and see also "Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift" (State Poems. vol. III. p. 327).

1 The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II. which abolished the tenure of knight's service in capite, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit, that Arimanius, which has weakened every effort of the English nation towards liberty, which allowed but half the errors of Popery to be removed at the Reformation, and which planted more abuses than it suffered to be rooted out at the Revolution. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of a feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but they would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's "an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time." It formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Mr. Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of dramatic piece, about as likely to be acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

2 —— fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. HORAT. lib. iii. od. 16.

The Athenians considered seduction so much more dangerous than force, that the penalty for a rape was merely a pecuniary fine, while the guilt of seduction was punished with death. And though it must be owned that, during the reign of that ravisher Prerogative, the poor Constitution was treated like Miss Cunegund among the Bulgarians; yet I agree with the principle of the Athenian law, that her present state of willing self-abandonment is much more hopeless and irreclaimable, and calls for a more signal vengeance upon her seducers.

It would be amusing to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says*) to dance to the tune of Allegiance" to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual airgun of Influence. In considering it too since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed, lest Liberty should have a chance of being healed even by the rust of the spear which had wounded her. The power, however, of creating peers, which has generally been exercised *for* the government *against* the constitution, is left in free, unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Court, but which the Whigs rejected with that characteristic delicacy, which has generally prevented them, when in office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true partyman, defends) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to this generous fit about his prerogative which seized the good King George I. historians have said that the paroxysm originated more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution;** but no person, acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any *one* of those gracious Monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

3 "They drove so fast (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (Memoirs, p. 35.) — But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that supplying oil from the Treasury, which has been found so necessary to make a

* Historic and Politic Discourse, &c. part. ii. p. 114.

** Coxe says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland.

That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
While wisdom trembles for the crazy car
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far!
And the dup'd people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,[1]
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! my friend — I hear thee proudly say,
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
"That dares, with Tory license, to profane
"The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
"Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
"Whom H-wke-b—y quotes and savoury B-rch admires,
"Be slander'd thus? shall honest St—le agree
"With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
"Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
"Of wise State-Poets waste their words in air,
"And Pye unheeded breathe his prosp'rous strain,
"And C-nn-g *take the people's sense* in vain?"[2]

government like that of England run smoothly. If Charles had been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from the Throne the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they are now, and I trust always will be) "dutiful Commons,"—"loyal Commons," &c. &c. and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might take a fancy to.

1 The period that immediately succeeds a coronation has been called very aptly the Honey-moon of a reign; and if we suppose the Throne to be the wife, and the People the husband,* I know no better model of a matrimonial transaction, nor one that I would sooner recommend to a woman of spirit, than that which the arrangements of 1688 afford. In the first place, she must not only obtain from her husband an allowance of pin-money or civil-list establishment, sufficient to render her independent of his caprice, but she must also prevail on him to make her the steward of his estates, and to intrust her with the management of all his pecuniary concerns. I need not tell a woman of sense to what spirited uses she may turn such concessions. He will soon become so tame and docile under her hands, that she may make him play the strangest and most amusing tricks, such as quarrelling with his nearest and dearest relations about a dish of tea**, a turban***, or a wafer †; preparing his house for defence against robbers, by putting fetters and handcuffs on two thirds of its inmates; employing C-an—g and P-rc-v-l in his sickest moments to read to him alternately Joe Miller and the Catechism, with a thousand other diverting inconsistencies. If her spouse have still enough of sense remaining to grumble at the ridiculous exhibition which she makes of him, let her withhold from him now and then the rights of the Habeas Corpus Act (a mode of proceeding which the women of Athens once adopted ††), and if the good man loves such privileges, the interruption will soon restore him to submission. If his former wife were a Papist, or had any tendency that way, I would advise my fair Sovereign, whenever he begins to argue with her unpleasantly, to shout out "No Popery, no Popery!" as loud as she can, into his ears, and it is astonishing what an effect it will have in disconcerting all his arguments. This method was tried lately by an old woman at Northampton, and with much success. — Seriously, this convenient bugbear of Popery is by no means the least among the numberless auxiliaries which the Revolution has marshalled on the side of the Throne. — Those unskilful tyrants Charles and James, instead of profiting wisely by that useful subserviency, which has always distinguished the ministers of our religious establishment, were blind enough to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and connected their designs upon the Church so closely with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, "No Popery" was the watch-word of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take every possible advantage, and the cry of "No Popery" having, by this means, lost its power of alarming the people against the encroachments of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the claims and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and in short for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen too very lately how the same scarecrow alarm has enabled the Throne to select its ministers from men, whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative *could* arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

2 Somebody has said, "Quand tous les Poëtes seroient noyés, ce ne seroient mie grande dommage;" but I am aware that this would be most uncivil language at a time when our birth-day odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P-e and Mr. C-nn-g. I can assure the latter too that I think him (like his water-proof colleague Lord C-stl-r-gh) reserved for a very different fate from that which the author I have just quoted imagines for his poetical fraternity. All I wish is, that he would change places with his brother P-e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

* This is contrary to the symbolical language of prophecy, in which (according to Sir Isaac Newton) the King is the husband, and the People the wife. See Faber on the Prophecies. — I would beg leave to suggest to Mr. Faber, that his friend Sir R-ch—d M-sgr-ve can, in his own proper person, supply him with an exposition of "the Horns of the Beast."

** America. *** India. † Ireland.

†† See the Lysistrata of Aristophanes. — The following is the form of suspension, as he gives it:

'Οπως αν ανηρ επιτυφη μαλιστα μου
Κουδεποδ' ἑκουσα τ' ανδρι τω 'μω πεισομαι.

The people! — ah! that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features, where the soul has fled![1]
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreae's heights[2]
Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath!
E'en then, (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose rever'd, sublime,
And her free sons, diffus'd from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every country but their own,)
E'en then the Senate and the Tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to shew how Freedom's flood
Had dar'd to flow, in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd, for ever ebb'd away![3]
Oh! look around — though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts your sleep nor trembles o'er your board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe,
Yet say, could e'en a prostrate Tribune's power,
Or a mock Senate in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the rights, the claims of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileg'd slaves!
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick Corruption's heat — whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs and die!
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins! —
"Heav'ns, what a picture!" — yes, my friend, '*t is* dark —
"But can *no* light be found, no genuine spark
"Of former fire to warm us? Is there none
"To act a Marvell's part?[4]" — I fear, not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;[5]
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out* 'twill thrive, but taken *in* 'twill die!

1 "It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley in William's reign) that a Government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face;" and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearment." — Thoughts on the present Discontents, 1770.

2 ..... Tutor haberi
Principis, Augustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldaeo. JUVENAL Sat. x. v. 92.

The Senate still continued during the reign of Tiberius to manage all the business of the public; the money was then and long after coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.

We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who were particularly useful to the Roman Emperors; they were called "instrumenta regni," or "Court Tools," from which it appears, that My Lords M-lgr-ve, Cb-th-m, &c. &c. are by no means things of modern invention.

3 There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they began "bona libertatis incassum disserere."

Ferguson says, that Caesar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the Republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power." — Roman Republic, book v. chap. 1.

4 Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last Member of Parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. How very much the Commons have changed their pay-masters! — See the State-Poems for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

5 The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection which we have attained in that system of Government whose humble beginnings seem to have astonished the worthy Baronet so much. "I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here." — He alludes to that Parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament! a distinction, however, which it has long lost, and which we merely give it from old custom, just as we say *The* Irish Rebellion.

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience as their purse is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-lov'd country owes,
And loud and upright, till their price be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own —
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb!
And, though I feel as if indignant Heaven
Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven,
Who basely hangs the bright, protecting shade
Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,[1]
And makes the sacred flag he dares to shew
His passport to the market of her foe! —
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
And reverence Scripture e'en from Satan's tongue.
Nay, when the Constitution has expir'd,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hir'd
To sing old Habeas Corpus by its side,
And ask, in purchas'd ditties, why it died?[2]

See that smooth Lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Seem to have destin'd for those Eastern reigns
When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless things
That men rejected were the chos'n of Kings,[3]
E'en *he* forsooth (oh mockery accurst!)
Dar'd to assume the patriot's name at first —[4]
Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
Thus devils, when *first* rais'd, take pleasing shapes —
But, oh poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And withering insult – for the Union thrown
Into thy bitter cup,[5] when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting[6] — if for this

1 "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." 2 Pet. ii.— I suggest with much deference to the expounders of Scripture-prophecy, whether Mr. C-nn-ng is not at present fulfilling the prediction of "the scoffers," who were to come "in the last days."

2 I believe it is in following the corpse to the grave, and not at the wakes (as we call the watching of the dead), that this elegiac howl of my countrymen is performed. Spenser says, that our howl "is heathenish, and proceeds from a despair of salvation." If so, I think England may join in chorus with us at present. — The Abbé de Motraye tells us, that the Jews in the East address their dead in a similar manner, and say, "Hu! Hu! Hu! why did you die? Hadn't you a wife? Hadn't you a long pipe?" &c. &c. (See his Travels.) I thought for a long time with Vallancey, that we were a colony of Carthaginians, but from this passage of De Motraye, and from the way in which Mr. P-re-v-l would have us treated, I begin to suspect we are no better than Jews.

3 According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended eunuchs to the service of Eastern princes, was the ignominious station which they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they found a refuge from the contempt of mankind. *Ἀδοξοι οντες οἱ ευνουχοι παρα τοις αλλοις ανθρωποις και δια τουτο δεσποτου επικουρου προσδεονται* * — But I doubt whether even an Eastern Prince would have chosen an entire Administration upon this principle.

4 Does Lord C-stl-r-gh remember the Reforming *Resolutions* of his early days?

5 "And in the cup an Union shall be thrown." HAMLET.

Three C's were branded in the Sibylline books as fatal to the peace and liberties of Rome. *Τρια καππα κακιστα.* Cornelius Sylla, Cornelius Cinna, and Cornelius Lentulus **). And three C's will be remembered in Ireland as long as C-m-d-n and cruelty, Cl-re and corruption, C-stl-r-gh and contempt, are alliteratively and appropriately associated.

6 Among the many measures which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the Throne, and to feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present healthy and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon the former question, that "he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed the promotors of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the Court-party in Parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures, which were in direct violation of the Act of Union) these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the Court; but finding this effort for their country unavailing,

* See a pamphlet on the Union, by "a Philosopher."

** See a treatise by Pontus De Thiard, "De recta Nominum Impositione," p. 43.

Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that daemon's bliss;
For oh! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who 've ruin'd thee!
That in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield[1]
Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery!
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and — Fox should *not* have died,
All, that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despis'd remains[2]
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
Turn false to England's bed and whore with France! —
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artizan of mischief P-tt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
Oh England! sinking England![3] boast no more.

they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have kept to a laudable resolution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation upon the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and no less permanent.

. . . . . *Ουδ' ὅγε ΤΑΥΡΟΥ*
*Λειπεται ΑΝΤΕΛΛΟΝΤΟΣ.**

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L-m-r-ck, Mr. D-an-s Br-wne, &c. &c. into the Legislature must act as a powerful alterative on the Constitution, and clear it by degrees of all the troublesome humours of honesty.

1 The magician's shield in Ariosto

E tolto per vertù dello splendore
La libertate a loro. Cant. 2.

We are told that Caesar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man very frequently repeated:

Ειπερ γαρ αδικειν χρη τυραννιδος περι
Καλλιστον αδικειν· ταλλα δ' ευσεβειν χρεων.

This appears to be also the moral code of Bonaparte.

2 When the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated, Charles the First, as a tribute to his memory, continued all his creatures in the same posts and favours which they had enjoyed under their patron; and much in the same manner do we see the country sacrificed to the manes of a Minister at present.

It is invidious perhaps to look for parallels in the reign of Charles the First, but the expedient of threatening the Commons with dissolution which has lately been played off with so much eclat, appears to have been frequently resorted to at that period. In one instance Hume tells us, that the King sent his Lord Keeper (*not his Jester*) to menace the House, that unless they dispatched a certain Bill for subsidies, they must expect to sit no longer. By similar threats the excise upon beer and ale was carried in Charles the Second's reign. It is edifying to know that though Mr. C-nn-g despises Puffendorf, he has no objection to precedents derived from the Courts of the Stuarts.

3 The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William in making all Europe take the alarm at France has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice." — *Letters on the French Nation.*

* From Aratus (v. 715), a poet, who wrote upon astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject — just as the great Harvey wrote "De Generatione," though he had as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C.

INT LERANCE.

PART THE FIRST.

This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of Religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."

ADDISON, Freeholder, No. 37.

START not, my Friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,[1]
When Heav'n was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
And Kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they 're *made!*
No, no—let D—gen-n search the Papal chair[2]
Nor fragrant treasures long forgotten there,
And as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P-rc-v-l snuff up the gale,
Which wizard D-gen-n's gather'd sweets exhale!
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who lothe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
From Popes or Lawyers,[3] Pastry-cooks or Kings,
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
At C-nn—g vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H-wk-sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my Friend — if, in these headlong days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on, and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heav'n has freed from poisonous things in vain,

1 The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (see De Pontif. lib. i. cap. 7), "That Kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;" and in King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron," we find His Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted "that to the deposing of a King the consent of the people must be obtained"—"for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the King, and made the judges of the King's deposing." P. 424. — Even in Mariana's celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon Royal power, of the subordination of the Throne to the interests of the people, &c. &c. (De Rege et Regis Institutione. See particularly lib. I, cap. 6, 8, and 9) — It is rather remarkable too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession. (See Doleman's "Conferences," written in support of the title of the Infanta of Spain against that of James I.) When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted Constitution is the work and bequest of Popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. "under whom (says Bolingbroke) the constitution of our Parliaments, and the whole form of our Government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the errors of Popery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that Papists, however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution. — But, in truth, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors, and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every other imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantages. If they reject some decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.

2 The "*Sella Stercoraria*" of the Popes. — The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Foemina" (p. 118); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the *Privy*-Council of Ireland.

3 When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that "he had been bred a Lawyer, and had therefore nothing to do with divinity." — It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their element as well as Pope Innocent X.

While G-ff-rd's tongue and M-sgr-ve's pen remain —
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, tho' blazon'd o'er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileg'd *not* to see —
Oh! turn awhile, and tho' the shamrock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the mem'ry of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate, and canoniz'd by scorn!
When C-stler—gh,[1] in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
Which e'en *his* practis'd hand can't bribe away!
And oh! my Friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
E'en thro' the blood-marks, left by C-md-n[2] there!
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tir'd with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot[3] —
Thy heart would burn — yes, e'en thy Pittite heart
Would burn to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too,
Who, arm'd at once with pray'r-books and with whips,[4]

1 The breach of faith which the managers of the Irish Union have been guilty of disappointing those hopes of emancipation which they excited in the bosoms of the Catholics, is no new trait in the annals of English policy. A similar deceit was practised to felicitate the Union with Scotland, and hopes were held out of exemption from the Corporation and Test Acts, in order to divert the Parliament of that country from encumbering the measure with any stipulation to that effect

2 Not the C-md-n, who speaks thus of Ireland:

"Atque uno verbo dicam, sive lernes fecunditatem, sive maris et portuum opportunitatem, sive incolas respicies qui bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lineamentis conspicui, mirifica carnis mollitie et propter musculorum teneritatem agilitate incredibili, a multis dotibus ita felix est insula, ut non male dixerit Gyraldus, 'naturam hoc Zephyri regnum benigniori oculo respexisse'."

3 The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has given, will produce, I fear, no other effect than that of determining the British Government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, "because," as they say, "the devil has white ones."*

4 One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings and articles breathe the same uncharitable spirit. No Canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek church, and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigotted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapsensis, in the beginning of the 6th century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "there are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes."** But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting, — while so much liberty of retraction is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be refused, with such inconvincible obstinacy, to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has flourished independently? When the Catholics say, "The decree of the council of Lateran which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first Pope, Henry VIII. was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the acts of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our Popes. With respect too to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that Decree a calumnious forgery, a forgery too so obvious and ill-fabricated, that none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the slightest credit for authenticity:" — When the Catholics make these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them); when they shew too, by their conduct, that these declarations

* See L'Histoire Naturelle et Polit. du Royaume de Siam, &c.

** Strictures on the Articles, Subscriptions, &c.

Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next!*
Your R-desd-les, P-rc-v-ls—oh, gracious Heaven!
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes! — rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,[1]
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heav'nly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which, binding polity in spiritual chains,
And tainting piety with temporal stains,[2]
Corrupts both State and Church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both —
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he scape hereafter, racks him here![3]

are sincere, and that their faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and Popes, than their science is influenced by the Papal anathema against that Irishman,* who first found out the Antipodes: — is it not strange that so many still wilfully distrust what every good man is so much interested in believing? That so many should prefer the dark-lantern of the 13th century to the sunshine of intellect which has since spread over the world, and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Mesurier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubbish of Constance and Lateran to the bright triumphant progress of justice, generosity, and truth?

1 There is a singular work "upon the Souls of the Pagans," by one Franciscus Collius, in which he discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher may calculate. He damns without much difficulty Socrates, Plato, &c. and the only one at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh and the many miracles which he performed: but, having balanced his claims a little, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (De Animabus Paganorum, lib. iv. cap. 20. and 25.) — Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable — "Senza speme vivemo in desio." Cant. iv. — Among the many errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment, and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful — "Misericordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum, &c." (De Civitat. Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 17.) — St. Jerom says, that, according to Origen, "the devil, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel" — "Id ipsum fore Gabrielem quod diabolum." (See his Epistle to Pammachius) but Halloix, in his Defence of Origen, denies that he had any of this misplaced tenderness for the devil, — I take the liberty of recommending these *notitiae* upon damnation to the particular attention of the learned Chancellor of the Exchequer.

2 Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1790), condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a state; "what purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Locke too says of the connexion between Church and State, "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other." — First letter on Toleration.

The corruptions of Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

3 I doubt whether, after all, there has not been as much bigotry among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneied quotation —

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

The great champion of the Reformation, Melanchthon, whom Jortin calls, "a divine of much mildness and *good-nature*," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi (he says to Bullinger) quae de Serveti blasphemiis respondistis et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem rectè fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omissurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbent-" — I have great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and good-natured" sentiments the following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius: "Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causa religionis, moribus tamen diversi non simus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur." — Herman. Conring. Epistol. par. secund. p. 56.

Hume tells us that the Commons, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign, "attacked Montague, one of the King's chaplains, on account of a moderate book which he had lately composed, and which, to their great disgust, saved virtuous Catholics as well as other Christians from eternal torments." — In the same manner a complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against that excellent writer Hooker for having, in a Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for *ignorance*. — To these examples of Protestant toleration I shall beg leave to oppose the following extract from a letter of old Roger Ascham (the tutor of Queen Elizabeth), which is preserved among the Harrington Papers, and was written in 1566 to the Earl of Leicester, complaining of the Archbishop Young, who had taken away his prebend

* Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, who maintained in the 8th century the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was anathematized accordingly by the Pope. — John Scotus Erigena, another Irishman, was the first that ever wrote against transubstantiation.

But no — far other faith, far milder beams
Of heav'nly justice warm the Christian's dreams!
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love!
He weeps to see his soul's Religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony!*
Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;
While blandly spreading, like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embrac'd the world, and breath'd for all mankind!
Last of the great, farewell! — yet *not* the last —
Tho' Britain's sunshine-hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss, while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

The following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs to which he had adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining it here.

* * * *

"Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours or ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character, and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise, with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

in the church of York: "Master Bourne* did never grieve me half so moche in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Bishop of York doe, in taking away my right. No byshopp in Q. Mary's time would have so dealt with me; not Mr. Bourne hymself, when Winchester lived, durst have so dealt with me. For suche good estimation in those dayes even the learnedst and wysest men, as Gardener and Cardinal Poole made of my poore service, that, although they knewe perfectly that in religion, both by open wrytinge and pryvie talke, I was contrarye unte them; yea, when Sir Francis Englefield by name did note me specially at the council-board, Gardener would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched elswheare, salinge suche words of me in a lettre, as though lettres cannot, I blushe to write them to your lordshipp. Winchester's good-will stoode not in speaking faire and wishing well, but he did in deede that for me," whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone." (See Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 98, 99.) — If men who acted thus were bigots, what shall we call Mr. P-re-v-l?

In Sutcliffe's "Survey of Popery" there is the following assertion: "Papists, that positively hold the heretical and false doctrines of the modern church of Rome, cannot possibly be saved." — As a contrast to this and other specimens of Protestant liberality, which it would be much more easy than pleasant to collect, I refer my reader to the Declaration of Le Pere Courayer, and, while he reads the sentiments of this pious man upon toleration, I doubt not he will feel inclined to exclaim with Belsham, "Blush, ye Protestant bigots! and be confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this Popish priest." — Essays. xxvii. p. 86.

* "La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instrumens de différens tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix." Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, &c. part. ii. chap. vi. — Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a manner more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

* Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

** By Gardener's favour Ascham long held his fellowship, though not resident.

— errando in quelli boschi
Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non se'n ha notizia le più volte.[1]

"Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a long lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration, and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her here but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be content to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us; and the only traits of heroism which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or, perhaps, with honour to the country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,[2] and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said indeed that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality, that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

"The language of sorrow however is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; '*lacrymis altaria sudant.*'[3]

"There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here. — The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign affords, I believe, the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.[4] Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them, but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation.[5] At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow, which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen, to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup

1 Ariosto, canto iv.
2 See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.
3 Statius, Thebaid. lib. xii.
4 "A sort of civil excommunication (says Gibbon) which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."
5 *Μόλις τινὰ ὀλοφυρμὸν πλήρη καὶ συμπαθείας συνθέμενοι, ταῖς μελῳδίαις ἐπῆδον.* Nicephor. lib. xii. cap. 42. — This story is also in Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. 23; but unfortunately Chrysostom says nothing whatever about it, and he not only had the best opportunities of information, but was too fond of music, as appears by his praises of psalmody (Exposit. in Psalm. xli.), to omit such a flattering illustration of its powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the interference of the Antiochian solitaries, while Zosimus attributes it to the remonstrances of the sophist Libanius. — Gibbon, I think, does not even allude to the story of the musicians.

while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven. — Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers!"

* * * *

THE SCEPTIC.

PREFACE.

The Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been as much misrepresented as the Epicurean. Pyrrho perhaps may have carried it to an irrational excess (though we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher), but it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as stated by Sextus Empiricus,[1] are much more suited to the frailty of human reason, and more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians, the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed: the Sceptics, however, without asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; as St. Augustin expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manichaeans, "nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam quaeramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur."[2] From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which they imposed upon themselves, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which pretended to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had dómesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics, in this respect, resembled that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. "Labore, ingenio, memoria supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse. — Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?" &c. &c.[3] Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic. Dissert. 4.

The difference between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's Metaphysics,[4] while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume.[5] Indeed the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so much upon his belief, that it is natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it steal by degrees into the region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, I think, more consistent with the humble spirit of Christianity, than the scepticism of him who professes not to extend his distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A philosopher of this kind is among the readiest to admit the claims of Heaven upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent; it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse

1 Pyrrh. Hypoth. The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in La Vérité des Sciences, by Mersenne, liv. i. chap. ii. &c.

2 Lib. contra Epist. Manichaei quam vocant Fundamenti, Op. Paris, tom vi.

3 See Martin. Schoockius de Scepticismo, who endeavours, I think weakly, to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

4 *Εστι δε τοις ευπορησαι βουλομενοις προυργου το διαπορησαι καλως.* —
Metaphys. Lib. iii. cap. 1.

5 Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amiably intended, appears to me a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and a continued *petitio principii* throughout.

of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes, and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Sceptics of antiquity refrained from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a superintending Providence: *Τω μεν βιω ακολουθουντες αδοξαστως φαμεν ειναι θεους και σεβομεν θεους και προνοειν αυτους φαμεν.* Lib. iii. cap. 1. In short, it appears to me that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the schools that can be selected as a handmaid for Piety: he who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for there is no parallax at the zenith — it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,[1]
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem![2]
Ask, who is wise? — you'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells:
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
Where C-stl-r—gh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing M—lgr—ve scarce be deem'd an ass!

1 "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether any one perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds, let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease." Locke, book ii. chap. 8.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. How shall we apply the bishop's theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the Messias was there actually present." — See Whiston, *of the Mosaic Creation.*

2 Boetius employs this argument of the Sceptics, among his consolatory reflexions upon the emptiness of fame. "Quid quod diversarum gentium mores inter se atque instituta discordant, ut quod apud alios laude, apud alios supplicio dignum judicetur?" — Lib. ii. prosa 7. Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that interesting Sceptic Le Mothe le Vayer. — See his Opuscule Sceptique, his treatise "de la Secte Sceptique," and, above all, those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horatius Tubero. — The chief objection to these writings of Le Vayer (and it is a blemish which, I think, may be felt in the Esprit des Loix), is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from which he frequently draws his instances, and the indiscriminate use which he makes of the lowest populace of the library, those lying travellers and wonder-mongers, of whom Shaftesbury complains, in his Advice to an Author, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very vicious sort of scepticism. Vol. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of Le Vayer, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind; and Villemandy, the author of Scepticismus Debellatus, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he has confined his incredulity.

"List not to reason" (Epicurus cries),
"But trust the senses; *there* conviction lies;" — [1]
Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright:
Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips Champaigne;
And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
Would make e'en Sh—r—d—n think water sweet!

Just as the mind the erring sense[2] believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives,
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair.
* * * * *, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes!

Self is the medium least refined of all
Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.
Th' Ephesian smith a holier charm espied
In Dian's toe, than all his heav'n beside;[3]
And true religion shines not half so true
On *one* good living as it shines on *two*.
Had W—lc—t first been pension'd by the Throne,
Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone;
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sly, at all Rights of Man!

But 'tis not only individual minds
That habit tinctures, or that interest blinds;

1 This was also the creed of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des Barreaux in the arts of poetry and voluptuousness, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

"Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière,
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.
. . . . . .
Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
Ou nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux."

Which sentiments I have thus ventured to paraphrase:

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he been form'd a perfect whole
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.
Oh happy! had his light been strong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which burns enough to show he's wrong,
Yet not enough to lead him right!

2 See those verses upon the fallaciousness of the senses, beginning "Fallunt nos oculi," &c. among the fragments of Petronius. The most sceptical of the ancient poets was Euripides, and I defy the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a more ingenious doubt than the following:

Τις δ' οιδεν ει ζην τουθ' ὁ κεκληται θανειν
Το ζην δε θνησκειν εστι. — See Laërt. in Pyrrh.

Socrates and Plato were the grand sources of ancient scepticism. Cicero tells us (de Orator. lib. iii.), that they supplied Arcesilas with the doctrines of the Middle Academy; and how much these resembled the tenets of the Sceptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus (lib. i. cap. 33.), who, with all his distinctions, can scarcely prove any difference. One is sorry to find that Epicurus was a dogmatist; and I rather think his natural temper would have led him to the repose of scepticism, if the Stoics, by their violent opposition, had not forced him to be as obstinate as themselves. Indeed Plutarch, in reporting some of his opinions, represents him as delivering them with considerable hesitation. *Επικουρος ουδεν απογιγνωσκει τουτων, εχομενος του ενδεχομενου.* De Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 22d chapters. But that the leading characteristics of the sect were self-sufficiency and dogmatism, appears from what Cicero says of Velleius, De Natur. Deor.— "Tum Velleius, fidentur sane, ut solent isti, nihil tam verens quam ne dubitare aliquâ de re videretur."

3 See Acts, chap. xix.; where every line reminds one of those reverend craftsmen who are so ready to cry out "The church is in danger!"

"For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen:

"Whom he called together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth:

. . . . . .

"So that not only this our craft is likely to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised," &c. &c.

Whole nations, fool'd by falsehood, fear, or pride,
Their ostrich-heads in self-illusion hide:
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;
Thus, selfish still, the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid!
Oh! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest cause,
Or gild the worst; — and then, for nations' laws!
Go, good civilian, shut thy useless book,
In force alone for laws of nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t's [1] pirate code alone appears
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers!

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
Who burns on neither shrine the balm of praise!
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not *his* the meed that crownd Don H—kh—m's rhyme,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes!
Yet who, that looks to time's accusing leaf,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
On either side in lofty shame are seen, [2]
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between —
Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from *both* to honesty and thee?

If, giddy with the world's bewildering maze, [3]
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,
How many a doubt pursues! [4] how oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that histories lie!
That all are grave romances, at the best,
And M—sgr—ve's [5] but more clumsy than the rest!
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild; [6]
And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
Monmouth a hero, "for the good old cause!" [7]

1 With most of this writer's latter politics I confess I feel a most hearty concurrence, and perhaps, if I were an Englishman, my pride might lead me to acquiesce in that system of lawless, unlimited sovereignty, which he claims so boldly for his country at sea; but, viewing the question somewhat more disinterestedly, and as a friend to the common rights of mankind, I cannot help thinking that the doctrines which he maintained upon the Copenhagen expedition and the differences with America, would establish a species of maritime tyranny, as discreditable to the character of England, as it would be galling and unjust to the other nations of the world.

2 This I have borrowed from RALPH — *Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, p. 164.

3 The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.

In the mean time, our modest Sceptic, in the absence of truth, contents himself with probabilities, resembling in this respect those suitors of Penelope, who, when they found that they could not possess the mistress herself, very wisely resolved to put up with her maids; *τῇ Πηνελοπῃ πλησιαζειν μη δυναμενοι, ταις ταυτης εμιγνυντο θεραπαιναις.* — Plutarch. *Περι Παιδων Αγωγης.*

4 See a curious work, entitled "Reflections upon Learning," written on the plan of Agrippa's "De Vanitate Scientiarum," but much more honestly and skilfully executed.

5 This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's Collection of Ormond's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nalson's account of him, in the Introduction to the second volume of his Historic. Collect.

6 He defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent and even laudable." In the same spirit, speaking of the arbitrary sentences of the Star Chamber, he says — "The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Laud's passionate disposition, was perhaps, in itself, somewhat blameable." See TOWERS upon Hume.

7 That flexibility of temper and opinion, which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Monmouth to which I allude; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn from himself. "One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all, who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly

Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
As French or English pride the tale repeats;
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore!
Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,
To prove that England triumph'd on the morn
Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn!

In science too — how many a system, raised
Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
Then, melting, mingled with th' oblivious tide.
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes's[1] pen,
Which *now!* assail'd by Locke's, expire again:
And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,
We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
And turns at once our alkalis to metals!
Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
Through fair-built theories of former days,
Some Dr—mm—d[2] from the north, more ably skill'd,
Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own!

Oh Learning! Learning! whatsoe'er thy boast,
Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd us most:
The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied,
And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagirites!

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays!
How many various heav'ns hath Fancy's wing
Explored or touch'd from Papias[3] down to King![4]
And hell itself, in India nought but smoke,[5]
In Spain's a furnace, and in France — a joke.

Hail, modest ignorance! thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the humbly wise!
Hail, sceptic ease! when errors waves are past,

allied to wisdom than conceit and self-sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the general concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases, even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom." — The Sceptic's readiness of concession, however, arises more from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. "It may be so," was the courteous and sceptical formula, with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. See LLOYD's *State Worthies*, art. Sir Thomas Wiat.

To the historical fragment of Mr. Fox, we may apply what Pliny says of the last, unfinished works of celebrated artists — "In lenocinio commendationis dolor est manus, cum id ageret, extinctae." Lib. xxxv. cap. 2.

1 Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri, de quo non in utramque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit incertum et dubium." Gassendi is another of our modern Sceptics, and Wedderkopff, in his Dissertation "De Scepticismo profano et sacro" (Argentorat. 1666), has denounced Erasmus as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of Bayle, Malebranche, Dryden, Locke, &c. &c., I think there is no one who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

2 See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

3 Papias lived about the time of the Apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliastae, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Hera's elysium. See Eusebius Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33. and Hieronym. de Scriptor. Ecclesiast. — though, from all that I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged.

4 King, in his Morsels of Criticism, vol. i. supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

5 The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke." See Picart upon the Religion of the Banians. The reader who is curious about infernal matters, may be edified by consulting Rusca de Inferno, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

How sweet to reach thy tranquil port* at last,
And, gently rock'd in undulating doubt,
Smile at the sturdy winds which war without!
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of Virtue, e'en in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes!
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a purer world;
While Patience lingers o'er the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Turns to young Hope, who still directs his eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

These are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, and trusts in nought but Heaven!

* "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut à un esprit qui aime le repos! La Mothe le Vayer.

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL

TO

CONGRESS.

Αλλ' ουκ' οιει ΠΥΚΤΙΚΗΣ ΠΛΕΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΧΕΙΝ τους πλουσιους επιστημη τε και εμπειρια Η ΠΟΛΕΜΙΚΗΣ; Εγω, εφη. — PLATO *de Rep. Lib.* 4.

"If any man doubt the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the Laws of *Canting*, and published in this tongue."

BEN JONSON.

PREFACE.

The Public have already been informed, through the medium of the daily prints, that, among the distinguished visitors to the Congress lately held at Aix-la-Chapelle, were Mr. Bob-Gregson, Mr. George Cooper, and a few more illustrious brethren of The Fancy. It had been resolved at a Grand Meeting of the Pugilistic Fraternity, that, as all the *milling* Powers of Europe were about to assemble, personally or by deputy, at Aix-la-Chapelle, it was but right that The Fancy should have its representatives there as well as the rest, and these gentlemen were accordingly selected for that high and honourable office. A description of this Meeting, of the speeches spoken, the resolutions, &c. &c. has been given in a letter written by one of the most eminent of the profession, which will be found in the Appendix, No. I. Mr. Crib's Memorial, which now for the first time meets the public eye, was drawn up for the purpose of being transmitted by these gentlemen to Congress; and, as it could not possibly be in better hands for the enforcement of every point connected with the subject, there is every reason to hope that it has made a suitable impression upon that body.

The favour into which this branch of Gymnastics, called Pugilism, (from the Greek, πυξ, as the Author of Boxiana learnedly observes) has risen with the Public of late years, and the long season of tranquillity which we are now promised by the new Millenarians of the Holy League, encourage us to look forward with some degree of sanguineness to an order of things, like that which Plato and Tom Crib have described, (the former in the motto prefixed to this work, and the latter in the interesting Memorial that follows), when the *Milling* shall succeed to the *Military* system, and The Fancy will be the sole arbitress of the trifling disputes of mankind. From a wish to throw every possible light on the history of an Art, which is destined ere long to have such influence upon the affairs of the world, I have, for some time past, been employed in a voluminous and elaborate work, entitled "A Parallel between Ancient and Modern Pugilism," which is now in a state of considerable forwardness, and which I hope to have ready for delivery to subscribers on the morning of the approaching fight between Randall and Martin. Had the elegant author of Boxiana extended his inquiries to the *ancient* state of the art, I should not have presumed to interfere with a historian so competent. But, as his researches into antiquity have gone no farther than the *one* valuable specimen of erudition which I have given above, I feel the less hesitation

> ——— novos decerpere flores
> Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
> Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musae. [1]
>
> *Lucret.* Lib. 4. v. 3.

The variety of studies necessary for such a task, and the multiplicity of references which it requires, as well to the living as the dead, can only be fully appreciated by him who has had the patience to perform it. Alternately studying in the Museum and the Fives Court — passing from the Academy of Plato to that of Mr. Jackson — now indulging in *Attic flashes* with Aristophanes, and now studying *Flash* in the *Attics* of *Cock Court* [2] — between so many and such various associations has my mind been divided during the task, that sometimes, in my bewilderment, I have confounded Ancients and Moderns together, — mistaken the *Greek* of St. Giles's for that of Athens, and have even found myself tracing Bill Gibbons and his Bull in the "*taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo*" of Virgil. My printer, too, has been affected with similar hallucinations. The *Mil. Glorios.* of Plautus he converted, the other day, into a *Glorious Mill;* and more than once, when I have referred to *Tom. prim.* or *Tom. quart.* he has substituted Tom Crib and Tom Oliver in their places. Notwithstanding all this, the work will be found, I trust, tolerably correct; and as an Analysis of its opening Chapters may not only gratify the impatience of the *Fanciful* World, but save my future reviewers some trouble, it is here given as succinctly as possible.

Chap. 1. contains some account of the ancient inventors of pugilism, Epēus and Amycus. — The early exploit of the former, in *milling* his twinbrother, *in ventre matris*, and so getting before him into the world, as related by Eustathius on the authority of Lycophron. — Amycus, a Royal Amateur of The Fancy, who challenged to *the scratch* all strangers that landed on his shore. — The Combat

1 To wander through The Fancy's bowers,
To gather new, unheard-of flowers,
And wreathe such garlands for my brow,
As Poet never wreathed till now!

2 The residence of The Nonpareil, Jack Randall, — where, the day after his last great victory, he held a levee, which was attended, of course, by all the leading characters of St. Giles's.

between him and Pollux, (who, to use the classic phrase, *served* him *out*), as described by Theocritus,[1] Apollonius Rhodius,[2] and Valerius Flaccus.[3] — Respective merits of these three descriptions.— Theocritus by far the best; and altogether, perhaps, the most scientific account of a Boxing-match in all antiquity. — Apollonius ought to have done better, with such a model before him; but, evidently not *up to* the thing (whatever Scaliger may say), and his similes all *slum*.[4] — Valerius Flaccus, the first Latin Epic Poet after Virgil, has done ample justice to this *Set-to*; the *feints*, *facers*,[5] and *ribbers*, all described most spiritedly.

Chap. 2. proves that the Pancratium of the ancients, as combining boxing and wrestling, was the branch of their Gymnastics that most resembled our modern Pugilism; *cross-buttocking* (or what the Greeks called *ὑποσκελιζειν*) being as indispensable an ingredient, as *nobbing*, *flooring*, &c. &c. — Their ideas of a *stand-up fight* very similar to our own, as appears from the *το παιειν αλληλους ΟΡΘΟΣΤΑΔΗΝ* of Lucian, — *περι Γυμνας*.

Chap. 3. examines the ancient terms of THE FANCY, as given by Pollux (*Onomast. ad fin. Lib.* 3.) and others; and compares them with the modern. — For example, *αγχειν*, to *throttle* — *λυγιζειν*, evidently the origin of our word to *lug* — *αγκυριζειν*, to *anchor* a fellow, (see Grose's *Greek* Dictionary, for the word *anchor*)—*δρασσειν* (perf. pass. *δεδραγμαι*), from which is derived to *drag*; and whence, also, a *flash* etymologist might contrive to derive *δραμα*, *drama*, Thespis having first performed in a *drag*.[6] This chapter will be found highly curious; and distinguished, I flatter myself, by much of that acuteness, which enabled a late illustrious Professor to discover that our English "Son of a Gun" was nothing more than the *Παις Γυνης* (Dor.) of the Greeks.

Chap. 4. enumerates the many celebrated Boxers of antiquity. — Eryx, (grandson of the Amycus already mentioned), whom Hercules is said to have *finished* in style. — Phrynon, the Athenian General, and Autolycus, of whom, Pausanias tells us, there was a statue in the Prytaneum — The celebrated Pugilist, who, at the very moment he was expiring, had game enough to make his adversary *give in*; which interesting circumstance forms the subject of one of the Pictures of Philostratus, *Icon. Lib.* 2. *Imag.* 6. — and above all, that renowned Son of the Fancy, Melancomas, the favourite of the Emperor Titus, in whose praise Dio Chrysostomus has left us two elaborate orations.[7] — The peculiarities of this boxer discussed — his power of standing with his arms extended, for two whole days, without any rest, (*δυνατος ην*, says Dio, *και δυο ημερας ἑξης μενειν ανατεταμενος τας χειρας, και ουκ αν ειδεν ουδεις ὑφεντα αυτον η αναπαυσαμενον ὡσπερ ειωθασι*, Orat. 28.), by which means he wore out his adversary's *bottom*, and conquered without either *giving* or *taking*. This bloodless system of *milling*, which trusted for victory to patience alone, has afforded to the orator, Themistius, a happy illustration of the peaceful conquests which he attributes to the Emperor Valens.[8]

Chap. 5. notices some curious points of similarity between the ancient and modern FANCY — Thus, Theocritus, in his Milling-match, calls Amycus "a *glutton*," which is well known to be the classical phrase at Moulsey-Hurst, for one who, like Amycus, takes a deal of *punishment* before he is *satisfied*.

Πως γαρ δη Διος υιος ΑΔΗΦΑΓΟΝ ανδρα καθειλεν.

In the same Idyl the poet describes the Bebrycian hero as *πληγαις μεθυων*, "drunk with blows," which is precisely the language of our Fancy bulletins; for example,

1 Idyl. 22.
2 Argonaut. Lib. 2.
3 Lib. 4.
4 Except one, *βουτυπος οἰα*, which is good, and which Fawkes, therefore, has omitted. The following couplet from his translation is, however, *fanciful* enough: —

"So from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung,
Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung."

5 Emicat hic, *dextramque* parat, *dextramque* minatur
Tyndarides; redit huc oculis et pondere Bebryx
Sic ratus; ille autem celeri *rapit ora sinistra*. Lib. 4. v. 290.

We have here a *feint* and a *facer* together. The manner in which Valerius Flaccus describes the multitude of *blackguards* that usually assemble on such occasions, is highly poetical and picturesque; he supposes them to be Shades from Tartarus, —

Et pater orantes caesorum Tartarus *umbras*
Nube cava tandem ad meritae spectacula pugnae
Emittit; summi *nigrescunt* culmina montis. v. 258.

6 The Flash term for a *cart*.

7 The following words, in which Dio so decidedly prefers the art of the Boxer to that of the Soldier, would perhaps have been a still more significant motto to Mr. Crib's Memorial than that which I have chosen from Plato. *Και καθολου δε εγωγε τουτο της εν τοις πολεμοις αρετης προκρινω.*

8 *Ην τις επι των προγονων των ημετερων πυκτης ανηρ, Μελαγκομας ονομα αυτῳ . . . . . ουτος ουδενα πωποτε τρωσας, ουδε παταξας, μονη τη στασει και τη των χειρων ανατασει παντας απεκταιε τους αντιπαλους.* THEMIST. *Orat. περι Ειρηνης.*

"Turner appeared as if drunk, and made a heavy lolloping hit," &c. &c.[1] — The resemblance in the *manner* of fighting still more striking and important. Thus we find CRIB's favourite system of *milling on the retreat*, which he practised so successfully in his combats with Gregson and Molyneux, adopted by Alcidamus, the Spartan, in the battle between him and Capaneus, so minutely and vividly described by Statius, *Thebaid*, *Lib.* 6.

> . . . . . sed non, tamen, immemor artis,[2]
> Adversus fugit, et *fugiens tamen ictibus obstat.*

And it will be only necessary to compare together two extracts from Boxiana and the Bard of Syracuse, to see how similar in their manoeuvres have been the *millers* of all ages — "The Man of Colour, to prevent being *fibbed*, grasped tight hold of Carter's hand"[3] — (Account of the Fight between Robinson, the Black, and Carter), which, (translating λιλαιομενος, "the Lily-white,"[4]) is almost word for word with the following:

> *Ητοι ὁγε ῥεξαι τι λιλαιομενος μεγα εργον*
> *Σκαιη μεν σκαιην Πολυδευκεος ελλαβε χειρα.* THEOCRIT.

Chap. 6. proves, from the *jawing*-match and *Set-to* between Ulysses and the Beggar in the 18th Book of the Odyssey, that the ancients (notwithstanding their *δικαια μαχοντων*, or Laws of Combatants, which, Artemidorus says in his chap. 33. *περι Μονομαχ.* extended to pugilism as well as other kinds of combats) did not properly understand *fair play;* as Ulysses is here obliged to require an oath from the standers-by, that they will not *deal* him a *sly knock*, while he is *cleaning out* the *mumper* —

> *Μη τις επ' Ιρω ηρα φερων, εμε χειρι παχειη*
> *Πληξη ατασθαλλων, τουτω δε με ιφι δαμασση.*

Chap. 7. describes the Cestus, and shows that the Greeks, for mere exercise or *sparring*, made use of *muffles* or *gloves* as we do, which they called *σφαιραι.* This appears particularly from a passage in Plato, *de Leg. Lib.* 8, where, speaking of *training*, he says, it is only by frequent use of the gloves that a knowledge of *stopping* and *hitting* can be acquired. The whole passage is curious, as proving that the Divine Plato was not altogether a *novice* in the *Fancy lay.*[5] — *Και ως εγγυτατα του ὁμοιου, αντι ἱμαντων ΣΦΑΙΡΑΣ αν περιεδουμεθα, ὁπως αἱ ΠΛΗΓΑΙ τε και αἱ ΤΩΝ ΠΛΗΓΩΝ ΕΤΑΑΒΕΙΑΙ διεμελετωντω εις τι δυνατον ἱκανως.* — These *muffles* were called by the Romans *sacculi*, as we find from Trebellius Pollio, who in describing a triumph of Gallienus, mentions the "Pugiles *sacculis* non veritate pugilantes."

Chap. 8. adverts to the pugilistic exhibitions of the Spartan ladies, which Propertius has thus commemorated —

> Pulverulentaque ad extremos stat foemina metas,
> Et patitur duro vulnera pancratio;
> Nunc ligat ad caestum gaudentia brachia loris, &c. &c.
> *Lib.* 3. *El.* 14.

and to prove that the moderns are not behindhand with the ancients in this respect, cites the following instance recorded in Boxiana. — "George Madox, in this battle, was seconded by his sister, Grace, who, upon its conclusion, tossed up her hat in defiance, and offered to fight any man present" — also the memorable challenge, given in the same work (V. i. p. 300.), which passed between Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell, and Miss Hannah Hyfield of Newgate-Market — another proof that the English may boast many a "dolce guerriera" as well as the Greeks.

Chap. 9. contains Accounts of all the celebrated *Set-tos* of antiquity, translated from the works of the different authors that have described them, — viz. the famous Argonautic Battle, as detailed by the three poets mentioned in chap. I. — the Fight between Epēus and Euryalus, in the 23d Book of the Iliad, and between Ulysses and Irus in the 18th Book of the Odyssey — the Combat of Dares and Entellus in the 5th Æneid, — of Capaneus and Alcidamus, already referred to, in Statius, and of Achelous and Hercules in the 9th Book to the Metamorphoses; — though this last is rather a wrestling-bout than a *mill*, resembling that between

1 Kent's Weekly Dispatch.

2 Yet, not unmindful of his art, he hies,
But turns his face, and combats as he flies. *Lewis.*

3 A manoeuvre, generally called *Tom Owen's stop.*

4 The *Flash* term for a negro; and also for a chimney-sweeper.

5 Another philosopher, Seneca, has shewn himself equally *flash* on the subject, and, in his 13th Epistle, lays it down as an axiom, that no pugilist can be considered worth any thing, till he has had his *peepers taken measure of* for a *suit of mourning*, or, in common language, has received a pair of black eyes. The whole passage is edifying: — "Non potest athleta magnos spiritus ad certamen adferre, qui nunquam *sugillatus est.* Ille qui vidit sanguinem suum, cujus dentes crepuerunt sub pugno, ille qui supplanatus adversarium toto tulit corpore, nec projecit animum projectus, qui quoties cecidit contumacior resurrexit, cum magna spe descendit ad pugnam."

"But this I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
"I'd never wish to *blow* a *cloud* [1] with!"

At these brave words, we, ev'ry one,
Sung out "hear — hear" — and clapp'd, *like fun.*
For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
The CHAMPION *fibb'd* the POET'S *nob*, [2]
This *buttering-up*, [3] against the grain,
We thought was *curs'd* genteel in BOB.
And, here again, we may remark
BOB'S likeness to the Lisbon jobber — [4]
For, though, all know, that *flashy spark*
From C—ST—R—GH receiv'd a *nobber*,
That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
And *laid him up* in *ordinary*, [5]
Yet, now, such loving *pals* [6] are they,
That GEORGY, wiser as he's older,
Instead of *facing* C—ST—R—GH,
Is proud to be his *bottle-holder*!
But to return to BOB'S harangue,
'Twas deuced fine — no *slum* or *slang* —
But such as you could *smoke* the bard in, —
All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
Like Mother Salmon's — wax-work quite!

The next was TURNER — *nobbing* NED —
Who put his right leg forth, [7] and said,
"TOM, I admire your notion much;
"And, *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
"I somehow thinks I'll-*have a touch*,
"Myself, at this said Congress party.
"Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
"If settling Europe be the *sport*,
"They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
"As *tipping settlers* [8] is my *forte!*"

Then up rose WARD, the veteran JOE,
And, 'twixt his whiffs, [9] suggested briefly
That but a *few*, at first, should go,
And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
As if too many "*Big-ones*" went,
They might alarm the Continent!!

JOE added, then, that, as 'twas known
The R—G—T, bless his wig! had shown
A taste for Art, (like JOEY'S own [10])
And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,
And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off — on *canvas*, merely;

1 To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, νεφεληγερετης.

2 In the year 1808, when CRIB defeated GREGSON.

3 Praising or flattering.

4 These parallels between great men are truly edifying.

5 Sea cant — a good deal of which has been introduced into the regular Flash, by such *classic* heroes as Scroggins, Crockey, &c.

6 Friends.

7 Ned's favourite Prolegomena in battle as well as in debate. As this position is said to render him "very hard to be got at," I would recommend poor Mr. V—ns—t—t to try it as a last resource, in his next *set-to* with Mr. T—rn—y.

8 A kind of blow, whose *sedative* nature is sufficiently explained by the name it bears.

9 Joe being particularly fond of "that costly and gentlemanlike smoke" as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes* — "ex *fumo* dare *lucem*" — is very remarkable.

10 Joe's taste for pictures has been thus commemorated by the great Historian of Pugilism — "If Joe Ward cannot boast of a splendid gallery of pictures formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects as, in many instances, must be considered unique. Portraits of nearly all the pugilists (many of them in whole lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of *Figg* and *Broughton* down to the present period, with likenesses of many distinguished amateurs, among whom are Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects!" — Boxiana, vol. i. p. 431.

God forbid the *other* mode! —
He (JOB) would from his own abode,
(*The Dragon* [1] — fam'd for *Fancy* works,
Drawings of Heroes, and of — *corks*)
Furnish such *Gemmen* of *the Fist*, [2]
As would complete the R—G—T's list.
"Thus, Champion TOM," said he, "would look
"Right well, hung up beside *the Duke* —
"TOM's noddle being (if its *frame*
"Had but *the gilding*) much the same —
"And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,
"BILL GIBBONS or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of JOBY's —
Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
(With all his other learned parts,)
Down as a hammer [3] to the Arts!

Old BILL, the Black, [4] — you know him, NEDDY —
(With *mug*, [5] whose hue the ebon shames,
Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
Like a large Collier in the Thames)
Though somewhat *cut*, [6] just begg'd to say
He hop'd that *Swell*, Lord C—ST—R—GH,
Would show the *Lily-Whites* [7] fair play;
"And not — as *once* he did" — says BILL,
"Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
"Leave us, poor Blacks, to fare as ill,
"As if we were but pigs, or — Irish!"

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go —
"As should their Majesties be dull,"
Says BILL, "there's nothing like a Bull: [8]
"And *blow me tight*," — (BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like "*dash my wig*," or "*burn my breeches!*")
"*Blow me* —"
— Just then, the Chair, [9] already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,

* * * * * * * *

No. 2.

VIRGIL, AENEID. LIB. V. 426.

Constitit in digitos extemplò arrectus uterque,
Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxêre retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ:
Hic, membris et mole valens; sed tarda trementi

No. 2.

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Aeneid,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

WITH *daddles* [10] high uprais'd, and *nob* held back,
In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
Both *Kiddies* [11] stood—and with prelusive *spar*,
And light manoeuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light weight blade* —
The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering* trade;

1 The *Green Dragon*, King-street, near Swallow-street, "where (says the same author) any person may have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted in viewing *Ward's Cabinet of the Fancy!*"

2 Among the portraits is one of BILL GIBBONS, by a pupil of the great Fuseli, which gave occasion to the following impromptu: —

Though you *are* one of Fuseli's scholars,
This question I'll dare to propose,
How the devil could you use *water*-colours,
In painting BILL GIBBON's nose?

3 To be *down to* any thing is pretty much the same as being *up to* it, and "*down as a hammer*" is, of course, the *intensivum* of the phrase.

4 RICHMOND. 5 Face.

6 *Cut*, tipsy; another remarkable instance of the similarity that exists between the language of the Classics and that of St. Giles's. — In Martial we find "Incaluit quoties *saucia* vena *mero*." Ennius, too, has "*sauciarit* se flore Liberi;" and Justin "*hesterno mero saucii*."

7 *Lily-whites* (or *Snow-balls*) Negroes.

8 Bill Gibbons has, I believe, been lately rivalled in this peculiar Walk of the Fancy, by the superior merits of Tom Oliver's *Game Bull*.

9 From the respect wich I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

10 Hands. 11 Fellows, usually *young* fellows.

'Bout Freedom, and Order, and — *all my eye, Betty*)
Whether praying, or dressing, or *dancing* the *hays*,
Or *lapping* your *cango* [1] at Lord C—STL—R—GH'S, — [2]
(While his Lordship, as usual, that very great *dab* [3]
At the flowers of rhet'ric, is *flashing* his *gab* [4])
Or holding State Dinners, to talk of the weather,
And cut up your mutton and Europe together!
Whatever your *gammon*, whatever your talk,
Oh deign, ye illustrious *Cocks of the Walk*,
To attend for a moment, — and if the Fine Arts
Of *fibbing* [5] and *boring* [5] be dear to your hearts;
If to *level*, [5] to *punish*, [5] to *ruffian* [5] mankind,
And to *darken* their *daylights*, [6] be pleasures refin'd
(As they *must* be) for every Legitimate mind, —
Oh listen to one, who, both able and willing
To spread through creation the myst'ries of *milling*,
(And, as to whose politics, search the world round,
Not a sturdier *Pit-tite* [7] e'er liv'd — under ground)
Has thought of a plan, which — excuse his presumption —
He hereby submits to your Royal *rumgumption*. [8]

It being now settled that emp'rors and kings,
Like kites made of *foolscap*, are *high-flying* things,
To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,
Have been tied in a string, to be whisk'd to and fro,
Just wherever it suits the said *foolscap* to go —
This being all settled, and Freedom all *gammon*, [9]
And nought but your Honours worth wasting a d—n on;
While snug and secure you may now *run* your *rigs*, [10]
Without fear that old Boney will *bother* your *gigs* —
As your Honours, too, bless you! though all *of a trade*,
Yet agreeing like *new ones*, have lately been made
Special constables o'er us, for keeping the peace, —
Let us hope now that wars and *rumbustions* will cease;
That soldiers and guns, like "the Dev'l and his works,"
Will henceforward be left to Jews, Negers, and Turks;
Till *Brown Bess* [11] shall soon, like Miss Tabitha Fusty,
For want of a *spark* to *go off with*, grow rusty,
And *lobsters* [12] will lie such a drug upon hand,
That our *do-nothing* Captains must all get *japann'd!* [13]
My eyes, how delightful! — the rabble well *gagg'd*, [14]
The *Swells* in *high feather*, and old Boney *lagg'd!*

But, though we must hope for such good times as these,
Yet as something *may* happen to *kick up a breeze* —
Some quarrel, reserv'd for your own *private picking* —
Some grudge, even now in your great gizzards sticking —
(God knows about what — about money, mayhap,
Or the Papists, or Dutch, or that *Kid*, [15] Master Nap.)
And, setting in case there should come such a *rumpus*,
As *some* made of *settling the chat* we must compass,

1 Drinking your tea.
2 See the Appendix, No. 3.
3 An adept.
4 Showing off his talk. — Better expressed, perhaps, by a late wit, who, upon being asked what was going on in the House of Commons, answered, "only Lord C, *airing his vocabulary*."
5 All terms of the Fancy, and familiar to those who read the Transactions of the Pugilistic Society.
6 To close up their eyes — alias, to *sow up* their *sees*.
7 TOM received his first education in a Coal Pit; from whence he has been honoured with the name of "the Black Diamond."
8 *Gumption* or *Rumgumption*, comprehension, capacity.
9 Nonsense or humbug.
10 Play your tricks.
11 A soldier's fire-lock.
12 Soldiers, from the colour of their clothes. "*To boil one's lobster* means for a churchman to turn soldier; lobsters, which are of a bluish black, being made red by boiling." — *Grose*. Butler's ingenious simile will occur to the reader: —

When, like a lobster boiled, the Morn
From black to red began to turn.

13 Ordained — i. e. become clergymen.
14 Transported.
15 Child. — Hence our useful word, kidnapper — to *nab* a *kid* being to steal a child. Indeed, we need but recollect the many excellent and necessary words to which Johnson has affixed the stigma of "cant term," to be aware how considerably the English language has been enriched by the contributions of the Flash fraternity.

With which the *tag-rag*[1] will have nothing to do —
What think you, great *Swells*, of a ROYAL SET-TO?[2]
A *Ring* and fair *fist-work* at Aix-la-Chapelle,
Or at old Moulsey-Hurst, if you likes it as well —
And that all may be *fair* as to *wind*, *weight*, and *science*,
I'll answer to train the whole HOLY ALLIANCE!

Just think, please your Majesties, how you'd prefer it
To *mills* such as Waterloo, where all the merit
To vulgar, red-coated *rapscallions* must fall,
Who have no Right Divine to have merit at all!
How much more select your own quiet *Set-tos!* —
And how vastly genteeler 'twill sound in the news,
(*Kent's Weekly Dispatch*, that beats all others hollow
For *Fancy* transactions) in terms such as follow: —

ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND SET-TO BETWEEN LONG SANDY AND GEORGY THE PORPUS.

LAST Tuesday, at Moulsey, the Balance of Power
Was settled by twelve *Tightish* Rounds, in an hour —
The *Buffers*,[3] both "Boys of the *Holy Ground*," —[4]
LONG SANDY, by name of *the Bear* much renown'd,
And GEORGY the *Porpus*, a *prime glutton* reckon'd —
Old *thingummee* POTTSO[5] was LONG SANDY'S second,
And GEORGY'S was *Pat* C—STL—R—GH, — he, who lives
At the sign of *the King's Arms a-kimbo*, and gives
His *small* beer about, with the air of a *chap*
Who believed it himself a prodigious *strong tap*.

This being the first true Legitimate *Match*
Since TOM took to *training* these *Swells* for the *scratch*,
Every *lover of life*, that had *rhino* to spare,
From sly little Moses to B — R — G, was there.
Never since the renown'd days of BROUGHTON and FIGG[6]
Was the *Fanciful World* in such very *prime twig* —[7]
And long before daylight, gigs, *rattlers*,[8] and *prads*,[9]
Were in motion for Moulsey, brimful of *the Lads*.
Jack ELD — N, Old SID, and some more, had come down
On the evening before, and put up at *The Crown*, —
Their old favourite sign, where themselves and their brothers
Get *grub*[10] at cheap rate, though it *fleeces* all others;
Nor matters it how we, plebeians, condemn,
As *The Crown* 's always sure of its *license* from them.

'Twas diverting to see, as one *ogled* around,
How *Corinthians*[11] and *Commoners* mixed on the ground.
Here M—NTR—SE and an Israelite met face to face,
The Duke, a place-hunter, the Jew, from Duke's Place;
While Nicky V—NS—T, not caring to roam,
Got among the *white-bag-men*,[12] and felt quite *at home*.
Here stood in a corner, well screen'd from the weather,
Old SID and the great Doctor EADY together,
Both fam'd *on the walls* — with a d—n, in addition,
Prefix'd to the name of the *former* Physician.
Here C—MD—N, who never till now was suspected
Of *Fancy*, or ought that is therewith connected,
Got close to a *dealer in donkies*, who eyed him,
Jack Scroggins remark'd, "just as if he'd have *buy'd him*;"

1 The common people, the mobility.
2 A boxing-match.
3 Boxers—Irish cant.
4 The hitch in the metre here was rendered necessary by the quotation, which is from a celebrated *Fancy chant*, ending, every verse, thus: —
For we are the Boys of the *Holy Ground*,
And we'll dance upon nothing, and turn us round!
It is almost needless to add that the *Holy Ground*, or *Land*, is a well-known region of St. Giles's.
5 TOM means, I presume, the celebrated diplomatist, POZZO di BORGO. — The Irish used to claim the dancer Didelot as their countryman, insisting that the O had slipped out of its right place, and that his real name was Mr. O'Diddle. On the same principle they will, perhaps, assert their right to M. Pozzo.
6 The chief founders of the modern school of pugilism.
7 High spirits or condition. 8 Coaches. 9 Horses.
10 Victuals. 11 Men of rank — vide Boxiana, *passim*. 12 Pick-pockets.

"But this I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
"I'd never wish *to blow* a *cloud* [1] with!"

At these brave words, we, ev'ry one,
Sung out "hear — hear" — and clapp'd, *like fun.*
For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
The CHAMPION *fibb'd* the POET'S *nob*, [2]
This *buttering-up*, [3] against the grain,
We thought was *curs'd* genteel in BOB.
And, here again, we may remark
BOB'S likeness to the Lisbon jobber — [4]
For, though, all know, that *flashy spark*
From C—ST—R—GH receiv'd a *nobber*,
That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
And *laid him up* in *ordinary*, [5]
Yet, now, such loving *pals* [6] are they,
That GEORGY, wiser as he's older,
Instead of *facing* C—ST—R—GH,
Is proud to be his *bottle-holder*!
But to return to BOB'S harangue,
'Twas deuced fine — no *slum* or *slang* —
But such as you could *smoke* the bard in, —
All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
Like Mother Salmon's — wax-work quite!

The next was TURNER — *nobbing* NED —
Who put his right leg forth, [7] and said,
"TOM, I admire your notion much;
"And, *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
"I somehow thinks I'll-*have a touch*,
"Myself, at this said Congress party.
"Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
"If settling Europe be the *sport*,
"They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
"As *tipping settlers* [8] is my *forte!*"

Then up rose WARD, the veteran JOE,
And, 'twixt his whiffs, [9] suggested briefly
That but a *few*, at first, should go,
And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
As if too many "*Big-ones*" went,
They might alarm the Continent!!

JOE added, then, that, as 'twas known
The R—G—T, bless his wig! had shown
A taste for Art, (like JOEY'S own [10])
And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,
And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off — on *canvas*, merely;

1 To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, νεφεληγερετης.
2 In the year 1808, when CRIB defeated GREGSON.
3 Praising or flattering.
4 These parallels between great men are truly edifying.
5 Sea cant — a good deal of which has been introduced into the regular Flash, by such *classic* heroes as Scroggins, Crockey, &c.
6 Friends.
7 Ned's favourite Prolegomena in battle as well as in debate. As this position is said to render him "very hard to be got at," I would recommend poor Mr. V—as—t—t to try it as a last resource, in his next *set-to* with Mr. T—rn—y.
8 A kind of blow, whose *sedative* nature is sufficiently explained by the name it bears.
9 Joe being particularly fond of "that costly and gentlemanlike smoke" as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes* — "ex *fumo* dare *lucem*" — is very remarkable.
10 Joe's taste for pictures has been thus commemorated by the great Historian of Pugilism — "If Joe Ward cannot boast of a splendid gallery of pictures formed of selections from the great *foreign* masters, he can sport such a collection of *native* subjects as, in many instances, must be considered unique. Portraits of nearly all the pugilists (many of them in whole lengths and attitudes) are to be found, from the days of *Figg* and *Broughton* down to the present period, with likenesses of many distinguished amateurs, among whom are Captain Barclay, the classic Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. His parlour is decorated in a similar manner; and his partiality for pictures has gone so far, that even the tap-room contains many excellent subjects!" — Boxiana, vol. i. p. 431.

God forbid the *other* mode! —
He (JOB) would from his own abode,
(*The Dragon* [1] — fam'd for *Fancy* works,
Drawings of Heroes, and of — *corks*)
Furnish such *Gemmen* of *the Fist*, [2]
As would complete the R—G—T's list.
"Thus, Champion TOM," said he, "would look
"Right well, hung up beside *the Duke* —
"TOM's noddle being (if its *frame*
"Had but *the gilding*) much the same —
"And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,
"BILL GIBBONS or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of JOBY's —
Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
(With all his other learned parts,)
Down as a hammer [3] to the Arts!

Old BILL, the Black, [4] — you know him, NEDDY —
(With *mug*, [5] whose hue the ebon shames,
Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
Like a large Collier in the Thames)
Though somewhat *cut*, [6] just begg'd to say
He hop'd that *Swell*, Lord C—ST—R—GH,
Would show the *Lily-Whites* [7] fair play;
"And not — as *once* he did" — says BILL,
"Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
"Leave us, poor Blacks, to fare as ill,
"As if we were but pigs, or — Irish!"

BILL GIBBONS, rising, wish'd to know
Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go —
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Says BILL, "there's nothing like a Bull: [8]
"And *blow me tight*," — (BILL GIBBONS ne'er
In all his days was known to swear,
Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
Like "*dash my wig*," or "*burn my breeches!*")
"*Blow me* —"
— Just then, the Chair, [9] already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,

* * * * * * * *

No. 2.

VIRGIL, AENEID. LIB. V. 426.

Constitit in digitos extemplò arrectus uterque,
Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxêre retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ:
Hic, membris et mole valens; sed tarda trementi

No. 2.

Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Aeneid,

BY ONE OF THE FANCY.

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In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
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And light manoeuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light weight blade* —
The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering* trade;

1 The *Green Dragon*, King-street, near Swallow-street, "where (says the same author) any person may have an opportunity of verifying what has been asserted in viewing *Ward's Cabinet of the Fancy!*"

2 Among the portraits is one of BILL GIBBONS, by a pupil of the great Fuseli, which gave occasion to the following impromptu: —

Though you *are* one of Fuseli's scholars,
This question I'll dare to propose,
How the devil could you use *water*-colours,
In painting BILL GIBBON's nose?

3 To be *down to* any thing is pretty much the same as being *up to* it, and "*down as a hammer*" is, of course, the *intensivum* of the phrase.

4 RICHMOND. 5 Face.

6 *Cut*, tipsy; another remarkable instance of the similarity that exists between the language of the Classics and that of St. Giles's. — In Martial we find "Incaluit quoties *saucia* vena *mero*." Ennius, too, has "*sauciavit* se flore Liberi;" and Justin "*hesterno mero saucii*."

7 *Lily-whites* (or *Snow-balls*) Negroes.

8 Bill Gibbons has, I believe, been lately rivalled in this peculiar Walk of the Fancy, by the superior merits of Tom Oliver's *Game Bull*.

9 From the respect wich I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

10 Hands. 11 Fellows, usually *young* fellows.

SEVENTH ROUND. Though *hot-press'd*, and as flat as a crumpet,
LONG SANDY show'd *game* again, scorning to *rump* it;
And, fixing his eye on the Porpus's *snout*, [1]
Which he knew that Adonis felt *peery* [2] about,
By a *feint*, truly elegant, tipp'd him a *punch* in
The critical place, where he *cupboards* his luncheon,
Which knock'd all the rich Curaçoa into *cruds*,
And *doubled* him *up*, like a bag of old *duds!* [3]
There he lay, almost *frummagem'd* [4] every one said
'Twas *all Dicky with* GEORGY, his *mug* hung so dead:
And 'twas only by calling "your wife, Sir, your wife!"
(As a man would cry "fire!") they could start him to life.
Up he rose in a *funk*, [5] *lapp'd a toothful* of brandy,
And *to it* again. — *Any odds* upon SANDY.

EIGHTH ROUND. SANDY work'd like a first-rate *demolisher*:
Bear as he is, yet his *lick* is no *polisher;*
And, take him at *ruffianing* work, (though, in common, he
Hums about Peace and *all that*, like a *Domine* [6])
SANDY's the boy, if once to it they fall,
That will *play up old gooseberry* soon with them all.
This Round was but short — after humouring awhile,
He proceeded to *serve* an *ejectment*, in style,
Upon GEORGY's front *grinders*, [7] which *damag'd* his smile
So completely, that bets ran a hundred to ten
The Adonis would ne'er *flash his ivory* [8] again —
And 'twas pretty to see him *roll'd* round with the shock,
Like a cask of fresh blubber in old Greenland Dock!

NINTH ROUND. One of GEORGY's bright *ogles* [9] was put
On the *bankruptcy list*, with its shop-windows *shut;*
While the *other* soon made quite as *tag-rag* a show,
All *rimm'd* round with *black*, like the *Courier* in *woe!*
Much alarm was now seen 'mong the Israelite *Kids*,
And B—R—G,— the *devil's own boy* for the *quids*, [10] —
Dispatch'd off a pigeon (the species, no doubt,
That they call B—R—G's *stock*-dove) with word "to sell out."

From this to the finish, 'twas all *fiddle faddle* —
Poor GEORGY, at last, could scarce hold up his *daddle* —
With *grinders* dislodg'd, and with *peepers* both *poach'd*, [11]
'Twas not till the Tenth Round his *claret* [12] was *broach'd:*
As the *cellarage* lay so deep down in the fat,
Like his old M——a's purse, 'twas curs'd hard to *get at*,
But a *pelt* in the *smellers* [13] (too pretty to shun,
If the lad even *could*) set it going *like fun;*
And this being the first Royal *Claret* let flow,
Since TOM *took* the Holy Alliance *in tow*,
The *uncorking* produced much sensation about,
As *bets* had been *flush* on the first *painted snout*.
Nota bene. — A note was wing'd off to the *Square*
Just to hint of this awful phlebotomy there; —
Bob Gregson, whose wit at such things is exceeding, [14]
Inclosing a large sprig of "*Love lies a bleeding!*"

In short, not to dwell on each *facer* and *fall*,
Poor GEORGY was *done up* in *no time at all*,
And his *spunkiest* backers were forc'd to *sing small*. [15]
In vain did they try to *fig up* the old lad,
'Twas like using *persuaders* [16] upon a dead *prad*; [17]

1 Nose. 2 Suspicious. 3 Clothes.
4 Choaked. 5 Fright.
6 A Parson. — Thus in that truly classical song, the Christening of Little Joey:

"When *Domine* had nam'd the *Kid*
Then home again they *pik'd* it;
A *flash of lightning* was prepared
For every one that lik'd it."

7 Teeth. 8 Show his teeth. 9 Eyes. 10 Money.
11 French cant; Les yeux *pochés au beurre noir*. — See the Dictionnaire Comique.
12 Blood. 13 The nose.
14 Some specimens of Mr. Gregson's lyrical talents are given in the Appendix, No. 4.
15 To be humbled or abashed. 16 Spurs. 17 Horse.

In vain [1] *Bogy* B—CK—GH—M fondly besought him,
To show like himself, if not *game*, at least *bottom;*
While M—RL—Y, that *very* great Count, stood deploring
He had n't taught GEORGY his new modes of *boring:* [2]
All useless — no art can *transmogrify* truth —
It was plain the *conceit* was *mill'd out of* the youth.
In the Twelfth and Last Round SANDY fetch'd him a *downer*,
That left him all's one as *cold meat* for the *Crowner!* [3]
On which the whole Populace *flash'd* the *white grin*
Like a basket of chips, and poor GEORGY *gave in:* [4]
While the fiddlers (old POTTS having *tipp'd* them a *bandy*) [5]
Play'd "Green grow the *rushes*;" [6] in honour of SANDY!

NOW, what say your Majesties? — is n't this *prime?*
Was there ever French Bulletin half so sublime?
Or could old NAP himself, in his glory, [7] have wish'd
To *show up* a fat *Gemman* more handsomely *dish'd?* —
Oh, bless your great hearts, let them say what they will,
Nothing's half so *genteel* as a *regular Mill;*
And, for *settling* of *balances*, all I know is
'Tis the way CALEB BALDWIN *prefers* settling *his.* [8]
As for *backers*, you've lots of *Big-wigs* about Court,
That will *back* you — the *raff* being tired of that sport, —
And if *quids* should be wanting, to make the match good,
There's B—R—NG, the Prince of *Rag Rhino*, who stood
(T'other day, you know) bail for the *seedy* [9] Right Liners;
Who knows but, if coax'd, he may *shell out* the *shiners?* [10]
The *shiners!* Lord, Lord, what a *bounce* do I say!
As if we could hope to have *rags* done away,
Or see *any* thing *shining*, while VAN has the sway!

As to *training*, a Court's but a *rum* sort of station
To choose for that sober and chaste operation; [11]
For, as old IKEY PIG [12] said of Courts, "by de heavens,
Dey're all, but the *Fives* Court, at *sixes* and *sevens*."
What with *snoozing*, [13] high *grubbing*, [14] and *guzzling like Cloe*,
Your Majesties, pardon me, all get so *doughy*,
That take the whole *kit*, down from SANDY the Bear
To him who makes *duds* for the Virgin to wear,
I'd choose but JACK SCROGGINS, and feel disappointed
If JACK didn't *tell out* the whole Lord's Anointed!

But, barring these nat'ral defects, (which, I feel,
My remarking on thus may be thought *ungenteel*)
And allowing for delicate *fams*, [15] which have merely
Been handling the sceptre, and *that*, too, but *queerly*,
I'm not without hopes, and would *stand* a *tight* bet,
That I'll make something *game* of your Majesties yet.
So, say but the word — if you're *up* to the freak,
Let us have a prime *match* of it, *Greek* against *Greek*,
And I'll put you on *beef-steaks* and *sweating* next week —

1 For the meaning of this term, see *Grose*.
2 "The ponderosity of Crib, when in close quarters with his opponent, evidently *bored* in upon him, &c."
3 The Coroner.
4 The *ancient* Greeks had a phrase of similar structure, *ενδιδωμι*, *cedo*.
5 A *bandy* or *cripple*, a sixpence; "that piece being commonly much bent and distorted." — *Grose*.
6 The well-known compliment paid to the Emperor of all the *Russias* by some Irish musicians.
7 See Appendix, No. 5.
8 A trifling instance of which is recorded in Boxiana. "A *fracas* occurred between *Caleb Baldwin* and the keepers of the gate. The latter, not immediately recognizing the *veteran of the ring*, refused his vehicle admittance, without the usual *tip*; but Caleb, finding *argufying the topic* would not do, instead of paying them in the *new coinage*, dealt out another sort of *currency*, and although destitute of the W. W. P. it had such an instantaneous effect upon the *Johnny Raws*, that the gate flew open, and *Caleb* rode through in triumph."
9 Poor.
10 Produce the guineas.
11 The extreme rigour, in these respects, of the ancient system of training may be inferred from the instances mentioned by Aelian. Not only pugilists, but even players on the harp, were, during the time of their probation, *συνουσιας αμαθεις και απειροι*. De Animal. Lib. 6. cap. 1.
12 A Jew, so nick-named — one of the *Big ones*. He was beaten by Crib on Blackheath, in the year 1805.
13 Sleeping.
14 Feeding.
15 *Fams* or *fambles*, hands.

"But this I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
"I'd never wish to *blow* a *cloud* [1] with!"

At these brave words, we, ev'ry one,
Sung out "hear — hear" — and clapp'd, *like fun.*
For, knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
The CHAMPION *fibb'd* the POET'S *nob*, [2]
This *buttering-up*, [3] against the grain,
We thought was *curs'd* genteel in BOB.
And, here again, we may remark
BOB'S likeness to the Lisbon jobber — [4]
For, though, all know, that *flashy spark*
From C—ST—R—CH receiv'd a *nobber*,
That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
And *laid him up* in *ordinary*, [5]
Yet, now, such loving *pals* [6] are they,
That GEORGY, wiser as he's older,
Instead of *facing* C—ST—R—CH,
Is proud to be his *bottle-holder*!
But to return to BOB'S harangue,
'Twas deuced fine — no *slum* or *slang* —
But such as you could *smoke* the bard in, —
All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
Like Mother Salmon's — wax-work quite!

The next was TURNER — *nobbing* NED —
Who put his right leg forth, [7] and said,
"TOM, I admire your notion much;
"And, *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
"I somehow thinks I'll-*have a touch*,
"Myself, at this said Congress party.
"Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
"If settling Europe be the *sport*,
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Then up rose WARD, the veteran JOE,
And, 'twixt his whiffs, [9] suggested briefly
That but a *few*, at first, should go,
And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
As if too many "*Big-ones*" went,
They might alarm the Continent!!

JOE added, then, that, as 'twas known
The R—G—T, bless his wig! had shown
A taste for Art, (like JORY'S own [10])
And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
To have the heads of all those Kings,
And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off — on *canvas*, merely;

1 To smoke a pipe. This phrase is highly poetical, and explains what Homer meant by the epithet, νεφεληγερετης.
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9 Joe being particularly fond of "that costly and gentlemanlike smoke" as Dekker calls it. The talent which Joe possesses of uttering *Flash* while he *smokes* — "ex *fumo* dare *lucem*" — is very remarkable.
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God forbid the *other* mode! —
He (JOB) would from his own abode,
(*The Dragon* [1] — fam'd for *Fancy* works,
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Furnish such *Gemmen* of *the Fist*, [2]
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"Thus, Champion TOM," said he, "would look
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Loud cheering at this speech of JOBY's —
Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
(With all his other learned parts,)
Down as a hammer [3] to the Arts!

Old BILL, the Black, [4] — you know him, NEDDY —
(With *mug*, [5] whose hue the ebon shames,
Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,
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VIRGIL, AENEID. LIB. V. 426.

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Brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
Abduxère retrò longè capita ardua ab ictu:
Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.
Ille, pedum melior motu, fretusque juventâ:
Hic, membris et mole valens; sed tarda tementi

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WITH *daddles* [10] high uprais'd, and *nob* held back,
In awful prescience of th' impending *thwack*,
Both *Kiddies* [11] stood—and with prelusive *spar*,
And light manoeuvring, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a *light weight blade* —
The Other, vast, gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature for the *hammering* trade;

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Genua labant, vastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.

But aged, [1] slow, with stiff limbs, tottering much,
And lungs, that lack'd the *bellows-mender's* touch.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
Dant sonitus: erratque aures et tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malae.

Yet, sprightly *to the Scratch* both *Buffers* came,
While *ribbers* rung from each resounding frame,
And divers *digs*, and many a ponderous *pelt*,
Were on their broad *bread-baskets* heard and felt.
With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd,
Round *lugs* and *ogles* [2] flew the frequent fist;
While showers of *facers* told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they fell!

Stat gravis Entellus, nisuque immotus eodem,
Corpora tela modò atque oculis vigilantibus exit.

But firmly stood ENTELLUS — and still bright,
Though bent by age, with all THE FANCY's light,
Stopp'd with a skill, and *rallied* with a fire
Th' immortal FANCY could alone inspire!
While DARES, *shifting* round, with looks of thought,

Ille, velut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem,
Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis;
Nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Arte locum, et variis assultibus irritus urget.

An opening to the *Cove's* huge carcase sought,
(Like General PRESTON, in that awful hour,
When on *one* leg he hopp'd to—take the Tower!)
And here, and there, explor'd with active *fist* [3]
And skilful *feint*, some guardless pass to win,
And prove a *boring* guest when once *let in*.

Ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus, et altè
Extulit; ille ictum venientem à vertice velox
Praevidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, et ultrò
Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit, ut quondam cava concidit, aut Erymantho,
Aut Idâ in magnâ, radicibus eruta pinus.

And now ENTELLUS, with an eye that plann'd
Punishing deeds, high rais'd his heavy hand;
But, ere the *sledge* came down, young DARES spied
Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipp'd aside —
So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain *nobber* pass'd
Through empty air; and He, so high, so vast,
Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to the ground! —
Not B-CK-GH-M, himself, with bulkier sound [4]
Uprooted from the field of Wiggish glories,
Fell *souse*, of late, among the astonish'd Tories! [5]

Consurgunt studiis Teucri et Trinacria pubes:
It clamor coelo; primusque accurrit Acestes
Aequaevumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.

Instant the *Ring* was broke, and shouts and yells
From Trojan *Flashmen* and Sicilian *Swells*
Fill'd the wide heav'n — while, touch'd with grief to see
His *pal*, [6] well-known through many a *lark* and *spree*, [7]
Thus *rumly floor'd*, the kind ACESTES ran,
And pitying rais'd from earth the *game* old man.
Uncow'd, undamag'd to the *sport* he came,
His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros
Aerior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat irâ;
Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscia virtus;
Praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto;
Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ.

The mem'ry of his *milling* glories past,
The shame, that aught but death should see him *grass'd*,
All fir'd the veteran's *pluck* — with fury flush'd
Full on his light-limb'd *customer* he rush'd,
And *hammering* right and left, with ponderous swing, [8]
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the *Ring* —

Nec mora, nec requies: quàm multâ grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Creber utrâque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was given,
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heav'n
Beats on the house-top, showers of RANDAL's *shot* [9]
Around the Trojan's *lugs* flew, peppering hot!
'Till now AENEAS, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words well-bred,
Preserv'd alike the peace and DARES' head,
Both which the veteran much inclin'd to *break* —
Then kindly thus the *punish'd* youth bespake:
"Poor *Johnny Raw!* what madness could impel

Tum pater Aeneas procedere longiùs iras,
Et saevire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis;
Sed finem imposuit pugnae, fessumque Dareta
Eripuit, mulcens dictis, ac talia fatur:

Infelix! quae tanta animum dementia cepit?

1 Macrobius, in his explanation of the various properties of the number Seven, says, that the fifth Hebdomas of man's life (the age of 35) is the completion of his strength; that therefore pugilists, if not successful, usually give over their profession at that time. "Inter pugiles denique haec consuetudo conservatur, ut quos jam coronavere victoriae, nihil de se amplius in incrementis virium sperent; qui vero expertes huius gloriae usque illo manserunt, a professione discedant." In Somn. Scip. Lib. 1.

2 Ears and eyes.

3 Arm.

4 As the uprooted trunk in the original is said to be "cava," the epithet here ought, perhaps, to be "*hollower* sound."

5 I trust my conversion of the Erymanthian pine into his L—ds—p will be thought happy and ingenious. It was suggested, indeed, by the recollection that Erymanthus was also famous for another sort of natural production, very common in society at all periods, and which no one but Hercules ever seems to have known how to manage. Though even *he* is described by Valerius Flaccus as — "Erymanthaei *sudantem pondere* monstri."

6 Friend.

7 Party of pleasure and frolic.

8 This phrase is but too applicable to the *round hitting* of the ancients, who, it appears by the engravings in Mercurialis de Art. Gymnast. knew as little of our *straight-forward* mode as the uninitiated Irish of the present day. I have, by the by, discovered some errors in Mercurialis, as well as in two other modern authors upon Pugilism (viz. Petrus Faber, in his Agonisticon, and that indefatigable classic antiquary, M. Burette, in his "Mémoire pour servir à l'Histoire du Pugilat des Anciens") which I shall have the pleasure of pointing out in my forthcoming "Parallel."

9 A favourite blow of THE NONPAREIL's, so called.

Non vires alias, conversaque numina sentis?
Cede Deo.

Dixitque, et praelia voce diremit.
Ast illum fidi aequales, genua aegra trahentem
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes
Ducunt ad naves.

"So *rum* a *Flat* to face so *prime* a *Swell?*
"See'st thou not, boy, THE FANCY, heav'nly Maid,
"Herself descends to this great *Hammerer's* aid,
"And, singling *him* from all her *flash* adorers,
"Shines in his *hits*, and thunders in his *floorers?*
"Then, yield thee, youth,—nor such a *spooney* be,
"To think mere man can *mill* a Deity!"
Thus spoke the Chief — and now, the *scrimmage* o'er,
His faithful *pals* the *done-up* DARES bore
Back to his home, with tottering *gams*, sunk heart,
And *muns* and *noddle pink'd* in every part. 1
While from his *gob* the guggling *claret* gush'd,
And lots of *grinders*, from their sockets crush'd,
Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments rush'd!

No. 3.

An illustrative of the Noble Lord's visit to Congress, I take the liberty of giving the two following pieces of poetry, which appeared some time since in the Morning Chronicle, and which are from the pen, I suspect, of that facetious Historian of the Fudges, Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris [2] et Fratres, et qui rapnère sub illis
Vix tenuère manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.
Ovid. Metam. Lib. 12. *v.* 202.

GO, Brothers in wisdom — go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The *One*, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that prize thee;
Forget Mrs. ANG—LO T—YL—R awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,
But shew the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love, *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd earn'd in't,
That sweet lady FANNY should cry out "my *stars!*"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way concern'd in't.

For not the great R—G—T himself has endur'd
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders all shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)
A much heavier burthen of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies, that might be their daddies,
The *stars* [3] are in fault, my Lord ST—W—RT, not they!

1 There are two or three Epigrams in the Greek Anthology, ridiculing the state of mutilation and disfigurement to which the pugilists were reduced by their combats. The following four lines are from an Epigram by Lucilius, Lib. 2.

Κοσκινον ἡ κεφαλη σου, Απολλοφανες, γεγενηται,
Η των σητοκοπων βυβλαριων τα κατω.
Οντως μυρμηκων τρυπηματα λοξα και ορθα,
Γραμματα των λυρικων Λυδια και Φρυγια.

Literally, as follows: "Thy head, O Apollophanes, is perforated like a sieve, or like the leaves of an old worm-eaten book; and the numerous scars, both straight and cross-ways, which have been left upon thy pate by the cestus, very much resemble the score of a Lydian or Phrygian piece of music." Periphrastically, thus:

Your noddle, dear Jack, full of holes like a sieve,
Is so figur'd, and dotted, and scratch'd, I declare,
By your *customer's* fists, one would almost believe
They had *punch'd* a whole verse of "The Woodpecker" there!

It ought to be mentioned, that the word, "*punching*" is used both in boxing and music-engraving.

2 Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place — we should read "at Vienna."

3 "When weak women go astray,
"The stars are more in fault than they."

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
  Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and "glories,"
  And "*nullidge*," [1] and "features," like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
  Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
  Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
  And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The One, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
  And the Other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. 1. *Ode* 3.

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail, [2]
  And C—NN—G's too, and *lucid* BR—GGE's,
And ELD—N beg a favouring gale
  From Eolus, that *older* Bags, [3]
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—ST—R—GH, [4]
Our gracious R—G—T's better half, [5]
  And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —
(As VAN, or any other calf,
  May find, without much figuring.)
Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
  Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
Any where his Lordship pleases,
  Though 'twere to the D—l himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his, [6]
Who first at Congress show'd his phyz —
To sign away the Rights of Man
  To Russian threats and Austrian juggle:
And leave the sinking African [7]
  To fall without one saving struggle —
'Mong ministers from North and South,
  To shew his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the Sign of "Bull and Mouth"
  For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home [8]
  To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,
If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
  And make such noodles of themselves.

  But such hath always been the case —
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race! [9]
First, PITT, [10] the chos'n of England, taught her

1 It is thus the noble Lord pronounces the word "knowledge"— deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin, "nullus."

2 Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
  Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
  Ventorumque regat pater.

3 See a description of the *ασκοι*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the Odyssey, Lib. 10.

4 Navis, quae tibi creditum
  Debes Virgilium.

5 —— Animae dimidium meum.

6 Illi robur et aes triplex
  Circa pectus erat, qui, &c.

7 —— praecipitem Africum
  Decartantem Aquilonibus.

8 Nequicquam Deus abscidit
  Prudens oceano dissociabili
  Terras, si tamen impiae
  Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

9 Audax omnia perpeti
  Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

10 Audax Japeti genus
  Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor, [1] for our ease,
With E—D—NS, CH—TH—MS, H—WK—B—S,
And other deadly maladies.
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs: [2]
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrious T—MP—R flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to!* [3]
In short, what *will* not mortal man do? [4]
And now, that — strife and bloodshed past —
We've done on earth what harm we can do,
We gravely take to heav'n at last; [5]
And think its favouring smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord! by — building churches!)

No. 4.

BOB GREGSON.

POET LAUREATE OF THE FANCY.

"For *hitting* and *getting away* (says the elegant Author of *Boxiana*) RICHMOND is distinguished; and the brave MOLINEUX keeps a strong hold in the circle of boxers, as a pugilist of the first class; while the CHAMPION of ENGLAND stands unrivalled for his *punishment*, *game*, and *milling* on the *retreat!* — but, notwithstanding the above variety of qualifications, it has been reserved for BOB GREGSON, alone, from his union of PUGILISM and POETRY, to recount the deeds of his Brethren of the Fist in heroic verse, like the bards of old, sounding the praises of their warlike champions." The same author also adds, that "although not possessing the terseness and originality of Dryden, or the musical cadence and correctness of Pope, yet still BOB has entered into his peculiar subject with a characteristic energy and apposite spirit." Vol. 1. p. 357.

This high praise of Mr. GREGSON's talents is fully borne out by the specimen which his eulogist has given, *page* 358 — a very spirited Chaunt, or Nemean ode, entitled "British Lady and Black *Millers!*"

The connexion between poetical and pugnacious propensities seems to have been ingeniously adumbrated by the ancients, in the bow with which they armed Apollo:

Φοιβω γαρ και ΤΟΞΟΝ επιτρεπεται και ΑΟΙΔΗ.
Callimach. Hymn. in Apollin. v. 44.

The same mythological bard informs us that, when Minerva bestowed the gift of inspiration upon Tiresias, she also made him a present of a large cudgel;

Δωσω και ΜΕΓΑ ΒΑΚΤΡΟΝ:

another evident intimation of the congeniality supposed to exist between the exercises of the Imagination and those of THE FANCY. To no one at the present day is the *double wreath* more justly due than to Mr. BOB GREGSON. In addition to his numerous *original* productions, he has condescended to give imitations of some of our living poets — particularly of Lord Byron and Mr. Moore; and the amatory style of the latter gentleman has been caught, with peculiar felicity, in the following lines, which were addressed some years ago, to MISS GRACE MADDOX, a young Lady of pugilistic celebrity, of whom I have already made honourable mention in the Preface.

1 Post ———
——— macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubit cohors.
2 ——— tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.
3 Expertus *vacuum* Daedalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
This allusion to the 1200*l.* worth of stationary, which his Lordship ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place, is particularly happy. ED.
4 Nil mortalibus arduum est.
5 Coelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Sung by Old Prosy, the Jew, in the character of Major

C—rtw—ght.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!
'Tis so pretty a bolus! — just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If our heads all vere found, vere our tailsh ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge avay clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands —
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dullness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister Van's.
Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach —
Give the Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint —
But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It vill cure de *Proad Pottom* [1] — a common complaint
Among M. Ps. and weavers — from *sitting* too long. [2]
Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce,
(Vat is often de case) it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

No. 5.

The following poem is also from the Morning Chronicle, and has every appearance of being by the same pen as the two others I have quoted. The Examiner, indeed, in extracting it from the Chronicle, says, "we think we can guess whose easy and sparkling hand it is."

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
Utrum ne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.

Ausonius.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,
(By name, and ah! by nature so)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down — these little men did —
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut! — upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins

"He wrote once an Ode on his friend, *Major Paul*,
"And the motto was *Paulo majora canamus!*

1 Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

2 Whether sedentary habits have any thing to do with this peculiar shape, I cannot determine, but that some have supposed a sort of connection between them, appears from the following remark, quoted in Kornmann's curious book, *de Virginitatis Jure* — "Ratio perquam lepida est apud Kirchner, in Legato, cum natura illas partes, quae ad sessionem sunt destinatae, latiores in foeminis fecerit quam in viris, innuens domi eas manere debere." Cap. 40.

And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping! —
Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

A LETTER

TO THE

ROMAN CATHOLICS OF DUBLIN.

ΑΚΕΛΕΥΣΤΟΣ
ΑΜΙΣΘΟΣ ..... AESCHYL. AGAMEMNON

A LETTER.

THOUGH the late Resolutions of your Committee, in Dublin,* seem intended to be final upon the subject of the Veto, let us hope that a question so vitally connected with the freedom, peace, and stability of the Empire, may not be dismissed with such hasty and absolute decision. The discussion has hitherto been carried on with a degree of warmth and passion, which, however creditable to the feelings of those engaged in it, has certainly tended but little to the improvement of their reasoning powers. Indeed, it is but an abuse of language, to dignify with the name of discussion, either the proceedings or the writings to which the question has hitherto given rise. Those orators and authors who live but by flattering your prejudices, having found that you look to but one point of the compass for argument, have set in from that quarter with a regular trade-wind of declamation, which neither your Bishops, your friends, nor common sense, have been able to withstand. In this state of the question, it requires no ordinary share of indifference to the taunts and suspicions of the illiberal, the misinterpretations of the ignorant, and the cold-blooded rancour of the bigoted, to stand forth as the advocate of this required concession, and to urge it as the sole, the necessary sacrifice, by which you are to deserve the liberties which you demand. Inadequate as I am to this undertaking, and entering the lists, like David, in armour "which I have not proved," I am yet conscious of bringing an honesty of feeling to the task, a zeal for my country's honour, and an ardent wish for her liberties, which entitle me to attention at least, tough they should fail in producing conviction.

The first point which naturally comes under consideration, in a subject where the interests of Religion are concerned, is the conduct of your Bishops; and here, at the outset, we meet with that insurmountable fact (which your lay-theologians would so willingly throw into the shade), that, in the year 1799, four metropolitans and six prelates professed themselves willing, as the price of Catholic emancipation, to concede to the Government a control upon the appointment of your Bishops, and signed a formal document to that effect. This stipulated basis of negociation, so solemnly agreed to by ten of your spiritual magistrates, has been since retracted; and the defence resorted to by those who think it necessary to apologize for the conduct of these Prelates, and explain away the awkwardness of the retractation, wears so strongly the features of jesuitical evasion, that I blush for its parents and adopters. "It was a moment of panic," they tell us, "in which these venerable men were surprised; and no stipulation, extorted in such circumstances, could possibly be meant or considered as binding." Observe, however, the dilemma in which this document of 1799 has involved the opposers of the Veto. If the Bishops were right in making this concession — if, acquainted, as they must be intimately, with the essentials of your faith and the interests of your hierarchy,

* March 2, 1819.

less, are at least sincere, and many of whom, without examining the subject themselves, have merely taken up those ready-made terrors, of which your orators keep such a constant supply — I shall, with deference, submit a few considerations, which may soften, if they do not remove, those objections which have been considered so formidable; and, as arguments on this side of the question are strangers to your ears, I cannot doubt that your ears will receive them hospitably.

With respect to the supremacy of the Pope, it has not, I believe, been asserted, even by those who possess most facility of assertion, that his interference in the nomination of Bishops, any farther than the form of recognition, or his exercise of an appellatory jurisdiction upon matters relating to discipline, are, in any degree, necessary to the existence or purity of a Catholic hierarchy. Indeed, the example of the Gallican church,[1] so long free and so long illustrious, sufficiently proves the full compatibility of liberty with reverence, of independence with orthodoxy. From the conflict which her enlightened divines maintained against the pretensions of Rome, your religion rose purer and firmer than it had stood for many ages before; and those slavish notions of papal authority, which had been taken up in times of darkness, and clung to during the storm of the Reformation,[2] were cast off as insulting alike to piety and common sense. The deposing power of the Pope, his personal infallibility, and all those absurd attributes,[3] which degraded the Church much more than they elevated the Pontiff, were then indignantly rejected from your belief, and consigned to that contemptuous oblivion, from which even the malicious industry of your enemies has been unable to call them up in judgment against you. To Launoi, one of the ablest advocates of the Gallican church, your religion owes her release from much of that legendary superstition,[4] which sat, like a night-mare, upon her bosom, and filled her dreams with monsters: and in the works of the able Chancellor Gerson we find, mingled with his vindication of the rights of the Church,[5] some of those pure principles of political freedom,[6] which his country afterwards so grandly, though intemperately asserted, and which, however their animation may be suspended at present by the strong grasp of military power, have too much vitality, I think, to expire altogether beneath the pressure: like those tables of science, which Shem is said to have taken with him into the ark, they are preserved, I trust, to enlighten mankind, when the present deluge of despotism shall have "abated from off the earth."

While the religion of England was Catholic, the same guards against papal encroachment were adopted under her wisest sovereigns; and it was in the reign of Edward III. that patriotic monarch who first spiritedly filled up the rude outline of the British Constitution, that the statutes of Praemunire and Provisors were enacted, for the utter exclusion of the Pope from all matters of ecclesiastical discipline. — Can Catholics then wonder that Protestants should be unwilling to endanger their establishments by the least infusion of an influence, which Catholics themselves have so invariably pronounced to be mischievous? Nay, though Protestants should be inclined to try the experiment, would not Catholics blush to re-enter the temple

1 "Why a man may not be a Romanist without being a Papist, in Ireland as well as in France, I can see no reason. We know that the Gallican Church has long been emancipated from the thraldom of the Roman Pontiff." — CAMPBELL's *Survey of the South of Ireland*, in 1775.

2 The advances which the Church and Court of Rome were making towards purity of doctrine and practice, when they were checked by the turbulent burst of the Reformation, are strongly acknowledged by Hume, in the following curious passage, which (according to Towers) is to be found only in the first edition of his History, printed at Edinburgh in 1754. "It has been observed, that, upon the revival of letters, very generous and enlarged sentiments of religion prevailed throughout all Italy, and that, during the reign of Leo, the Court of Rome itself, in imitation of their illustrious Prince, had not been wanting in a just sense of freedom. But, when the enraged and fanatical reformers took arms against the papal hierarchy, and threatened to rend from the Church at once all her riches and authority, no wonder she was animated with equal zeal and ardour in defence of such ancient and valuable possession."

It is remarkable, that a similar spirit of political improvement had been manifested by some of the governments of Europe, when the French Revolution frightened them back into all their ruinous old errors.

In corroboration of the foregoing passage from Hume, I beg to refer the reader to Whitaker's Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots (vol. iii. pp. 2, 50), where he will find the same effects imputed to the intemperance of the Reformers, and an honourable tribute to the Catholics of that period, upon the subject of *forgery*, "which (says he), I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed." — Page 2.

3 It was an assertion of Innocent III, "that the Pope is as much greater than the Emperor as the sun is greater than the moon;" which modest pretension became, afterwards, a part of the common law, and set a wise Glossator upon the following interesting calculation — "Cum terra sit septies major luna, sol autem octies major terra, restat ergo ut pontificalis dignitas quadragesies septies sit major regali."

4 See, among others, his Treatise "De Commentitio Lazari et Maximini et Marthae in Provinciam Appulsu;" in reading which, and similar works of this author, we regret to think that it should ever have been necessary to exert courage and ingenuity in the refutation of such puerile absurdities.

5 In some of his ideas about the right of resistance to Popes, he was thought, indeed, at that time, to have ventured too far; as in the passage, "Casus multi esse possunt, in quibus aliquis se gerens pro Papâ, et pro tali habitus ab Ecclesiâ, poterit a subdito licitè vel occidi, vel incarcerari," &c. &c. Tom. secund. in Regulis Moralibus, tit. De Praeceptis Decalogi.

6 In the famous passage (Adversus Adulatores, considerat. 7.) which King James quotes, with such horror, in his "Defence of the Rights of Kings," against Cardinal Perron.

of the Constitution, which their own hands first built, and from which they have been so long excluded, with that badge of ecclesiastical servitude about their necks, which, in laying the foundations of the fane, they declared to be unworthy of its precincts? Could they bear to resemble those children of the Jews, [1] who took back into Israel the language they had learned in bondage, and thus mix the Ashdod, the jargon of slavery, with their own old, native dialect of liberty? The Catholics of England seem to feel upon the subject as they ought; and, by the readiness which they have shown to exchange the rescripts and bulls of Rome [2] for the blessings of a free Constitution, they prove themselves worthy descendants of those founders of British liberty, who, with all their reverence for the spiritual authority of the Pope, thought freedom too delicate a treasure to be exposed unnecessarily to his influence, and, accordingly, sheltered it round with Provisors and Praemunire, like that fenced-in pillar at Delphi, [3] which not even priests might touch.

But neither by France nor by Catholic England was the interference of Rome more effectually excluded, than by Ireland herself, during the times of her native monarchy. However far the learned Usher may have carried his hypothesis with respect to the religion of the early Irish, the testimonies which he cites abundantly prove, that, to as late a period as the twelfth century, the Pope had not exercised a legatine authority in Ireland, nor taken any share in the election of her Bishops or Archbishops; and how little inclined your ancestors of those days were to abide by a papal decision, even in matters of canonical regulation, appears by their obstinate dissent from the Romish observance of Easter — a schism, in which they were encouraged by some of your most celebrated Saints, whose anti-canonical boldness is, however, sufficiently justified by their canonization.

When declaimers, therefore, appeal to your passions upon the danger of disturbing a hierarchy which is "the only undestroyed monument of your ancient grandeur," you should remember, that, at the period to which alone they can refer, in this allusive retrospect to former greatness, your hierarchy was quite as independent of Rome as the advocates of your liberties would wish to make it now; [4] and that this papal interference, which some persons consider so essential, and to which you are the only people in the world subjected at present, far from being a relic of grandeur or glory, is but the base remnant of that anomalous proscription which so long made you aliens in your own land, and which drove you to seek, in a spiritual alliance abroad, some shelter from the storm of a temporal tyranny at home.

It was not till the Reformation had added religious schism to the differences already existing between these countries, that Ireland was effectually thrown into the arms of Rome; and from that period down to the accession of his present Majesty, the events of every succeeding reign have served but to draw the tie more closely. Indeed, nothing could be more natural, than that the members of a persecuted religion should turn for support, for counsel and consolation, to the visible head of that faith for which they were suffering — that they should find some relief to their wounded pride, in the patronage of a prince who had long been formidable, and whose throne seemed to stand upon the line which separates this world from the next, illuminated strongly by the glories of both — that, possessing no political rights which foreign interference could injure, they should unreservedly abandon their church to his guidance, and find a charm in this voluntary obedience to him, which consoled them for their extorted submission to others. All these feelings were as natural and just, as the causes that produced them were monstrous and iniquitous. But those causes exist no longer; a tyranny, which disgraced alike the inflictors and the sufferers, has gradually given way before the light of liberality and conviction, and its last, slow, lingering vestige is about, I trust, to vanish for ever; but, surely, it is worse than absurdity to expect, that the precautions and prejudices, adopted upon both sides, during that dark season of mutual ill-will, should now be surrendered by *one* of the parties, while they are cautiously kept in full force by the *other*, and that Protestants should throw away the last fragment of the

1 "And their children spoke half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people." — *Nehemiah*, xiii, 23, 24.

2 I do not, of course, mean that these instruments should be altogether excluded, as there may occur some questions of internal discipline upon which a reference to the See of Rome would be necessary. But even this degree of intercourse should be subjected to some such regulations as Sir John Cox Hippisley has proposed in his pamphlet.

3 Erected on the spot which they called the *ομφαλος γαιας*. Pausan. c. 16. — See Musgrave *upon the Ion of Euripides*.

4 At one period, they seem to have elected their Bishops according to the mode which was practised at Alexandria, as early as the time of Saint Mark the Evangelist — a model which, I think, would satisfy any one but Cabbasutius. "Alexandriae a Marco Evangelista usque ad Heraclium et Dionysium Episcopos, Presbyteri semper unum ex se electum in excelsiori gradu collocatum Episcopum nominabant." — Hieronym. *Epist. ad Evagr.*

In the tenth century, as Campion informs us, the Monarch of Ireland was allowed the exercise of a Veto. "To the Monarch, besides his allowance of ground and titles of honours, and other privileges in jurisdiction, was granted a negative on the nomination of Bishops at every vocation." Book i. c. 15.

penal sword, while the Papal stiletto is still in the hands of Catholics: — it is folly to expect, and insult to ask it! — The subjection of your church to the Pope was the consequence of your political misfortunes; and, even granting that the continuance of this yoke is consistent with the freedom which you ask for (a position which you yourselves have, in all times and countries, denied), yet, by unnecessarily preserving such a memorial of your former alienation, you perpetuate the remembrance of times which it is the interest of all parties to forget — you withhold that reciprocity of sacrifice, which alone makes reconcilement satisfactory; and you take all its grace from the gift of liberty, by ungenerously declaring that you distrust the giver. In short, it shows an ignorance of the commonest feelings of human nature, to suppose that the present possessors of the state would willingly admit you to a share upon such very unequal terms, or that as long as you cling close to the Court of Rome, you can be cordially embraced by the British Constitution.

Again, therefore, I appeal to that love of liberty, which is native to you as Irishmen, and avowed by you as Catholics,[1] and I ask whether you can think, without shame and indignation, that, for a long period, you have been the only people in Europe (with the exception of a few petty States in the neighbourhood of the Pope) who have sunk so low in ecclesiastical vassalage, as to place their whole hierarchy at the disposal of the Roman Court? Can you patiently reflect, that the humiliating doctrine of Caietanus, "*servam esse ecclesiam*," which the divines of France so boldly and successfully combated,[2] has been admitted and acted upon in Ireland alone? and that the title, under which Pope Adrian affected to transfer this kingdom to Henry II.,[3] though treated by your ancestors with the contempt which it deserved,[4] has been almost justified by the voluntary submission with which you have since surrendered the only rights that were left you to his successors? — If you felt, upon these reflections, as lovers of liberty ought, you would rejoice in the opportunity, which now so brightly presents itself, of regaining, at the same moment, your political and ecclesiastical freedom — of proving to your fellow-countrymen that the yoke, which you assumed as Catholics, was but a kind of counterbalance to the fetter which hung upon you as citizens; and that the same emancipating touch, which bursts the links of the latter, will for ever release you from the degradation of the former.

Let me add, too, that, as revenge was naturally among the motives which sweetened your alliance with a Prince whom your persecutors feared and detested, it becomes you to beware, lest those, whom you now ask to confide in you, should suspect that a wilful perseverance in this connexion is actuated by some remains of that vindictive spirit, under whose embittering influence it first was formed. The Greeks had the feeling and good taste to exclude from the architecture of their temples those figures of female slaves called Caryatides, because (as it is well expressed by a writer upon the art) they would be "monuments of vengeance in an asylum of mercy"[5] — how much more importantly then are *you* called upon to imitate this tasteful generosity of the Greeks, and to shrink from profaning, with the least trace of revengeful feeling, that free sanctuary of reconcilement to which you are invited!

I shall be told, of course, that, in the instances which I have adduced, of France,[6] and of the early times of England[7] and Ireland, the religion of the State was

1 Among many examples which might be adduced to prove that a warm zeal for the Roman Catholic religion is consistent with the best feelings and principles of political liberty, we may mention the very interesting instance of the Dalecarlians, who, though they chiefly assisted Gustavus to shake off the tyranny of the Danes, were among the first to oppose his reformation of their ancient religion. — See SHERIDAN's *Revolution of Sweden*, page 110, where we may trace a strong similarity to the Irish character, through the description which he gives of the turbulent, but generous nature of these hardy mountaineers.

2 See particularly LAUNOI's *Letters*.

3 This title might be sent after the famous deed of gift from Constantine to Pope Silvester, which Ariosto tells us is to be found in the moon.

Questo era il dono (se però dir lice)
Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.

I am aware, that to certain lay controversialists, I shall not appear quite orthodox in quoting Ariosto, whom their great annalist, Baronius, has styled "vulgaris poeta ille," in his indignation against the bard, for having borrowed from the Legends his curious story of Isabella and the Moor. — See LA CERDA, upon the 7th book of the Aeneid. — "Ita scilicet patet secta plagiariorum," &c.

4 In the same manner, Paul IV. in the time of Mary, took upon him to erect Ireland into a kingdom, with pompous references, for his authority, to the Saints, &c.; upon which Archbishop Usher says. "Paul need not make all that noise, and trouble the whole court of Heaven with the matter."

5 "Vindictae monumenta in asylo misericordiae." ALDRICH's *Architecture*.

6 The famous declaration of the liberties of the Gallican church, contained in the four propositions of the Bishops, in 1682, which the learned Bossuet was the most active in promoting, and which (as a Roman Catholic divine of these countries tells us) went so far as "to pronounce the Sovereign Pastor fallible even in his dogmatic decisions of faith" (Reeve's Christian Church), has been lately revived, in its full extent, by that greatest of all statesmen and warriors, Buonaparte.

7 Doctor Bramhall thus states the liberties of the Roman Catholic Church of England:

Catholic, and that, therefore, the interests of your church might be safely entrusted to the consciences of those who governed, without the protective interference of the Pope. Before we examine into the soundness of this objection, I must urge somewhat farther a point to which I have already adverted, and entreat of you to consider, whether a Protestant government is not abundantly warranted in its suspicion of papal influence,[1] by the jealous apprehension with which Roman Catholic sovereigns have, at all times, endeavoured to control and resist its inroads; and whether you are not guilty of something worse than charlatanry, in recommending to others, as harmless and even salutary, what you have constantly rejected, as unnerving and poisonous, yourselves. If this influence be baneful, under monarchs of your own religion, it must work with tenfold virulence where the government is of an opposite faith; and where, to the restless spirit of intrigue, the strong ascendancy over conscience, and the alienating claims of a spiritual allegiance,[2] which render it so formidable in the former case, are added the diversity of interests, the warmth of anti-heretical zeal, and the ambition of proselytism, which must invariably actuate it in the latter.

With respect to the distinction between spiritual and temporal power, by which you endeavour to reconcile your submission to the Pope with the free discharge of your duties as subjects and citizens, it is a security, which the history of all the religions of the world too fully justifies a legislature in refusing to trust to implicitly. It would be happy, indeed, for mankind, if this line between the spiritual and the temporal had always been definitively and inviolably drawn;[3] for the experience both of past and present times proves, that the mixture of religion with this world's politics is as dangerous as electrical experiments upon lightning—though the flame comes from heaven, it can do much mischief upon earth. Entangled, however, as the interests of Churches and States have become, from the frailty, ambition, and worldliness of mankind, it is hardly possible to detach them fairly or satisfactorily; and, therefore, refine away, as you will, the spiritual authority of the Pope, there will still remain combined with it, in its purest state, many gross particles of temporal power, which it is the duty of a wise and free government to counteract by every effort consistent with the consciences of its subjects.

But, to return to the objection of those who maintain, that, though the supremacy of the Pope may be reduced to a mere titular existence, where the Monarch is of the Roman Catholic faith, and, therefore, equally interested with his subjects in the preservation of its strength and purity; yet this interposing shield of papal protection becomes necessary, where the government wields an opposite creed, recommended and enforced by every art of seduction and power. In the first place, experience is decidedly against this assumption; and we need but refer to the examples of Prussia and Russia, where your Church has, with safety, entrusted the appointment of her bishops to a Lutheran prince, and a schismatic autocrat,[4] to prove

"When the Kings of England owned the Pope's spiritual authority, his decrees had no force of laws, without the confirmation of the King. The kings of England suffered no appeals to Rome out of their kingdoms, nor Roman Legates to enter their dominions without their license, and declared the Pope's Bulls to be otherwise void." — *Just Vindication of the Church of England.* vol. i.

1 I have purposely refrained from urging the very obvious argument with which the present state of the continent has supplied my predecessors on this side of the question; partly, because the Prelates have given up this point themselves, and admitted the necessity, in the existing state of Europe, of a temporary interruption of their dependance upon the Holy See; and chiefly, because my arguments are meant to go the much greater length, of proving, that, in all possible times and circumstances, this subjection to Rome is degrading and mischievous.

2 The dangers of such an allegiance are thus forcibly enumerated by a writer, who, however irreverently blind to the beauties of religion, had the quickest of all eyes in detecting and smiling at its abuses: "La difficulté de savoir à quel point on doit obéir à ce souverain étranger, la facilité de se laisser séduire, le plaisir de secouer un joug naturel pour en prendre un qu'on se donne soi-même, l'esprit de trouble, le malheur des tems, n'ont que trop souvent porté des ordres entiers de Religieux à servir Rome contre leur patrie." —Siècle de Louis XIV.

3 The taint which Religion always takes from the least contact of temporal power, is observable even in that part of the progress of Mahometanism which we trace through the gradual compilation of the Koran. In the second chapter of this book it is said that "all those who believe in God and the last day, shall have their reward with the Lord;" but as the sect became dominant, it also grew intolerant and monopolizing, and this liberal tenet is revoked in succeeding parts of the Koran, chap. 64. &c.

4 The pontifical oath was altered, by the Empress of Russia's desire, in the year 1783, when Mohilow was erected into an archbishopric, and a Prelate, of Catherine's nomination, received the pall from Pius VI. In this new form of oath (which, since 1791, has been wisely adopted by the Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland), the words "Hereticos persequar et impugnabo," which excited such alarm in Doctor Duigenan, and others, are omitted. See the pontifical rescript in Dr. Troy's Pastoral Address, 1793. — The reader will find, in the 4th chapter of "Historical and Philosophical Memoirs of Pius VI." an unfair, perhaps, but certainly amusing account, of the disputes between Catherine and His Holiness, relative to this archbishopric of Mohilow. The circumstances which led to the alteration of the ancient oath are thus detailed: "Archetti, the Pope's nuncio, being questioned relative to the kind of oath which the Prelate would be expected to take, answered that he must swear not to tolerate heretics and schismatics. He was bluntly told, that his instructions betrayed a want of sense and reflection, and that it was ridiculous to impose upon a subject the obligation of persecuting those who lived under the same sovereign as himself," &c. &c. Pages 52, 53.

that even in arbitrary states,[1] where the rights of the subject lie more within the reach of the sovereign, than they can ever be placed by the British constitution, your religion may defy alike the pressure of power and of opinion, and flow on, like Arethusa, untinged by the mass of heterodoxy around it.[2]

It requires, indeed, but little range of history to teach us, that, however a difference of religion may have exasperated the feuds of mankind, it has seldom been, of itself, the sole originating motive of hostility. The power connected with creeds is always much more obnoxious than their errors, and Faith may wear her mantle of any hue she likes, as long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. So little, in general, have states and sovereigns been guided in their movements by mere spiritual considerations, that we find them, as worldly policy dictates, combining in such motley alliances of creeds, as seem almost to realize the rambling dreams of scepticism. We see the cross united with the crescent against Christians; we find Catholics assisting Protestants to cast off a Catholic yoke,[3] and, still more extraordinary, perhaps, within a very few years, we have seen papal badges about the necks of British dragoons,[4] as a reward for having defended the Pope, in his own capital, against Papists. Indeed, through all the difficulties with which the Court of Rome had to struggle, during the warning events which preceded the French revolution, her chief consolations and aids were administered by heretics and schismatics; and while the Emperor Joseph, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, were weakening and degrading the Pontiff by every species of encroachment and insult; while France, the eldest child of the Church, was already preparing "images of revolt and flying-off," the King of Sweden was on a visit of friendship at Rome, the great Frederic maintained a cordial intercourse with the Holy See, and protected its best supporters, the Jesuits, in his dominions; while Catherine, beside the interest which she evinced towards her Roman Catholic subjects in White Russia, proposed, and, I doubt not, with much sincerity, to establish a concordat between the Greek and Latin churches.[5]

Having satisfied ourselves, therefore, that a mere difference in creeds is, of itself, insufficient to provoke hostility, without an adequate mixture of political considerations, let us consider whether it would be the interest of the British government, after admitting you to a full participation of the constitution, to follow up the boon by attacking or undermining your religion, and thus cancelling the only security which they can have for the morals of the people with whom they have shared so valuable a deposit. The very statement of such a supposition is, I think, a sufficient exposure of its absurdity. "Religion (says Montesquieu), though false, is the only guarantee we can have for the probity of men;" and can you seriously think that the power which you are asked to vest in the Crown, will be premeditatedly employed towards the extinction of this guarantee? or that the religion, which alone has made you trust-worthy, will be conspired against as soon as the trust has been confided to you?

That there are some persons, even in these reasoning times, who are ignorant and weak enough to dread and hate your church — who would, for ever, exclude you from all political rights, and who, as long as your interests are separate from their own, would feel a pleasure in loosening your moorings of rectitude, and casting you adrift into those vices and irregularities which might give them some pretext for wronging and tormenting you — that there are a few such malicious bigots, I acknowledge with shame and astonishment: but to suppose that even those

1 "The Calvinistic states of the United Provinces regulated their conduct, with respect to their subjects of the Roman communion, on similar principles. The nomination even of a Curé (or Parish Priest) was certified by the Arch-Priest to the provincial magistrate, and, if objected to, another was appointed." — Sir John Cox Hippisley *on the Catholic Question.*

2 *Belle Aréthuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée*
Roule au sein furieux d'Amphitrite étonnée,
Un cristal toujours pur, et des flots toujours clairs,
Que jamais ne corrompt l'amertume des mers.
La Henriade.

3 Thus Innocent XI. assisted the great champion of Protestantism, William, with the money of the Church against the Papist Prince, his father-in-law. Indeed, so little were the interests of the Church considered, in this instance, that when James sent the Earl of Castlemaine, Ambassador Extraordinary to Rome, to make submission of the Crown of England to the Pope, the Court of Rome received him with repulsive coldness, and refused a cardinal's hat, which the King solicited for Father Petre.

4 The 12th, or Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons.

5 There is nothing which excites more regret than the failure of every effort like this, towards reconciling the great schisms of the Christian world. The forbearance of Melanchthon, and others, at the Reformation, in admitting several points as *adiaphora*, ought to have led to a more cordial adjustment of differences, instead of adding to the many absurd quarrels of mankind the preposterous instance of a *bellum adiaphoristicum*. The speculations of the Eirenists, too, for reconciling the Protestant and Catholic churches, were all put an end to by the bull Unigenitus. The plan which Fabricius proposed for this desirable object, may be found in Heidegger's Life of that able Professor, at the end of his works. It is impossible, however, to read the sarcasms against Popery, in the "Euclides Catholicus" of Fabricius (published under the assumed name of Ferrarius), without suspecting that he was but indifferently qualified for the dispassionate duties of an arbitrator.

very persons, in the event of your becoming incorporated with them in the state, and embarked in a complete identity of interests, should be so blind to their own safety as to weaken the restraints of that religion, to which alone they have to trust for the integrity and good faith of their co-partners, or so wanton as to vitiate this fountain of your morals at the risk of tainting the whole atmosphere of the constitution — to suppose such a perversion of the commonest dictates of policy, is to imagine a mixture of profligacy and bigotry, which I should hesitate in attributing even to Mr. Perceval.

The great King of Prussia, whose hatred to all possible creeds [1] will not be questioned by the believers in Barruel and Robinson, far from indulging this malignity at the expense of his subjects and himself, thus speaks, in justifying the cordial protection which he afforded to the Jesuits in Polish Prussia and Silesia: "I have a million and a half of Catholics among my subjects, and it is of consequence to me that they should be brought up strictly and uniformly in the religion of their forefathers." — But it is superfluous to refer to such philosophical authority, for a policy obvious to the least reasoning capacities; the very instinct of self-preservation would suggest it to the most brainless politician, and I doubt whether even my Lord Castlereagh would not lose all the pleasure which he takes in the practice of corruption, if he had the slightest suspicion that he endangered himself by it.

When alarmists, therefore, try to persuade you that this concession will be fatal to your faith; that it is but a barter of spiritual treasures for a few temporal advantages, and that, as the eagle took the tortoise into the sky in order to break it, so your sect is to be elevated only for the purpose of destroying it — tell them that you have too high a value for liberty, and too strong a reliance upon the stability of your church, to be scared from the proffered enjoyment of the one, by vague or visionary alarms about the other; that you are inspired with a manly and well-grounded confidence, that the character which you have earned, while aliens from the state, will insure a respect for your consciences when allied with it; and that the religion which has *made* you worthy of the constitution, will be cherished and supported, as the best means of *keeping* you so. Tell them, that, even should these liberal views be fallacious, you can yet rely for the safety of your faith upon those ordinary principles of self-interest, which prevent the merchant, who trusts half his stock to another, from making a knave of his partner, or teaching him to betray and plunder him. Tell them, in fine, as your best and ultimate security, that you depend upon the strength of the religion itself, which has for ages taken root in the hearts of Irishmen, which, like our beautiful arbutus, is native to the soil, and having lived so green through the long winter of persecution, will neither be checked in its growth, nor weakened in its stem, by those blossoms which the warm sun of freedom will bring out on it!

Among the lesser and more lightly urged objections to the Veto, there is one, which it is really refreshing to meet, after the anile prejudices and terrors which I have been combating; because it shows some of that wakeful jealousy of power, which is so becoming in suitors for the fair hand of Liberty, and which your other arguments against the measure would by no means encourage us in attributing to you. "The concession of the negative," we are told, "would increase the power of the Crown, and that therefore it is the interest of the whole country that it should not be granted." It does not seem, however, to have been taken into consideration by the proposers of this objection, that the complete enfranchisement of so large a portion of the empire would so considerably widen the basis of the legislature, as to form more than a counterbalance to this additional weight of the executive; and that if the constitution were now in its perfect equilibrium (which "ne aniculae quidem existimant",[2]) such an accession of force to one part of the system would *require*, perhaps, some proportional control to be vested in the other. But it is not the power, which comes boldly in the shape of prerogative, that the people of these countries have chiefly to dread at present, and the exercise of a Veto would be so personally the act of the King, so invidiously exposed, and of such undivided responsibility, that few monarchs would risk an unpopular or arbitrary use of it.

I may be told, indeed, that the constitutional negative of the Crown has been got rid of by the insidious mediation of influence, and that the same pioneer may smooth the way to the appointment of your hierarchy, by procuring the recommendation of such persons only as are likely to coincide with the politics of the Court[3], and thus preventing the ungracious ultimatum of a negative. Against this

1 A truly *Protestant* Prince, according to Bayle's definition of the term: "Je suis Protestant (says this sceptic), car je proteste contre toutes les religions."

2 Cicero, de Divinat. lib. 2. § 15.

3 This apprehension of a political abuse of the royal interference was felt by the framers of the 12th canon of the 8th council of Constantinople (in the year 869), which condemns such elections of Bishops as have been procured "per versutiam et tyrannidem Principum." See an able treatise "De Libertat. Eccles. Gallican." by M. C. S. lib. iii. c. 7, p. 123, where a misconception of Dominus de Marca upon this subject is corrected.

kind of danger under the present system, I must candidly own that I see but little security. Until a thorough reform shall have purified the constitution from that all-pervading corruption which threatens to change its very nature, nothing that comes within its sphere can hope to escape the contagion. That jealousy, perhaps, with which you must always regard the too close approaches of your clergy to the Court, may, for some time, avert their political seduction; but I dare not answer for the best or wisest of them, if too long exposed to those bewildering temptations, so meretriciously and shamelessly employed by the Government. It is impossible, however, that this state of things can last; the people of England demand a reform, and what they steadily demand cannot long be refused to them. Think, then, what incentives there are, at this moment, for a generous neglect of all minor obstacles, in your grand pursuit of that rank in the state which alone can empower you to serve the constitution; which alone can enable you to appear among the regenerators of that system, which statesmen of your own faith first gloriously founded, and to repay those friends who are now struggling for your liberty, by nobly assisting them to perfect their own. The very infusion of such a new, untainted spirit cannot fail to produce reanimation and vigour; and your courage will rival the gallantry of that youth, who courted his mistress at the moment when she was dying of the plague and "clasping the bright infection in his arms," [1] restored her to health and beauty by his caresses.

I had intended to have adverted, somewhat more particularly, to the manner in which many of your writers have treated this subject; but having proved (to my own conviction, at least), that their arguments and alarms are equally groundless, it is unnecessary to call upon their manes any further, or disturb that oblivion into which I must very soon follow them.

To your conduct between this and the discussion of the question in Parliament, your friends all look with considerable anxiety. Having pleaded your cause with unexampled perseverance, and succeeded in clearing away those gross calumnies, [2] which had so long intercepted the genuine light of your character, they saw with pleasure the moment approaching when your merits and rights were to be recognised, and their toils and sacrifices repaid. They observed that even the most timid and scrupulous, looking back to the long and dreary quarantine which you had so patiently performed off the harbour of the constitution, were beginning to lay aside their fears and prejudices, and preparing to admit you with confidence and cordiality. To see, suddenly, a blight thrown over such prospects, was painful enough from any quarter; but to see that blight proceed from yourselves, was of all disappointments the most unexpected and mortifying. With a precipitancy which might have afforded some apology for your error, if a perseverance in folly did not rob you even of that excuse, you disavowed every favourable disposition attributed to you, and, by falsifying your best friends, almost justified your worst adversaries. I have already, however, sufficiently dwelt upon the rash inconsistency of this conduct, and shall now only implore, that, while there is yet time, you may regain the ground which you have lost, and win back the confidence which you have forfeited. The Protestants fear to entrust their constitution to you as long as you continue under the influence of the Pope; and your reason for continuing under the influence of the Pope, is, that you fear to entrust your church to the Protestants. Now, I have shown, I trust, in the preceding pages, that *their* alarm is natural, just, and well-founded; while *yours* is unmeaning, groundless, and ungenerous. It cannot, therefore, be doubted by which of you the point should be conceded. The bigots of both sects are equally detestable; but if I were compelled to choose between them, I should certainly prefer those who have the Constitution on their side.

THOMAS MOORE.

DUBLIN, *April* 21, 1810.

1 Somewhere in Darwin, who took this interesting story (as I believe he acknowledges) from a very curious poem, by Vincentius Fabricius, which may be found in the Miscellanea Curiosa, An. 2.

2 The reader will find some of the most ridiculous of these accusations, in the character of a Papist's belief, by the Archbishop of York, in 1762, "written for a Lady to preserve her from the dangers of Popery." Among other articles of the creed, which he imputes to them, is the following: "That Christ is the Saviour of men only, but of no women; for that women are saved by St. Clare and Mother Jane." — Surely, surely, such old women as the Archbishop (and I could point out many a one of the sisterhood at present) are scarcely worthy of more respectable mediators.

TRIFLES,

REPRINTED.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

TRIFLES.

LINES

Written on hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples.

Carbone Notati!

Ay — down to the dust with them, slaves as they are —
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be suck'd out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and poison their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles.
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the Damn'd haply think of that heaven
They had once in their reach—that they *might* have been free!

Shame, shame — when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the zero of ————'s heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start —

When the world stood in hope — when a spirit, that breathed
The fresh air of the olden-time, whisper'd about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering cry to flash out!

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seem'd bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings—like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's Apostles — fell kindling on you!

Good God, that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the hist'ry of ages — when, had you but hurl'd
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world —

That then — oh disgrace upon manhood! — even then,
You should falter — should cling to your pitiful breath,
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of damnation to death!

It is strange — it is dreadful; — shout, Tyranny shout,
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er!" —
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss —
Far nobler to live the brute bond-man of thee,
Than to sully e'en chains by a struggle like this!

Paris, 1821.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A Dream.

"It would be impossible for His Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it." *Lord* Castlereagh's *Speech upon Colonel* M' Mahon's *Appointment.*

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep — at length I said,

"I'll think of Viscount C-STL-R—GH,
"And of his speeches — that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be;
And then I dream'd — oh, frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P —— E, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate:
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians —
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours —
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning-Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced — oh jacobinic papers! —
As though they said, "Our sole design is
"To suffocate His Royal Highness'"
The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition:
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R-G—T's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly —
And tradesmen's bills we know mount high;
Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too and join the rest.

But oh! — The basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections" —
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur, "*et* TU, *Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued, upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked — and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

AT length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is nigh,
When, with P-RC-V-L's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
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I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y-RM—TR and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided —
That is, till both Houses had posed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and digestion —
For, though H-RTF-RD House had long settled the question,

I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* House should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad;
A strait-waistcoat on him and restrictions on me, —
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister — just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.
  I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching —
For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sconce, [1]
Would lose all their beauty if purified once;
And think — only think — if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser —
That R-SE was grown honest, or W-STM-REL-ND wiser —
That R-D-R was, even by one twinkle, the brighter —
Or L-V-RP—L's speeches but half a pound lighter —
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No! — far were such dreams of improvement from me,
And it pleased me to find at the house, where, you know,
There's such good mutton-cutlets and strong curaçoa, [2]
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y-RM—TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions, I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have soothed her with hope — but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes — but the Doctors and I
Are the last that can think the K-NG *ever* will die!

A new era's arrived — though you'd hardly believe it —
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which even WAITHMAN attends) —
New saddles, new helmets, and — why not *new friends*?

* * *

I repeat it — "New Friends" — for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P-RC-V-L tribe.
Such capering — such vapouring! — such rigour — such vigour,
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
And leave us no friends — but Old Nick and Algiers.
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains;
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain
Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.
Then, how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a city,
While 'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!
Oh, deeds of renown! shall I boggle or flinch,

1 The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turn'd out to be only old sconce.
2 The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

With such prospects before me? — by Jove, not an inch.
No — let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections, —
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal — except (now I think on't) Beau Br-mm-l,
Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K-ng into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present.
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
(And, that I'm consistent, the world will allow, —
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now) —
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
I hope, like the vender of best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the generous and kind approbation
"Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter
(No man except Pole could have writ you a better),
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me — mind, only a few —
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C-md-n and Eld-n to fly to for shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W-stm-rel-nd near him to weaken the charm.
As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H-rtf-rd and Y-rm—th will do it;
Between R-d-r and Wh-rt-n let Sheridan sit,
And their fogs will soon quench e'en Sheridan's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Even in Whitbread himself we've a host in G—rge R-se!
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose)
By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news;
And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection,)
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. — A copy of this is to P-rc-v-l going —
Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC — TO A PLUMASSIER.

Fine and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——e's Plume —
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——e to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——e's crown;
If thou canst not find them stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;

Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well — be sure you do. —
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage bless'd,
Beaming on a R-y-l crest?

Bravo, Plumist! — now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl —
Bigot bird that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
Books that shun the search of men, —
Books that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo!

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now — alas! how much! —
Only fit for Y-RM—TH's touch.
There — enough — thy task is done;
Present worthy G ——GE's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE," and all's complete.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M-NCH-ST-R Square took a canter just now —
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look — oh, 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky! — *incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem. — when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder —
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife —
"Fine weather," says he — to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord! how GRAMB would triumphantly scoff!

Mem. — to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers — sure road to promotion! *

Saturday.

Last night a Concert — vastly gay —
Given by Lady C-STL-R-GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.

* England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persias's porters, whose mustachioes were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

In choosing songs, the R-G-NT named
"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"
While gentle H-RTF-RD begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am, and sore afraid.*"

KING CRACK[1] AND HIS IDOLS.

Written after the late Negotiation for a new M-n-stry.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly),
But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been placed
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though — such was his taste! —
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of King CRACK! —
Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack —
"You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning, "Great Caesar!
"We are willing to worship, but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says King CRACK — then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WREATHS FOR MINISTERS.

An Anacreontic.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers —
Or (if sweeter that abode),
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us —
Those who rule and (some say) fool us:
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES![2]

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily —
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G-FF-RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD-N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,

1 One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last king of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

2 The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. — See Juvenal, sat. 9. v. 138. Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." ῥιννωδεις και ποινιμους δαιμονας.

For the head of L-VRP-L! —
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C-STL-R-GH to crowd,
Bring me, from the County Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er to hide the green —
(Such as H—DF—T brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day).[1]
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue* —
And as, Goddess! — *entre nous* —
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture* now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough — away, away —
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R-SS, -
How the DOCTOR's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses. — To thy taste
I leave the rest; so prithee, haste!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

—— NOVA MONSTRA CREAVIT.
OVID. *Met.* lib. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets — God bless us! — as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI —
"Let's see," said the R-G-NT (like TITUS perplex'd
With the duties of empire), "whom *shall* I dress next?"
He looks in the glass — but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair;[2]
Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces —
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views — but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y-RM-TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out!
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? Shall he new-rig his brother,
Great C-MB-RL-ND's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no — here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again!

So, what's to be done? — there's the MINISTERS, bless 'em! —
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
"An excellent thought! — call the tailors — be nimble —
"Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H-RTF-RD her thimble;

1 Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock, which are distributed by the servants of C——n House every Patrick's-Day.

2 That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard. "Timore tonsoris," says Lampridius.— (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Aelius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. — (See Jul. Capitolin.) Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife. — See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

"While Y-RM-TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C-STL-R-GH, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress'd.
While Y-RM-TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures (the P—E crying "Well done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD-N.

* * * *

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

For the Opening of the New Theatre of St. St-ph-n, intended to have been spoken by the Proprietor, in full Costume, on the 24th of November.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials — though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And, considering they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he who in Ulster was nursed,
And sung *Erin go Bragh* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Changed his note, of a sudden, to *God save the King*!)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember, last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
One Mr. V-NS-TT-RT, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too — at least we've been plotting and planning —
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C-NN-NG;
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P-PH-M,
Get up new *diversions*, and C-NN-NG should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight — second time — with additional capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors. — For secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y-RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave, now I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager, PAT C-STL-R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni. — TACITUS.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Gemmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*. — I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner — bright youth! — if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still).
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd* — and, alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like ELL-NB'R—GH'S, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying —
Were't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller. —
Though made of pig-iron, yet (worthy of note 'tis)
'Tis ready to melt at a half-minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest —
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps (for I'm guessing at random),
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*!
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir —
Once, twice — going, going — thrice — gone! — It is yours, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distress'd,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool? — Oh! 'tis here in a trice —
This implement, Gemmen! at first was a *Vice* —
(A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it — going — quite gone!
God be with it! Such Tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner — how much? why, a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor —
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
And, like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing — then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool, such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it),
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A Ballad to the Tune of "There was a little Man, and he wooed a little Maid" dedicated to the Right Hon. Ch-rl-s Abb-tt.

Arcades ambo.
Et *cant*-are parcs.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
"Whether it's within our reach
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I, I, I,
"Just between little you and little I!" —

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,

"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
"But, if it's not uncivil,
"Pray tell me, what the devil
"Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
"Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
"For, as sure as J-CKY F-LL-R loves a sup, sup, sup,
"I will tell the Prince and People
"What I think of Church and Steeple,
"And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
"And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went, and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

—— suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES,
Hos cape fatorum comites. — VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them — pray, why should we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
C-STL-R—GH in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places;*
And Volunteer C-NN-NG, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H— DF—T at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch— f J-ST-CK make a *bold charge* at his side!
While V-NS-TT-RT could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R-G-NT himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf: —
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse?*
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our brave Spanish Allies, "unable to move;"*
Yet there's *one* thing in war, of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded!*

In my next, I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but — good luck to the shipment!

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.

Oh, WELLINGTON! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For, while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

TO LADY HOLLAND,

On Napoleon's Legacy of a Snuff-Box.

GIFT of the hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up on her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

CORRESPONDENCE

Between a Lady and Gentleman, upon the Advantage of (what is called) "having Law on one's Side."

"LEGGE AUREA,
S' ei piace, ei lice."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've LAW on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got LAW on their side!

'Tis a thing that in every King's reign has been done, too:
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son too?
For so argues LAW on our side!

And, even should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty!
As long as we've LAW on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

HOLD, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down decorum —
You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you e'en an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory* —
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, crim. con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

Freely translated, by G. R.[1]

[2] Come, Y-rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains
About what your old croney,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains:
[3] Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries; —
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!
Brisk let us revel, while revel we may,
[4] For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and — all that,
[5] And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

[6] Thy whiskers, too, Y-rm—th! — alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to Grey
[7] Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye) —
[8] How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the ghost in the pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

[9] To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C-mb-rl-nd's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's-hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses,
Refreshing all noses,
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.
[10] What youth of the Household will cool our noyau

In that streamlet delicious,
That, down 'midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow? —
[11] Or who will repair

1 This and the following are extracted from a work (which may some time or other meet the eye of the Public) entitled, "Odes of Horace, done into English by several persons of Fashion."

2 Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quaerere.
3 Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis aevi pauca.
4 ——— Fugit retro
Levis juventus et decor.
5 Pellente lascivos amores
Canicie.
6 ——— Neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.
7 —— Quid aeternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?
8 Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere ———
9 ——————— rosâ
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.
10 ——— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *praetereunte lympha?*
11 Quis ——— eliciet domo
Lyden?

Unto M———— Sq——e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?
Go—bid her haste hither,
[1] And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
[2] Oh! let her come with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of ACKERMANN's Dresses for May!

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

Freely translated by Lord Eld-n.

[3] THE man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's),
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big, and black, and never winces!

[4] No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMD;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

[5] Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or, through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter — 'tis all one to him.

[6] For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big —
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me even without my wig!

[7] Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

[8] Oh! place me 'midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
The ragged royal blood of TARA;

1 —— Eburna, dic age, cum lyra (qu. *liar-a*)
Maturet.
2 Iucomtum Lacaenae
More comam religata nodum.
3 Integer vitae scelerisque purus,
4 Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.
5 Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quae loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus — "The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

6 Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a Wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, *causis expeditis*)," and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

7 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
8 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget.

Or place me where DICK M-RT-N rules
The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA; —
[1] Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though e'en DICK M-RT-N's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL,
[2] So lovingly upon a hill —
Ah! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble!

HORACE, ODE i. LIB. iii.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob! as my Lady hates delf,
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G-DW-N, write books for young masters and misses.
Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
E'en monarchs themselves are not free from mishap;
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * * *

HORACE, ODE xxxviii. LIB. i.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexae philyra coronae.
Mitte sectari ROSA *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

Translated by a Treasury Clerk, while waiting Dinner for the Right Hon. G—rge R—se.

BOY, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and grim-crackeries —
Six by the Horse-Guards! — old Georgy is late —
But come — lay the table-cloth — zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old R-SE is delaying![3]

* * * * * *

TO ——— .

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.[4]

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair

I must here remark, that the said DICK M-RT-N being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

1 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

2 There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of JACK and JILL. JACK, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory.

JACK fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And JILL came tumbling after.

3 The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord CASTLEREAGH's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the POPE, must of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet, "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses that is quite edifying.

4 The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano. — See his *Life*.

Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see —
The voice we hear — and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

IMPROMPTU.

Upon being obliged to leave a pleasant party, from the want of a pair of Breeches to dress for Dinner in.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. — WHY is a Pump like Viscount C-STL-R—GH?
Answ. — Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.*

WHAT news to-day? — "Oh! worse and worse —
"M-c is the PR —— E's Privy Purse!"
The PR —— E's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the PR — E's *Ridicule!*

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Catholic Delegate and his R-y-l H-ghn-ss the D-ke of C-mb-rl-nd.

SAID his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic NEDDY?" —
"Because, Sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Dowager and her Maid on the Night of Lord Y-rm—th's Fête.

"I WANT the Court-Guide," said my Lady, "to look
"If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20" —
"We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book*,
"Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* PLACES in plenty!"

EPIGRAM.

From the French.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true —
She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass —
Herself the fair, the wild magician,

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR-NC-SS of W-L-S. I have merely versified it.

That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
  And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race — such as they
  Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
  Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand
  To catch the coming flame in turn —
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
  The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh! their joy, as it came near,
  'Twas in itself a joy to see —
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
  "That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
  Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling to the next who came,
  Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
  Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
  And lit a *flame* like Albion's — eddy.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
  And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
  As she would set the world a blazing.

And, when she fired her altar, high
  It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
  Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, Spain — so new was light to her —
  Leap'd at the torch; but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
  'Twas quench'd, and all again was dark.

Yet no —not quench'd — a treasure worth
  So much to mortals rarely dies. —
Again her living light look'd forth,
  And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? — Alas!
  Unworthy Naples — shame of shames
That ever through such hands should pass
  That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
  When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
  She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fallen it might have long remain'd,
  But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
  And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
  Her altar as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurel'd spirits seem'd to soar,
  Who thus in song their voices blended: —

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
  "Divinest gift of God to men!
"From Greece thy earliest splendour came
  "To Greece thy ray returns again!

"Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round —
  "When dimm'd, revive — when lost, return;
"Till not a shrine through earth be found,
  "On which thy glories shall not burn!"

EPILOGUE.

Last night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exists, and — all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write:
Sudden I saw — as in some witching dream —
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light,
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"
"A small he-devil, Ma'am — my name Bas Bleu —
"A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading;
"'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good breeding
"The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
"The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
"And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,
"With metaphysics twirl it back again!"

I view'd him, as he spoke — his hose were blue,
His wings — the covers of the last Review —
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledged pair.
"Inspired by me — (pursued this waggish Fairy) —
"That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
"Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
"Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
"For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
"And mingle Love's blue brilliancies with mine;
"For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
"Looks wise — the pretty soul! — and *thinks* she's thinking.
"By my advice Miss Indigo attends
"Lectures on Mem'ry, and assures her friends,
"'Pon honour! — *(mimicks)* — nothing can surpass the plan
"'Of that professor — *(trying to recollect)* — psha! that mem'ry-man —
"'That — what's his name? — him I attended lately —
"'Pon honour, he improved *my* mem'ry greatly.'"

Here, curtsying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.
"Nay, there — (he cried) — there I'm guiltless quite —
"What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,
"When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;
"When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,
"Blush'd without art, and without culture smiled —
"Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,
"Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,
"Ranged the wild, rosy things in learned orders,
"And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders? —
"No, no — your gentle Inas will not do —
"To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
"I'll come — *(pointing downwards)* — you understand — till then adieu!"

And *has* the sprite been here? No — jests apart —
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife — the mother — firm, yet gentle too —
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves — yet dares e'en Love himself disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne:
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and — Blue Devils.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

FABLES, &c.

BY

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.

DEAR LORD BYRON,

Though this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes than that of recalling the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,

Ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

PREFACE.

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the "painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c. — but, as I am at present preparing for the press the first volume of the "Transactions of the Poco-curante Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a song which will be found in the "Miscellaneous Poems,"* and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician) either "Nancy Dawson," or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being thereby brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words, "Non curat Hippoclides" (meaning, in English, "Hippoclides does not care a fig"), which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

* See page 684.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL

OF A

TRAVELLING MEMBER OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

The Gentleman, from whose Journal the following extracts are taken, was obliged to leave England some years ago (in consequence of an unfortunate attachment, which might have ended in bringing him into Doctors' Commons), and has but very recently been able to return to England. The greater part of these poems were, as he himself mentions in his Introduction, written or composed in an old *calèche*, for the purpose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling; and as verses made by a gentleman in his sleep have lately been called "a *psychological* curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses made by a gentleman to keep himself awake may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose. — Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c. — Writing in Bed — in the Fields. — Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore. — Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs. — Madame de Staël. — Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

What various attitudes, and ways,
  And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
  Usually stand while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
  Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
  Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride. [1]

Herodotus wrote most in bed;
  And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
  Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne [2] and Pliny, on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
  At home may, at their counters, stop;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
  Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.

And truly I suspect they're right —
  For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
  When, like an eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his Haram bowers,
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
'Mid all the glory of his going —
E'en *I* have felt, beneath those beams,
  When wand'ring through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
  That, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,
That was abroad at that still hour.

1 Pieraque sua carmina equitans composuit. — *Paravicin. Singular.*
2 Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis. — Montaigne.
Animus eorum, qui in aperto aëre ambulant, attollitur. — Pliny.

If thus I've felt, how must *they* feel,
  The few, whom genuine Genius warms,
And stamps upon their soul his seal,
  Graven with Beauty's countless forms; —
The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to PLATO's dream,
Since in their souls, as in a glass,
  Shadows of things divine appear —
Reflections of bright forms that pass
  Through fairer worlds beyond our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress; —
  For PLATO, too, produced, 'tis said
(As one indeed might almost guess),
  His glorious visions all in bed. [1]
'Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE used to rhyme;
  And (if the wits don't do him wrong,)
'Twixt death and epics pass'd his time,
  Scribbling and killing all day long —
Like Phoebus in his car, at ease,
  Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains
  And horrors of exenteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you look,
  You'll find preserved, with a translation,
By BARTHOLINUS in his book. [2]
In short, 'twere endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind
  When beaus and belles are round them prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
  Their muse and valet both in waiting,
And manage, at the self-same time,
To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble,
Or a small twig to whisk about —
  As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like those of water, were found out
  By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy
Such was the little feathery wand [3]
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her who won and wore the crown
  Of female genius in this age,
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
  Those words of lightning on her page.
As for myself — to come at last,
  To the odd way in which *I* write —
Having employed these few months past
  Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
You see, of rhyming on the road —
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages —
'Twixt lays and *re*-lays no time lost —
In short, in two words, *writing post*.
My verses, I suspect, not ill
Resembling the crazed vehicle
(An old *calèche*, for which a villain

1 The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says:

Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
Desedit totos hoc Plato saepe dies.

2 Eâdem curâ nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelicem agenti fuit Asbiornо Prudae Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum, intestina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim novem carmina cecinit, &c. — BARTHOLIN. *de causis contempt. mort.*

3 Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.

Charged me some twenty Naps at Milan)
In which I wrote them — patch'd-up things,
On weak, but rather easy, springs,
Jingling along, with little in 'em,
And (where the road is not so rough,
Or deep, or lofty, as to spin 'em
Down precipices) safe enough. —
Too ready to take fire, I own,
And *then*, too, nearest a break-down;
But, for my comfort, hung so low,
I haven't, in falling, far to go. —
With all this, light, and swift, and airy,
And carrying (which is best of all)
But little for the *Doganieri*[1]
Of the Reviews to overhaul.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.[2] — *Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down.* — *Obliged to proceed on Foot.* — *Alps.* — *Mont Blanc.* — *Effect of the Scene.*

'Twas late — the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no — the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant — while there glow'd
This last, intensest gleam of light —
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling!

I stood entranced and mute — as they
Of Israel think th' assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mont Blanc! thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in Heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity

1 Custom-house officers.
2 Between Vattay and Gex.

As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget —
The ecstasy that thrill'd me then!

'Twas all that consciousness of power,
And life, beyond this mortal hour; —
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heaven — as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies —
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame — oh, bitter shame! —
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'Twas all this, at the instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought —
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
This purely ever — man might grow,
E'en upon earth, a thing divine,
And be once more the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No — never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God! e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality!

EXTRACT II.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented. — Former Glory. — Expedition against Constantinople. — Giustinianis. — Republic. — Characteristics of the old Government. — Golden Book. — Brazen Mouths. — Spies. — Dungeons. — Present Desolation.

Mourn not for Venice — let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unbless'd,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No — let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights — the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His powerful sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice — though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her — she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every King and State
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;

When, with her countless barks she went
  To meet the Orient Empire's might, [1]
And the GIUSTINIANIS sent
  Their hundred heroes to that fight. [2]

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not — for vanish'd, too
(Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great),
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
  The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
  Where the Republic's standard stood!

Desolate VENICE! when I track
Thy haughty course through cent'ries back, —
Thy ruthless power, obey'd but cursed,
  The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
  Had stronger fear not chill'd e'en hate;
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing SARPI [3] taught, —
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death, — [4]
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
  Shut against humble Virtue's name, [5]
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
  Their native land to thee and shame, — [6]
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
  Watching o'er every glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each other's eyes,
  To read their chance of life or death, —
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
  And legalized th' assassin's knife, — [7]
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
  And racks, and Leads [8] that burn out life;
When I review all this, and see
  What thou art sunk and crush'd to now;
Each harpy maxim, hatch'd by thee,
  Return'd to roost on thy own brow, —
Thy Nobles, towering once aloft,
  Now sunk in chains — in chains, that have
Not e'en that borrow'd grace, which oft
  The master's fame sheds o'er the slave,
But are as mean as e'er were given
To stiff-neck'd Pride by angry Heaven —
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat —
"Thus perish every King and State,
  "That tread the steps which VENICE trod,
"Strong but in fear, and only great
  "By outrage against man and GOD!"

1 Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.

2 "La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait." — *Histoire de Venise*, par DARU.

3 The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

4 Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua. — Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see DARU, vol. ii. p. 141.

5 "A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talens ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle." — DARU.

6 Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the *Libro d'Oro* were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

7 By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a licence is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

8 "Les prisons des plombs, c'est-à-dire ces fournaises ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais."

EXTRACT III.

Venice.

L——d B——'s Memoirs, written by himself. — Reflections, when about to read them.

LET me, a moment—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope —
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven —
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know — and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON's birds, [1] speaking their master's name,
In every language syllabled by Fame? —
How all, who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like powers, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul, — and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed —
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did th' Egyptian traveller, [2] when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, and touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, e'en now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light —
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse —
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in Heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that, of its grandeur, lasts
Nought but the wide cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange —
The griefs — the frailties, but too frankly told —
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings — we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd —
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who served him, young, and serve him still —
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart —
Of acts — but, no — *not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.

1 Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"
2 Bruce.

While they who court the world, like MILTON's cloud,[1]
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature, hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

EXTRACT IV.

Venice.

The English to be met with every where. — Alps and Threadneedle-street. — The Simplon and the Stocks. — Rage for travelling. — Blue-Stockings among the Wahabees. — Parasols and Pyramids. — Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

AND is there then no earthly place
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?

'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet:
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle-street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As — "Baddish news from 'Change, my dear —
"The Funds — (phew, curse this ugly hill!)
"Are lowering fast — (what! higher still?) —
"And — (zooks, we're mounting up to Heaven!) —
"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may — rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet-Ditch —
And scarce a pin's head difference *which* —
Mixes, though e'en to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sects and casts,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
To gape at things in foreign lands
No soul among them understands —
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees —
If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids —[2]
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam
But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
Among the *Blacks* of Carolina —
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. HOPKINS, taking tea
And toast upon the Wall of China!

EXTRACT V.

Florence.

No — 'tis not the region where love's to be found —
They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip might resound,
When she warbled her best — but they've nothing like Love.

1 — — — — 'Did a sable cloud
"Turn forth her silver lining on the night." *Comus.*
2 It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

Nor is it that *sentiment* only they want,
  Which Heaven for the pure and the tranquil hath made —
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
  Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;

That feeling, which, after long years are gone by,
  Remains like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
Where, e'en though the flush of the colours may fly,
  The features still live in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
  With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,
Grow wreathed into one — like the column, combined
  Of the *strength* of the shaft and the capital's *flowers*.

Of this — bear ye witness, ye wives, every where,
  By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's streams —
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
  Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.

But it *is* not this, only — born, full of the light
  Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,
  That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons!

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn'd,
  And that Love, though unused, in this region of spring,
To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn'd,
  Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there *may* be, there *are* those explosions of heart,
  Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame;
Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,
  Where Love is a sun-stroke that maddens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul,
  Whose beginnings are virginly pure as the source
Of some mountainous rivulet, destined to roll
  As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course —

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends
  A more head-long descent, without chance of recall;
But which Modesty, even to the last edge attends,
  And, at length, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion — ay, exquisite, even
  In the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, e'en then, a bright trace of the heaven,
  The heaven of Virtue, from which it has stray'd —

This entireness of love, which can only be found
  Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,
And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round,
  Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
  Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
  Can only be reach'd through the Temple of Love!

This perfection of Passion — how *can* it be found,
  Where the mysteries Nature hath hung round the tie
By which souls are together attracted and bound,
  Are laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye —

Where nought of those innocent doubts can exist,
  That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
  And curtains them round in their own native light —

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
  Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought,
But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
  From the maiden's young heart, are the *only* ones taught —

Oh no — 'tis not here, howsoever we're given,
  Whether purely to Hymen's *one* planet we pray,

Or adore, like Sabaeans, each light of Love's heaven,
  Here *is* not the region to fix or to stray;

For, faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
  Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they a husband can mourn as a loss? —
  What have they a lover can prize as a gain?

EXTRACT VI.

Rome.

Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347. — The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May. — Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol. — Rienzi's Speech.

'Twas a proud moment — even to hear the words
  Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breathed,
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
  In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed —
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
  For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be —
Short as it was — worth ages past away
  In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May — beneath that moon
Which had through many an age seen Time untune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell —
The sound of the church clock, [1] near Adrian's Tomb,
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarm'd, with nought to watch them there
But God's own Eye, 'and pass the night in prayer.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that awful fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band,
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fann'd
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
  The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven — [2]
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
  That were to bless them when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
  While many a Shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved,
  Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.
'Twas then that thou, their Tribune (name which brought
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought),
Didst, from a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
To call up in her sons again, thus speak: —

"Romans! look round you — on this sacred place
  "There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men —
"What see you now? what solitary trace
  "Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?
"The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
  "E'en of its name — and nothing now remains
"But the deep mem'ry of that glory, left
  "To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
"But *shall* this be? — our sun and sky the same,
  "Treading the very soil our fathers trode,
"What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
  "What visitation hath there come from God,
"To blast our strength and rot us into slaves,

1 It is not easy to discover what church is meant by Du Cerceau here: — "Il fit crier dans les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun eût à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix-neuvième, dans l'église du château de Saint-Ange, au son de la cloche, afin de pourvoir au Bon Etat."

2 For a description of these banners, see Notes.

"*Here*, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
"It cannot be — rise up, ye Mighty Dead,
"If we, the living, are too weak to crush
"These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
"Till all but ROMANS at ROME's tameness blush!

"Happy PALMYRA! in thy desert domes,
"Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
"And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
"For the stork's brood, superb PERSEPOLIS!
"Thrice happy both that your extinguish'd race
"Have left no embers — no half-living trace —
"No slaves, to crawl around the once-proud spot,
"Till past renown in present shame's forgot;
"While ROME, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
"If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,
"Would wear more true magnificence than decks
"Th' assembled thrones of all th' existing world —
"ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, stain'd, and cursed,
"Through every spot her princely TIBER laves,
"By living human things — the deadliest, worst,
"This earth engenders — tyrants and their slaves!
"And we [1] — oh shame! — we, who have ponder'd o'er
"The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;
"Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
"Tracking our country's glories all the way —
"E'en we have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground
"Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,
"The World's Imperial Mistress — sitting, crown'd
"And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre! [2]
"But this is past — too long have lordly priests
"And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
"Withering about us — like devoted beasts,
"Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
"'Tis o'er — the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
"Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
"The Genius of the Old Republic, free
"As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
"And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
"Proclaiming ROME, ROME, ROME, Eternal ROME!"

EXTRACT VII.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen. — Her Story. — Numerous Pictures of her. — Correggio. — Guido. — Raphael, &c. — Canova's two exquisite Statues. — The Somariva Magdalen. — Ch-ntr-y's Admiration of Canova's Works.

No wonder, MARY, that thy story
Touches all hearts — for there we see
The soul's corruption and its glory,
Its death and life, combined in thee.
From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit, haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires, which had inshrined
Themselves, like demons, in thy form,
Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,
Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold
(So oft the gaze of BETHANY),
And, covering in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years! —
Thence on, through all thy course of love

1 The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning "Spirito gentil," is supposed, by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguené asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was filled with high and patriotic hopes by the first measures of this extraordinary man, appears from one of his letters, quoted by Du Cerceau, where he says: "Pour tout dire, en un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramené la justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et tous les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or."

2 See Note.

To Him, thy Heav'nly Master, — Him
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this sweetening round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by him to the last!
Till — bless'd reward for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone,
That thou mightst see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revealment known
To hearts less trusting than thy own —
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever given,
E'en under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless — were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the power
Of keeping thee most lovely still
Throughout thy sorrow's bitterest hour —
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That Guido's pale unearthly hues
Should, in pourtraying thee, grow warm;
That all — from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino — should delight
In picturing her who "loved so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But Mary, 'mong the best essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has given thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here —
Not one hath equall'd, hath come nigh
Canova's fancy; oh, not one
Hath made thee feel, and live, and die
In tears away, as *he* hath done,
In those bright images, more bright
With true expression's breathing light
Than ever yet beneath the stroke
Of chisel into life awoke!
The one,* pourtraying what thou wert
In thy first grief, while yet the flower
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow consuming power,
And mingling earth's luxurious grace
With Heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
We gaze, and know not in *which* place
Such beauty most was form'd to dwell! —
The other, as thou look'dst when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thee down — and ne'er did Art
With half such mental power express
The ruin which a breaking heart

* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness!
Those wasted arms, that keep the trace,
E'en now, of all their youthful grace —
Those tresses, of thy charms the last
Whose pride forsook thee, wildly cast —
Those features, e'en in fading worth
The freshest smiles to others given,
And those sunk eyes, that see not earth,
But whose last looks are full of Heaven!

Wonderful artist! praise like mine —
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals —
Is little to the words that came
From him, thy peer in art and fame,
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight,
And, while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays, *
Give thee, with all the generous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame — a rival's praise!

EXTRACT VIII.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens. — Their Ménage. — Its Grossness. — Claude Anet. — Reverence with which the Spot is now visited. — Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame. — Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene. — Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History. — Impostures of Men of Genius. — Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.

Strange power of Genius, that can throw
O'er all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes,
As dazzle e'en the steadiest eyes!

About a cent'ry since, or near,
A middle-aged Madame lived here,
With character, e'en worse than most
Such middle-aged Madames can boast.
Her footman was — to gloss it over
With the most gentle term — her lover;
Nor yet so jealous of the truth
And charms of this impartial fair,
As to deny a pauper youth,
Who join'd their snug *ménage*, his share.
And there they lived, this precious three,
With just as little sense or notion
Of what the world calls decency,
As hath the sea-calf in the ocean.
And, doubtless, 'mong the grave, and good,
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, low people, low and bad —
Madame, herself, to footmen prone,
And her young pauper, all but mad.
Who could have thought this very spot
Would, one day, be a sort of shrine,
Where — all its grosser taints forgot,
Or gilt by Fancy till they shine —
Pilgrims would meet, from many a shore,
To trace each mouldering chamber o'er;
Young bards to dream of virtuous fame,
Young maids to lisp De Warrens' name,

* Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice, by the light of a small candle.

And mellower spinsters — of an age
Licensed to read JEAN JACQUES's page —
To picture all those blissful hours
He pass'd in these sequester'd bowers,
With his dear Maman and his flowers!
Spinsters, who — if, from glowing heart
  Or erring head, some living maid
Had wander'd e'en the thousandth part
  Of what this worthy Maman stray'd —
Would bridle up their virtuous chins
In horror at her sin of sins,
And — could their chaste eyes kill with flashes —
Frown the fair culprit into ashes!

'Tis too absurd — 'tis weakness, shame,
This low prostration before Fame —
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No — let triumphant Genius have
All that his loftiest wish can crave.
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
  For attributes, his noblest, first —
Not with that base idolatry,
  Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold — may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt —
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
  I fear, I feel, I have it not,
For here, at this still hour, to me,
  The charms of this delightful spot —
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
  From all the heart would fain forget —
This narrow valley, and the song
  Of its small murmuring rivulet —
The flitting to and fro of birds,
  Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
  Of man disturb'd their orisons! —
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas here and there, that ope
  Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope,
  E'en through the shade of sadness, catches! —
All this, which — could I once but lose
  The mem'ry of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heav'nliest hues
  Of Genius can no more disguise
Than the sun's beams can do away
Than filth of fens o'er which they play —
This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
  With thoughts of all that happiest is —
Of Love, where self hath only part,
  As echoing back another's bliss —
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
  Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
  Purer and fresher in their flow —
Of happy days, that share their beams
  'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ —
Of tranquil nights, that give in dreams

The moonlight of the morning's joy! —
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful mem'ries near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,
If ever given to mortal) show'd
What an impostor Genius is —
How with that strong, mimetic art,
Which is its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes —
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls along the sullying sod —
What sensibility many fall
From its false lip, what plans to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness —
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through Heav'n they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor ask a Heav'n, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most;
And while, with Freedom on their lips,
Sounding her timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in th' eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever lord or patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade!

Out on the craft — I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,
Than thus, with high-built genius cursed,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest — worst —
Sublimest — meanest in creation!

NOTES

TO

THE RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

Note 1.

Thy perfidy, e'en worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi *taught.*
Page 665, lines 19, 20.

The spirit in which these maxims of Father Paul are written, may be sufficiently judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says: — "Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffes, les humilier souvent, surtout leur ôter les occasions de s'aguerrir. Du pain et le bâton, voilà ce qu'il leur faut; gardons l'humanité pour une meilleure occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus: — "Tendre à dépouiller les villes de leurs priviléges, faire que les habitants s'appauvrissent, et que leurs biens soient achetés par les Vénitiens. Ceux qui, dans les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audacieux ou plus devoués aux intérêts de la population, il faut les perdre ou les gagner à quelque prix que ce soit: *enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un prétexte quelconque, mais en évitant de recourir à la justice ordinaire. Que le poison fasse l'office du bourreau, cela est moins odieux et beaucoup plus profitable.*"

Note 2.

By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, &c.
Page 665, note 7.

M. Daru has given an abstract of these Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a system of treachery and cruelty should ever have been established by any government, or submitted to, for an instant, by any people. Among various precautions against the intrigues of their own nobles, we find the following: — "Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangéreux d'entretenir quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à poignarder quiconque essaierait de tenter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne prêtassent foi difficilement à une délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé au-dessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, reçut la mission d'assassiner ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce banni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre." — "Remarquons," adds M. Daru, "que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, écrite d'avance; une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves, à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts."

The cases, in which assassination is ordered by these statutes, are as follow: —

"Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle parmi les marins le menstrance, passait-il au service d'une puissance étrangère, il fallait le faire assassiner, surtout si c'était un homme réputé, brave et habile dans sa profession." — (*Art.* 2, *des Statuts*).

"Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on devait le faire empoisonner." — (*Art.* 14.)

"Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y exportant quelque procédé de l'industrie nationale: c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat." — (*Art.* 26.)

The facility with which they got rid of their Duke of Bedfords, Lord Fitzwilliams, &c. was admirable; it was thus: —

"Le patricien qui se permettait le moindre propos contre le gouvernement, était admonété deux fois, et à la troisième *noyé comme incorrigible*." — (*Art.* 39.)

Note 3.

Reflections on reading, &c.
Page 669, Extract VI.

The "Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit de Rienzi," by the Jesuit de Cerceau, is chiefly taken from the much more authentic work of Fortifiocca on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a laundress.

Note 4.

Their gilded gonfalons.

Page 668.

"Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendards. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé *le bon diseur*, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre *une Palme* pour représenter la ville de Rome. C'était le Gonfalon de *la Liberté*. Le second, à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite *une Epée* nue et de la gauche la couronne de *Justice*, était porté par Etienne Magnacuccia, notaire apostolique. Dans le troisième, St. Pierre avait en main *les clefs* de la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la liberté, la justice, et la paix." — Du Cerceau, liv. 2.

Note. 5.

That Ghost of Her,
The world's Imperial Mistress.

Page 670.

This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect: — "For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A Sylph, as gay as ever sported
  Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
  And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch
  A pair so sorted could not show —
But how refuse? — the Gnome was rich,
  The Rothschild of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
  Learn from their mammas to consider
Love as an auctioneer of features,
  Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his mine —
  A palace, paved with diamonds all —
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,
  Sent out her tickets for a ball.

The *lower* world, of course, was there,
  And all the best; but of the *upper*
The sprinkling was but shy and rare —
  A few old Sylphids who loved supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous lamp
  Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's halls exhaled a damp,
  Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light
  By many strange, but safe devices: —
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
  Among the Orient's flowers and spices;

Musical flint-mills — swiftly play'd
  By elfin hands — that, flashing round,
Like some bright glancing minstrel maid,
  Gave out, at once, both light and sound;

Bologna-stones, that drink the sun;
  And water from that Indian sea,
Whose waves at night like wild-fire run,
  Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,
  Like little light-houses, were set up;
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
  That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came
  That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call —
My Lady knew him but by name,
  My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, apprized
  That he was coming, and, no doubt
Alarm'd about his torch, advised
  He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapproved this plan,
  And, by his flame though somewhat frighted,
Thought Love too much a gentleman,
  In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, *there* he was — and dancing
  With the fair Sylph, light as a feather:

They look'd like two young sunbeams, glancing,
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch — whose light,
Though not yet kindled, who could tell
How soon, how devilishly it *might?*

And so it chanced — which, in those dark
And fireless halls, was quite amazing,
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came, when close entangled
In the gay waltz, from her bright eyes,
Or from the *lucciole*, that spangled
Her locks of jet — is all surmise.

Certain it is, th' ethereal girl
Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,
Which, by the waltz's windy whirl,
Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that lamp's metallic gauze —
That curtain of protecting wire —
Which DAVY delicately draws
Around illicit, dangerous fire! —

The wall he sets 'twixt flame and air
(Like that which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss),
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair
May see each other, but not kiss.*

At first the torch look'd rather bluely —
A sign, they say, that no good boded —
Then quick the gas became unruly,
And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, Gnomes, and fiddlers, mix'd together,
With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,
Like butterflies, in stormy weather,
Were blown — legs, wings, and tails — to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,
The Sylph, alas! too, bore her part —
Found lying, with a livid scorch,
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

* * * * *

"Well done!" a laughing goblin said,
Escaping from this gaseous strife;
"'Tis not the *first* time Love has made
"A *blow-up* in connubial life."

REMONSTRANCE.

After a conversation with L'—d J—— R——, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.

WHAT! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name —
Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race offer'd up for the weal
Of a nation that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
Is for high-thoughted spirits, like thine, to command?

* ——————— Partique dedere
Oscula quisque suae, non pervenientia contrà. — OVID.

Oh no, never dream it — while good men despair
  Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
  Such a light from her dark'ning horizon as thou!

With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those
  Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm,
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
  To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
  It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, e'en now, by that mildness of truth
  Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence — not like those rills from a height,
  Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light
  Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
  If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
  Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
  Set apart for the fane and its service divine,
All the branches that spring from the old Russell tree,
  Are by Liberty *claim'd* for the use of her shrine.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Here lies a lawyer — one whose mind
(Like that of all the lawyer kind)
Resembled, though so grave and stately,
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly;
Which for the mousing deeds, transacted
  In holes and corners, is well fitted,
But which, in sunshine, grows contracted,
  As if 'twould — *rather* not admit it;
As if, in short, a man would quite
  Throw time away, who tried to let in a
Decent portion of God's light
  On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.

Hence, when he took to politics,
  As a refreshing change of evil,
Unfit with grand affairs to mix
His little Nisi-Prius tricks,
  Like imps at bo-peep, play'd the devil;
And proved that when a small law wit
  Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'Tis like a player on the kit
  Put all at once to a bass viol.

Nay, e'en when honest (which he could
  Be, now and then), still quibbling daily,
He served his country as he would
  A client thief at the Old Bailey.

But — do him justice — short and rare
  His wish through honest paths to roam;
Born with a taste for the unfair,
Where falsehood call'd, he still was there,
  And when least honest most at home.
Thus, shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping,
  He work'd his way up near the throne,
And, long before he took the keeping
  Of the king's conscience, lost his own.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day!" — What a different sound
  That word had in my youthful ears!

And how, each time the day comes round,
  Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
  That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
  How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
  Who said* — "were he ordain'd to run
"His long career of life again,
  "He would do all that he *had* done." —
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
  In sober birth-days speaks to me;
Far otherwise — of time it tells
  Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly —
Of counsel mock'd — of talents, made
  Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
  Upon unholy, earthly shrines —
Of nursing many a wrong desire —
  Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
  That cross'd my path-way for his star!
All this it tells, and, could I trace
  Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
  The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away —
All — but that freedom of the mind
  Which hath been more than wealth to me
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
  And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
  Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
  And comfortless, and stormy round!

FANCY.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found
  That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
  A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
  A single charm that's not from Nature won,
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
  A single tint unborrow'd from the sun —
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
  One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
  Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close
  His little eyes till day was breaking;
And whimsical enough, Heav'n knows,
  The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin —
  One to whom all the world's a debtor —

* Fontenelle. — "Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferai tout ce que j'ai fait."

So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
  And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
  Though still some ugly fever latent;
"Dose, as before" — a gentle opiate,
  For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
  So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
  Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye
  Of all peninsulas and isles
That in our lakes of silver lie,
  Or sleep, enwreathed by Neptune's smiles,

How gladly back to thee I fly!
  Still doubting, asking *can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
  And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
  Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
  Lays down its load of care at last?

When, tired with toil on land and deep,
  Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
  On the long-wish'd-for bed once more?

This, this it is, that pays alone
  The ills of all life's former track —
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
  Sweet Sirmio — greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
  The light of Heav'n, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice — let all that laughs
  Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

TO MY MOTHER.

Written in a Pocket-Book, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree
  Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
  And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
  Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
  Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
  And fed with fame (*if* fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
  With love's true instinct, back to thee!

ILLUSTRATION OF A BORE.

If ever you 've seen a gay party,
  Relieved from the pressure of Ned —
How instantly joyous and hearty
  They've grown when the damper was fled —
You may guess what a gay piece of work,
  What delight to champagne it must be,
To get rid of its bore of a cork,
  And come sparkling to you, love, and me!

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
  The best that I know for a lover of pelf
Is, to buy ****** up, at the price he is worth,
  And then sell him at that which he sets on himself

SCEPTICISM.

Ere Psyche drank the cup that shed
  Immortal life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
  One drop of Doubt into the bowl —

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
  To Psyche's lips—she knew not why —
Made e'en that blessed nectar seem
  As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
  A chill came o'er her heart — a fear
That Death would, even yet, remove
  Her spirit from that happy sphere.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaim'd,
  Twining them round her snowy fingers —
"That forehead, where a light, unnamed,
  "Unknown on earth, for ever lingers —

Those lips, through which I feel the breath
  "Of Heav'n itself, whene'er they sever —
"Oh! are they mine, beyond all death —
  "My own, hereafter and for ever?

"Smile not — I know that starry brow,
  "Those ringlets and bright lips of thine,
"Will always shine as they do now —
  "But shall *I* live to *see* them shine?"

In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes
  "On all that sparkles round thee here —
"Thour't now in Heav'n, where nothing dies,
  "And in these arms — what *canst* thou fear?"

In vain — the fatal drop, that stole
  Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodged its bitter near her soul,
  And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was rapture given
  Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in Heaven
  That wears a cloud amid its joy.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Of all the men one meets about,
  There's none like Jack—he's every where:
At church - park—auction - dinner — rout —
  Go where and when you will, he's there.
Try the West End, he's at your back —
  Meets you, like Eurus, in the East —
You're call'd upon for "How do, Jack?"
  One hundred times a-day at least.
A friend of his one evening said,
  As home he took his pensive way,
"Upon my soul, I fear Jack's dead —
  "I've seen him but three times to-day!"

ROMANCE.

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
  With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd
  Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness;

But where to choose the *locale* of my vision
In this wide, vulgar world — what real spot
Can be found out, sufficiently elysian
For two such perfect lovers, I know not,
Oh, for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,
The young Jew, * fabled of, in th' Indian Sea,
By nothing but its name of Beauty known,
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
Her fairy kingdom — take its people, lands,
And tenements into her own bright hands,
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit
For Love to live in — pure and exquisite!

A JOKE, VERSIFIED.

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake —
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife." —
"Why, so it is, father, — whose wife shall I take?"

ON ————.

LIKE a snuffers, this loving old dame,
By a destiny, grievous enough,
Though so oft she has snapp'd at the flame,
Hath never caught more than the snuff.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last:
Long as he breathed the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd
In which he had n't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out* —
Whatever statesmen did or said —
If not exactly brought about,
Was all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With NAP if Russia went to war,
'Twas owing, under Providence.
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar —
(*Vide* his pamphlet — price sixpence).

If France was beat at Waterloo —
As all, but Frenchmen, think she was —
To Ned, as WELLINGTON well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then, for his news — no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it —
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in —
From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland *owskis* by the dozen.

When GEORGE, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd — who advised the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For, though by some unlucky miss
He had not downright *seen* the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The drama, books, MS. and printed —
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

* Psalmanazar.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
  And, here and there, infused some soul in't —
Nay, Davy's lamp, till seen by Ned,
  Had — odd enough — a dangerous hole in't.

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
  Wit, statesman, boxer, chemist, singer,
Whatever was the best pie going,
  In *that* Ned — trust him — had his finger.

* * * * * * * * *

COUNTRY-DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

ONE night, the nymph call'd COUNTRY-DANCE —
  Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
  A mincing thing, *Mamselle* QUADRILLE —

Having been chased from London down
  To that last, humblest haunt of all
She used to grace — a country town —
  Went smiling to the new-year's ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driven
  "From London's gay and shining tracks —
"Though, like a Peri cast from Heaven,
  "I've lost, for ever lost Almack's —

"Though not a London Miss alive
  "Would now for her acquaintance own me;
"And spinsters, even, of forty-five,
  "Upon their honours ne'er have known me:

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
  "And — spite of some few dandy lancers,
"Who vainly try to preach Quadrille —
  "See nought but *true-blue* country-dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
  "My throne, like Magna Charta, raise,
"'Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
  "That scorn the threaten'd *chaîne Anglaise*."

'Twas thus she said, as, 'mid the din
  Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's-Head Inn,
  And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The squires and their squiresses all,
  With young squirinas, just *come out*,
And my lord's daughters from the Hall
  (Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt),

Already, as she tripp'd up stairs,
  She in the cloak-room saw assembling —
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
  From the first fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops — she listens — *can* it be?
  Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it —
It *is* "Di tanti palpiti,"
  As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however — in she goes,
  With her best, sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
  QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
  Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
  Their looks and language, airs and trickery!

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like face
  (The *beau idéal* of French beauty),
A band-box thing, all art and lace
  Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tie.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine* —
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair —
Her poetry, from *Lamartine* —
Her morals from — the Lord knows where.

And, when she danced — so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face the while, demure, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendule's* dial-plate —
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas *going*.

Full fronting her stood COUNTRY-DANCE —
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance —
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing oft the devil with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle* — who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws in character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did she of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*—not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.

And such the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now — whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*")

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While — to the tune of "Money Musk,"[1]
Which struck up now — she proudly spoke: —

"Heard you that strain — that joyous strain?
"'Twas such as England loved to hear,
"Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
"Corrupted both her foot and ear —

"Ere WALTZ, that rake from foreign lands,
"Presumed, in sight of all beholders,
"To lay his rude, licentious hands
"On virtuous English backs and shoulders —

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
"And, yet unfleeced by funding blockheads,
"Happy John Bull not only *had*,
"But danced to, 'Money in both pockets.'[2]

"Alas, the change! — oh, —— !
"Where is the land could 'scape disasters,
"With *such* a Foreign Secretary,
"Aided by foreign dancing-masters?

"Woe to ye, men of ships and shops,
"Rulers of day-books and of waves!
"Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
"And drill'd, on t' other, into slaves!

"Ye, too, ye lovely victims! seen,
"Like pigeons truss'd for exhibition,
"With elbows *à la crapaudine*,
"And feet in — God knows what position.

1 An old English country-dance.
2 Another old English country-dance.

"The taste was bad — the price was high —
"A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers —
What trifling, what unmeaning things!
"Fit for a woman's toilette hours,
"But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet —
"A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
"But, as for great or brave — far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him? —
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
"Serve a '*Ne exeat regno*' on him."

At length — their last and worst to do —
They round him placed a guard of watchmen —
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow — chiefly Scotchmen —

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison-grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh, for some champion of his power,
Some *ultra* spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his royalty! —

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one
Of Right eternal and divine
That rules beneath the blessed sun! —

To crush the rebels, that would cloud
His triumphs with restraint or blame,
And, honouring e'en his faults, aloud
Re-echo "*Vive le Roi! quand même* — —"

The following Fugitive Pieces, which have appeared from time to time in the most popular London journal (THE TIMES), *are very generally attributed to* MR. MOORE, *and, though not acknowledged by that Gentleman, their wit, grace, variety, and spirit, sufficiently attest the truth of the report, and sanction their insertion in a complete collection of his Poetical Works.*

AN AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten? — those amorous pranks
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government, play'd —
When you call'd me th' fondest, the truest of Banks,
And enjoy'd th' endearing *advances* I made.

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,
To do all that a dashing young couple should do,
A law against *paying* was laid upon me,
But none against *owing*, dear help-mate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd? — that "hour (as *Othello*
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction*,"*
And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

* "_____ An hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction."

GOVERNMENT.

E'EN so, my beloved Mrs. Bank, it must be, —
This paying in cash[1] plays the devil with wooing —
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason — a small child or two —
E'en Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to:
The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few —
But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no end to!

So, — hard as it is on a pair who've already
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy,[2]
Who'd, even in famine, cry "D — n the expense!" —

The day is at hand, my Papyria[3] Venus,
When, high as we once used to carry our capers,
Those soft *billets-doux* we're now passing between us
Will serve but to keep Mrs. C — tts in curl-papers;

And when — if we still must continue our love,
After all that is past — our amour, it is clear
(Like that which Miss Danaë managed with Jove),
Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR T —— S L —— E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque." — VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies),
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess!

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing does n't bore thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his — never-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy so boasted;
Improving on Hunt's scheme, instead of the Corn,
'Tis now the Corn-growers, alas! that are *roasted!*

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us —
Reviewers, economists — fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion, know little about.

There's B-nth-m, whose English is all his own making, —
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration."[4]

There are two Mr. M —— s, too, whom those that like reading
Through all that's unreadable, call very clever; —
And, whereas M —— Senior makes war on *good* breeding,
M —— Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages; —
With which of these classes we, landlords, have sided,
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.

1 It appears that Ovid, however, was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie: —
"—— finem, specie cœleste resumta,
Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi."
Met. l. xv. v.

2 Hon. F. Robinson.
3 To distinguish her from the "Aurea."
4 The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the *chaste* notions of food
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,
(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play),
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation![1]

Long life to the Minister! — no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut — and the people's mouths, too, —
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

As for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,
Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last honest Uni-corn[2] would be — Sir Th——s!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreæque leones." — HOR.

Said a Sovereign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met, in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That though I'm wedded with thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With silver you can range,
And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
While with *me* — on my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W —— th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam, Sir —
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter,
'For better or for worse'
Is the usual marriage curse:
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast.
Though you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you —
At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
Os *other* Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true —
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural protectors?

1 "Road to Ruin."
Dicta Fames Cereris (quamvis contraria semper
Illius est operi) peragit. — Ovid.

2 This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia tells us, has a particular liking for any thing chaste.

And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be *false* enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why — I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?" — VIRGIL.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn,[1]
When you know, if one has n't a very high rental,
'Tis hardly worth while being very high born!

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in?
A question — like asking one, "How is your wife?" —
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast,
But Peers, and such animals fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceased),
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bored and distrest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,
When the force of the agony wrung e'en a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L — d — le![2]

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave
A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L — d — le's joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth —
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've but looms!

To talk *now* of starving, as great At — l said —[3]
(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd)
When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!

It follows from hence — and the Duke's very words
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are,
That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each *row*
But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,
As I shall my poetry — *neither* convinces;
And all we have spoken and written but shows,
When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,[4] how he winces.

1 See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn-Laws.
2 This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoe-makers, he thought it must be against 'the corns which they inflicted on the fair sex.'"
3 The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1,500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."
4 An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was sorry that its voyage had been so long," &c. — *Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery*, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration
(A treat that comes once in the year, as May-day does),
I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation!
A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by, in grave attitudes,
Packing the article tidy and neat; —
As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes
"Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass;
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it "Glass,"
Though — as to *which* side should lie uppermost — doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold;
The winds were polite, and the moon look'd romantic,
While off in the good ship "the *Truth*" we were roll'd,
With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made; —
For, "the *Truth*" at all times but a very slow sailer,
By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "tare and tret" —
Deliver'd my goods in the primest condition —
And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,
"Just arrived, by 'the *Truth*,' a new Moral Position;

"The Captain" — — here, startled to find myself named
As "the Captain" (a thing which, I own it with pain,
I, through life, have avoided), I woke — look'd asham'd —
Found I *was n't* a Captain, and dozed off again.

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13.

The Budget — quite charming and witty — no hearing,
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it: —
Great comfort to find, though the Speech is n't *cheering*,
That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity! — mercy upon us,
"This boy'll be the death of me" — oft as, already,
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,
Lest — as in the times of the Peachums and Lockitts —
The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets! [1]

A Petition presented (well timed, after this)
Throwing out a sly hint to Grandees, who are hurl'd
In their coaches about, that 'twould not be amiss
If they'd just throw a *little* more light on the world. [2]

A plan for transporting half Ireland to Canada, [3]
Which (briefly the clever transaction to state) is

1 Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies." — *Debate in the Lords.*

2 Mr Estcourt presented a petition, praying that all persons should be compelled to have lamps in their carriages.

3 Mr W. Horton's motion on the subject of Emigration.

Forcing John Bull to pay high for what, any day,
N—rb—ry, bless the old wag, would do *gratis*.

Keeping always (said Mr. Sub. Horton) in mind,
That while we thus draw off the claims on potatoes,
We make it a point that the Pats, left behind,
Should get no *new* claimants to fill the *hiatus*. [1]

Sub. Horton then read a long letter, just come
From the Canada Paddies, to say that these elves
Have already grown "prosp'rous" — as *we* are, at home —
And have e'en got "a surplus," poor devils, like ourselves! [2]

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing — for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
To the seven o'clock joys of full many a table, —
When *the Members* all meet, to make much of the part,
With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that — as churchwardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby — those cormorant sinners,
The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly
A moderate-sized bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their dinners! [3]

Nota bene — a rumour to-day, in the city,
"Mr. R-b-ns-n just has resign'd" — what a pity!
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*,
While thus, to the nursery-tune, so pretty,
A murmuring *Stock*-dove breathed her ditty: —

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;
But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold*-finch's song
Was a pitch too high for Poor Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
While I have a rag poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't;
With many a pound I'll paper him round,
Like a plump rouleau — *without* the gold in't."

* * * * *

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo."

And now — cross-buns and pancakes o'er —
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!
The short eclipse of April-day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,
With Paddy H—mes for whipper-in;
Whate'er the job, prepared to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies — bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket! [4]

Come — free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares —
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no bound'ry;
So fond of aught like *Company*,

1 The money expended in transporting the Irish to Canada would be judiciously laid out, provided measures were taken to prevent the gap they left in the population from being filled up again. *Government had always made that a condition.*" — Mr. W. Horton's speech.

2 "The hon. gentleman then read a letter, which mentioned the prosperous condition of the writer; that he had on hand a considerable surplus of corn, &c."

3 Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

4 An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of: — trumpeters, like the men of All-Souls, must be "*bene vestiti*."

That you would e'en have taken *tea*
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry! [1]

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come — wise Sir Thomas, — wisest then
When creeds and corn-laws are debated!
Come, rival e'en the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into bread
A 'Squire is transubstantiated.

Come, L— —e, and tell the world,
That — surely as thy scratch is curl'd,
As never scratch was curl'd before —
Cheap eating does more harm than good,
And working-people, spoil'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter; —
Two pipes of port (*old* port 'twas said,
By honest *Newport*) bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar! [2]

Come, H-rt-n, with thy plan so merry,
For peopling Canada from Kerry —
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,
As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again!
Though short your absence, all deplore it —
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,
That you can, *after* April-Day,
Be just as — sapient as *before* it.

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(Sung in the character of Britannia.)

"The Public Debt was due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolved itself into a Family Account." — *Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

TUNE — *My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,
So thick — e'en Fred cannot thin 'em!
I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having nothing, worth while, to put in 'em.
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,
So it 's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain; —
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to *owing*,
There's nobody left that can *pay*;
And this is the way to keep going,
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;

1 The gentleman lately before the public, who kept his *Joint*-Stock Tea Company all to himself, singing "*Te solum adoro.*"

2 This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."

And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues would n't grudge it.
'Tis all but a family *hop*,
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round! — why the deuce should we stop?
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the state does;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say:
So e'en if you starve for your daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have little to chew;
And, e'en in themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast *en famille*
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget-day;
Though, perhaps, he may know it already;
As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay,"
Let him write on the bills — "*Nota bene*,
'Tis all in the family way.

THE CANONIZATION OF ST. B-TT-RW-RTH.

"A Christian of the best edition." — RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him! — yea, verily, we'll canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity and wits may despise him,
He'll ne'er make a *bit* the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye spirits that ever yet spread
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,
Descend on our B-tt-rw-rth's biblical head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint and M. P.!

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh — if 'tis n't too far —
Such a sight will to B-tt-rw-rth's bosom be dear,
His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many;
Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,
Who also by tricks and *the Seals* [1] makes a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee! [2]
Thy smiles to beatified B-tt-rw-rth deign;
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and he,
One hallowing Fleet-street, and *t' other* Toad-lane! [3]

The heathen, we know, made their gods out of wood,
And saints, too, are framed of as handy materials; —
Old women and B-tt-rw-rths make just as good
As any the Pope ever *book'd*, as Ethereals.

1 A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the Seals of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

2 Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and "Mother of all the children of regeneration."

3 Toad-lane in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad-lane, Manchester."

Stand forth, Man of Bibles — not Mahomet's pigeon,
When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say,
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion
Such glory as B-tt-rw-rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man! — and then damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast them back again.

Ah, well might his shop — as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan —
On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"
Bound neatly, and letter'd "Whole Duty of Man."

As to politics — *there*, too, so strong his digestion,
Having learn'd from the law-books, by which he's surrounded,
To cull all that's worst on all sides of the question,
His black dose of politics thus is compounded —

The rinsing of any old Tory's dull noddle,
Made radical-hot, and then mix'd with some grains
Of that gritty Scotch gabble, that virulent twaddle,
Which Murray's New Series of Blackwood contains.

Canonize him! — by Judas, we *will* canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby and twaddling his bliss.
And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,
He'll make but the better shop-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;
Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and Ranters,
To witness their B-tt-rw-rth's Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventur'd his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;
And they form a sum-total for making a saint,
That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers! ye Ranters, all roar!
While B-tt-rw-rth's spirit, sublimed from your eyes,
Like a kite made of fool's-cap, in glory shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'
He tried on man,
And then he made the lasses."

"And now," quoth the Minister (eased of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords),
"Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,
By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

"'Tis pleasant — while nothing but mercantile fractures,
Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our ears —
To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manufactures,
We still keep our fine manufacture of Peers; —

"Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride
In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;
Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,
But showing, on t'other, what rags they are made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought,
No matter how middling, so Tory the creed be;
And first — to begin with — Squire W-rt-y, 'twas thought,
For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,
The tasteful Sir Ch-rl-s, so renown'd, far and near,

For purchasing pictures, and selling himself, —
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him comes L-c-st-r, with equal *éclât*, in; —
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury.

But, bless us! — behold a new candidate come —
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;
He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain!

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls! —
Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,
If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,
And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!

"No — ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H-lf-rd —
If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,
And if young Master H-lf-rd as yet is too small for't,
Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows
Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;
And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,
As o'er Vesey Fitzgerald t'will shine through his mother."[1]

Thus ended the *First* Batch — and Jenky, much tired,
(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),
Took a large dram of ether — the same that inspired
His speech against Papists — and prosed off to sleep.

LINES WRITTEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, AFTER THE DISSOLUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE UPPER BENCHES.

The King's speech toll'd the Commons' knell,
The House is clear'd, the chair vacated,
And gloom and loneliness now dwell
Where Britain's wise men congregated.

The gallery is dark and lone,
No longer throng'd with curious folk,
Happy to pay their good half-crown
To hear bad speeches badly spoke.

The Treasury seats no placemen show,
Clear'd is each Opposition bench;
And even never-ending Joe
No longer cries — "Retrench! retrench!"[2]

Fred, R-b-ns-n no more his skill
Employs in weaving speeches fair,
The country gentlemen to fill
With promises as thin as air.

Dick M-rt-n now no plan proposes
To aid the brute part of the nation,
While Members cough and blow their noses,
To drown his most humane oration.

Good Mr. B—gd-n where art thou,
Most worthy C—rm-n of C-mm—tees?
To strip one laurel from thy brow
Would surely be a thousand pities.

'Twas a good joke, forsooth, to think
Thou shouldst give up thy honest winnings,

1 Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, &c.

2 Really the Hon. Member for M——e should take a little breath; his objections are most unfair; and, what is worse, they are *never-ending*." — See the Ch-n—ll-r of the Ex—q—r's speech in reply to Mr. H—e, Feb. 23, 1828.

And thereby own that thou didst wink,
  Pure soul! at other people's sinnings. [1]

Where's H—s, corruption's ready hack,
  Who life and credit both consumes
In whipping in the Treasury pack,
  And jobbing in committee-rooms? [2]

I look around — no well-known face
  Along the benches meets my eye —
No Member "rises in his place,"
  For all have other fish to fry.

Not one is left of K — s and sages,
  Who lately sat debating here;
The crowded hustings now engages
  Their every hope and every fear.

Electors, rally to the poll,
  And L — d J — n R-ss-ll never heed:
Let gold alone your choice control,
  "The best man's he who best can *bleed*." [3]

But if, too timid, you delay,
  (By Bribery Statute held in awe),
Fear not — there is a ready way
  To serve yourselves and cheat the law.

In times like these, when things are high,
  And candidates must be well fed,
Your cabbages they 'll freely buy,
  Kind souls! at two pounds ten a-head. [4]

Thus may we hope for many a law,
  And many a measure most discreet,
When — pure as even the last we saw —
  Britain's new Parliament shall meet.

Then haste, ye Candidates, and strive
  An M. P. to your names to tack;
And — after July twenty-five — [5]
  Collective wisdom — welcome back!

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's-street, July 1.

Great Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
  An official young Demon, preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg dispatch,
  From the Hell here, at Cr-ckf-rd's, to *our* Hell below —

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
  To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
  My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,
  When every good Chrtstian tormented his brother,
And caused, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,
  From their all coming down, ready grill'd by each other;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
  With the old Penal Code, — that *chef-d'oeuvre* of Law,

1 Mr B—dg-n said he certainly should not refund the money, *because, by so doing*, he should *convict himself*." — See the Report of a Meeting of the Proprietors of the Arigna Mining Company.

2 The bare-faced system of voting at private bill committees, without having heard an iota of evidence for or against, forms a distinguished feature in the history of the late parliament.

3 A maxim which has been pretty well acted on in the present elections.

4 "During the election at Sudbury, four cabbages sold for 10l., and a plate of gooseberries fetched 25l., the sellers where these articles were so scarce being voters. — See *The Times* of Friday, June 20.

5 The day on which the writs are returnable, and the new parliament is to meet *pro forma*.

In which (though to own it too modest thou art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive
(Though Eld-n, with help from your Highness, would try)
'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry; —

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the original notes
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,
With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire," [1]

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command
Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,
What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our band,
That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,
I'm forced to confess — be the cause what it will,
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness, —
Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;
And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee
At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious.

E'en some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer —
But one or two capital roarers we've had;
Doctor Wise [2] is, for instance, a charming performer,
And *Huntingdon* Maberly's yell was not bad.

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty; —
E'en Eld-n allows we got on but so so;
And, when next we attempt a No-Popery party,
We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip —
Excuse me, Great Sir — there's no time to be civil; —
The next opportunity shan't be let slip,
But, till then,
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Living in a remote part of Scotland, and having but just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.

Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up! — just as Eld-n's withdrawing,
To find thus a gentleman, frozen in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the Peer; —

To bring thus to light, not the wisdom alone
Of our ancestors, such as we find it on shelves,

1 *Con fuoco*—a music-book direction.
2 This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth and send him safe home, —
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear" and "Hurra!"

What a God-send to them — a good — obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader; —
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, as fast as you can,
And the L-nsd-les and H-rtf-rds shall chuse him for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou *shalt* be their Chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly canst know it again.

And Eld-n will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

THE MILLENIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR. IRV-NG "ON PROPHECY."

A MILLENIUM at hand! — I'm delighted to hear it —
As matters, both public and private, now go,
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,
A good rich Millenium will come *à propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags —

A city, where wine and cheap corn [1] shall abound, —
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves
We may swear the best things of this world will be found,
As your saints seldom fail to take care of themselves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures elysian, [2]
Divine Squintifobus, who, placed within reach
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each; —

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou hast given us, that we
May, even in our own times, a jubilee share,
Which so long has been promised by prophets like thee,
And so often has fail'd, we began to despair.

There was Whiston, [3] who learnedly took Prince Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millenium about;
There's Faber, whose pious predictions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out; —

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,
Who discoursed on the subject with signal *éclât*,
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
A Millenium break out in the town of Armagh! [4]

There was also — but why should I burden my lay
With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Milleniums henceforth must give way
To the last new Millenium of Orator Irv-ng.

1 "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny." — *Rev.* c. 6.

2 See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of paradise, and paints the angels hovering around "each happy fair."

3 When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with revelation, the Prince is said to have replied that "he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John."

4 Mr. Dobbs was a Member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millenium, a very sensible person. He chose Armagh as the scene of the Millenium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation!

Go on, mighty man, — doom them all to the shelf —
And, when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
Art the Beast (chapter 4) that sees nine ways at once!

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

Though many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors o'ertop, —
Dr. Eady, that famous M. D.,
Dr. S—they, and dear Doctor Slop.

The purger — the proser — the bard —
All quacks in a different style;
Dr. S—they writes books by the yard,
Dr. Eady writes puffs by the mile!

Dr. Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking brother,
Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like th' other.

Dr. Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the walls;
Dr. S—they as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Dr. Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Dr. S—they attacks, like a Turk;[1]
Dr. Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid of all work.[2]

Dr. S—they, for *his* grand attack,
Both a laureate and senator is;
While poor Dr. Eady, alack,
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt, he
May probably suffer as, under
The *Chalking* Act, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctors Eady and S—they and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three
Great Doctors the preference should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Dr. Eady must go *to the wall.*

But, as S—they with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swinging "Corona *Muralis!*"[3]

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,

1 This Seraphic Doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics: — "They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

2 See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault upon his "maid of all work."

3 A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraor-

"Give us our legs! — give us our legs!"
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean?
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,
"'Tis the cry of the suitors in Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,
And they moved, and moved, as he waved it o'er,
But they never got on one inch the more;
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero —
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go;"
But still old Prospero answer'd, "No."
And I heard the while, that wizard elf,
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While over as many old papers he turn'd,
As Hume ere moved for, or Omar burn'd.
He talk'd of his Virtue, though some, less nice,
(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice* —
And he said, "I think" — "I doubt" —"I hope,"
Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I could n't, for the soul of me, understand.
Amazed and posed, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without,
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
That, startled, I woke — leap'd up in my bed —
Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,
And bless'd my stars, right pleased to see
That I was n't as yet, in Chancery.

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

Dear Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,
When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,
But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
As you chance to pick up from political friends —
Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down,
To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things could n't look better —
His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)
Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter
To Daniel O'Connel, to make him Grand Master;
Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St. Dan) —
Or, if Dan should prefer, as a still better whim,
Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are, that the Czar —
Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes —
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
The late Emperor's night-caps, and thinks of bestowing
One night-cap a-piece (if he has them to spare)
On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.
(While I write, an arrival from Riga — "the *Brothers*" —
Having night-caps on board for Lord Eld-n and others.)

Last advices from India — Sir Archy, 'tis thought,
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught
In N. lat. 21) — and his Highness Burmese,
Being very hard prest to shell out the rupees,
But not having much ready rhino, they say, meant
To pawn his august golden foot * for the payment. —

* This Potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

(How lucky for monarchs, that can, when they chuse,
Thus establish a *running account* with the Jews!)
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be forthwith, of course, set *on foot;* —
The parties are Rothschild — A. Baring and Co.,
And three other great pawnbrokers — each takes a toe,
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us leg bail,
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail.*

This is all for the present, — what vile pens and paper!
Yours truly, dear Cousin, — best love to Miss Draper.

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

AIR — Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."

COME with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy — or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles as we go.
Mix the lather, JOHNNY W-LKS,
Thou who rhymest so well to "bilks:" [1]
Mix the lather — who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M. P. for *Suds*bury!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe, —
Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly loved, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or puffing Peter —

Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.
Bravo, bravo, PETER M—RE!
Now the rainbow humbugs [2] soar,
Glittering all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews —
Some, reflecting mines that lie
Under Chili's glowing sky;
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way,
Glistening o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney!

Now's the moment — who shall first
Catch the bubbles ere they burst?
Run, ye squires, ye viscounts, run,
BR-GD-N, T-YNH-M, P-LM-RST-N; —
JOHN W-LKS, junior, runs beside ye,
Take the good the knaves provide ye! [3]
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the *Chare*man, [4] BR-GD-N, stands,
Gaping for the froth to fall
Down his swallow — *lye* and all!
See! —

1 Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

"Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish knight who rhymes to mutton."

2 An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against war, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, apostrophizes him — "thou rainbow ruffian!"

3 "Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

4 So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word "Chairman."

But, hark, my time is out —
Now, like some great water-spout,
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[*Here the stage darkens, — a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra — the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personae, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters — all in the suds.*]

A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

'Twas evening time, in the twilight sweet
I was sailing along, when — whom should I meet,
But a turtle journeying o'er the sea,
"On the service of his Majesty!" *

When I spied him first, in the twilight dim
I did not know what to make of him;
But said to myself — as slow he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side,
Conceitedly over the watery path —
"'Tis my Lord of St-w-ll, taking a bath,
And I hear him now, among the fishes,
Quoting Vatel and Burgerdiscius!"

But, no — 'twas, indeed, a turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried;
A turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glued up the lips of a baronet!
Ah, much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee, abroad should roam,
When he *ought* to stay and be ate, at home.

But now, "a change came o'er my dream,"
Like the magic lantern's shifting slider;
I look'd, and saw by the evening beam,
On the back of that turtle sate a rider, —
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 'twas our Foreign Secretary,
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile;
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the turtle squeak with glee,
And own that they gave him a lively notion
Of what his own *forced*-meat balls would be

So, on the Sec., in his glory, went,
Over that briny element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With a graceful air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends, that the turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy —
To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,
Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That *calipash* and *calipee*
Are the English forms of Diplomacy!

A VOICE FROM MARATHON.

O for a voice, as loud as that of Fame,
To breathe the word — Arise!
From Pindus to Taygetus to proclaim —
Let every Greek arise!

* We are told that the passport of the late grand diplomatic turtle described him as "on His Majesty's service."

—— dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis.

Ye who have hearts to strike a *single* blow,
Hear my despairing cries!
Ye who have hands to immolate *one* foe,
Arise! arise! arise!

From the dim fields of Asphodel beneath,
Upborne by cloudy sighs
Of those who love their country still in death, —
E'en I — e'en *I* — arise!

These are not hands for earthly wringing — these! —
Blood should not blind these eyes! —
Yet here I stand, untomb'd MILTIADES,
Weeping — arise! arise!

Hear ye the groans that heave this burial-field? —
Old Græcia's saviour-band
Cry from the dust — "Fight on! nor DARE to yield!
Save *ye* our father-land!

"Blunt with your bosom the barbaric spear!
Break it within your breast;
Then come, brave Greek! and join your brothers here
In our immortal rest!"

Shall modern DATIS, swoln with Syrian pride,
Cover the land with slaves? —
Ay — let them *cover* it, both far and wide, —
Cover it with their *graves!*

Much has been done — but more remains to do —
Ye have fought long and well!
The trump that, on the Egean, glory blew,
Seem'd with a storm to swell!

Asia's grim tyrant shudder'd at the sound,
He leap'd upon his throne!
Murmur'd his horse-tail'd chieftainry around —
"*Another Marathon!*"

Dodona, 'mid her fanes and forests hoar,
Heard it with solemn glee:
And old Parnassus, with a lofty roar,
Told it from sea to sea!

High-bosom'd Greece, through her unnumber'd vales,
Broke forth in glorious song!
Her classic streams that plough the headlong dales,
Thunder'd the notes along!

But there's a bloodier wreath to gain, oh friends!
Now rise, or ever fall!
If ye fight now no fiercer than the fiends,
Better not fight at all!

The feverish war-drum mingles with the fife
In dismal symphony,
And Moslem strikes at liberty and life, —
For both, strike harder ye!

Hark! how Cithæron with his earthquake voice
Calls to the utmost shores!
While Pluto bars, against the riving noise,
His adamantine doors!

Athenè, tiptoe on her crumbling dome,
Cries — "Youth, ye must be men!"
And Echo shouts within her rocky tomb, —
"Greeks, become Greeks again!"

The stone first brought, his living tomb to close,
Pausanias' mother piled:
Matrons of Greece! will ye do less for foes,
Than she did for her child?

Let boyhood strike! — Let every rank and age
Do each what each *can* do!
Let him whose arm is mighty as his rage,
Strike deep — strike home — strike *through!*

Be wise, be firm, be cautious, yet be bold!
Be brother-true! be ONE!
I teach but what the Phrygian taught of old —
Divide, and be undone!

Hallow'd in life, in death itself, is he
Who for his country dies;
A light, a star, to all futurity —
Arise ye, then! arise!

O countrymen! O countrymen! once more —
By earth — and seas — and skies —
By Heav'n — by sacred Hades — I implore —
Arise! arise! arise!

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,
As they met, and exchanged a salute —
(Squire Corn in his cabriolet,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot)

"Great squire, if it is n't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a hungry poor devil,
And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make *free*, —
"Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we, peers of high birth,
Should waste our illustrious acres
For no other purpose on earth
Than to fatten curst calico-makers! —

"That bishops to bobbins should bend, —
Should stoop from their bench's sublimity,
Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
Your contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No — vile manufacture! ne'er harbour
A hope to be fed at our boards; —
Base offspring of Arkwright, the barber,
What claim canst *thou* have upon lords?

"No — thanks to the taxes and debt,
And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys!*"

So saying, whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his cab through the throng,
So madly, I heard them all say
Squire Corn would be *down*, before long.

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

——————— fessus jam sudat asellus,
Parce illi; vestrum delicium est asinus. — VIRGIL. *Copa.*

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,

One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
  That — down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze —
  What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
  For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother")[1]
  Had just been proclaiming his donkey's renown,
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other, —
  When, lo, 'mid his praises, the donkey came down!

But, how to upraise him? — one shouts, *t'other* whistles,
  While Jenky, the conjuror, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production" of thistles —[2]
  (Here Ned gave a stare) — was the cause of his fall.

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes, —
  "There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
  And this is his mode of '*transition to peace*.'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
  Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone —
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*,
  (The wiseacres said), and he's sure to jog on."

But others who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,
  Exclaim'd, "Hoot awa, mon, you're a' gane astray," —
And declared that, "whoe'er might prefer the *metallic*,
  They'd shoe their *own* donkeys with *papier maché*."

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
  Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,
And — what was still dolefuller — lending an ear
  To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
  As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd —
"Quick — off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
  Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

Great Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!
  And oh, above all, I admire that decree,
In which thou command'st that all *she* politicians
  Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster —
  A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;
Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new West*minster*,"
  And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. F-nbl-nque is,
  How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility; —
And assures you, that e'en a gentleman's rank is,
  In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number devouring —
  Art. 1 — "On the *Needle's* variations," by Snip; —
Art. 2 — "On the *Bond*age of Greece," by John — B — r-ng
  (That eminent dealer in scribbling and scrip;) —

Art. 3 — "Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own —
  (The chief fallacy being his hope to find readers); —
Art. 4. — "Upon Honesty," author unknown; —
  Art. 5 — (by the young Mr. M —) "Hints to Breeders."

1 Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's addressed to an ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

2 A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?" — "Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

Oh Sultan, oh Sultan, though oft for the bag
And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call —
Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,
I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

Ay, and — lest she should ever again lift her head
From the watery bottom, her clack to renew, —
As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
I would hang round her neck her own darling Review.

REFLECTIONS

SUGGESTED BY A LATE CORRESPONDENCE ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Poor Catholics, bitter enough,
Heav'n knows, are the doses you've taken;
You've swallow'd down L-v-rp—l's stuff,
His nonsense of ether, "well shaken;"
You've borne the mad slaver of Lebs,
And the twaddle of saintly Lord L-rt-n;
But — worse, oh ye gods, than all these —
You've been *lectured* by Mr. Sec. H-rt-n!

Alas for six millions of men!
Fit *subjects* for nought but dissection,
When H-rt-n himself takes the pen,
To tell them they've lost his protection!
Ye sects, who monopolise bliss,
While your neighbours' damnation you sport on,
Know ye any damnation like this —
To be *cut* by the Under Sec. H-rt-n?

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator! — OVID.

The ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood, or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed —
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh! 'twas a sight for the ghost to see,
For there never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still, as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*
(As we see, in a glass that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together),
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd, "Scrip!"

The ghost of Miltiades came again; —
He smiled, as the pale moon shines through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And, poor, dear ghost — how little he knew
The jobs and tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears — amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools — and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no —
Goddess of Freedom, thy scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion when under *par.*
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns, he weeps, and swears, and prays,

And wishes the D—l had crescent and cross,
Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.
They quote him the stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord! how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*
"Who'll buy my scrip? Who'll buy my scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for liberty's sake,
Do buy my scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine —
If you'll only consent to buy up *mine?*"

The ghost of Miltiades came once more; —
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry —
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Dirius borum? — *Incerti Auctores.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,
That with our meals, our slumbers mix —
That spoil our tempers and digestions —
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of, night or morn —
Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests —
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Bore us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether, this year, 'twas bonded wheat,
Or bonded papists, they let out.

Here landlords, here polemics, nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
Prices and *texts* at once assail you —
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.

And when you sleep, with head still torn
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn, —
Then Corn again seem Catholics.

Now Dantzic wheat before you floats —
Now, Jesuits from California —
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
Comes dancing through the "Porta *Cornea*."*

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State —
Themselves, together *by the ears!*

* The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, &c.) to pass.

While, leaders of the wheat, a row
  Of Poppies, gaudily declaiming,
Like Counsellor O'Bric and Co.,
  Stand forth, somniferously flaming!

In short, their torments never cease;
  And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
  Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Oh waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
  For — if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and ice-bergs — on my soul,
  I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

CROCKFORDIANA.

EPIGRAMS.

Mala vicini *pecoris* contagia lædunt.

1.

What can those workmen be about?
Do, C———d, let the secret out,
  Why thus your houses fall. —
Quoth he, "Since folks are not in town,
I find it better to *pull down*,
  Than *have no pull at all*."

2.

See, passenger, at C———d's high behest,
Red coats by *black*-legs ousted from their nest, —
The arts of peace o'ermatching reckless war,
And gallant *Rouge* undone by wily *Noir!*

3.

Impar congressus —

Fate gave the word — the King of dice and cards
In an *unguarded* moment took the Guards;
Contrived his neighbours in a trice to drub,
And did the trick by — *turning up a Club*.

4.

Nullum simile est idem.

'Tis strange how some will differ — some advance
That the Guards' Club-House was pull'd down by *chance;*
While some, with juster notions in their mazard,
Stoutly maintain the deed was done by *hazard*.

THE TWO BONDSMEN.

When Joseph, a Bondsman in Egypt, of old,
  Shunn'd the wanton embraces of Potiphar's dame,
She offer'd him jewels, she offer'd him gold,
  But more than all riches he valued his fame.
Oh Joseph! thou Bondsman of Greece, can it be
That the actions of namesakes so little agree?
Greek Scrip is a Potiphar's lady to thee.
When with 13 per cent. she embellish'd her charms,
Didst thou fly, honest Joseph? Yes — into her arms.
Oh Joseph! dear Joseph! bethink thee in time,
And take a friend's counsel, though tender'd in rhyme.
Refund, "honest" Joseph: how great were the shame,
If, when posteriority* sits on thy name,
They should sternly decree, 'twixt your namesake and you,
That he was the Christian, and thou wert the Jew.

* Remote posterity — a favourite word of the present Attorney-General's.

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,425,768, &c. &c." — RABELAIS.

"Hurra! Hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or *thought* they were — no matter which —
For, every year, the Revenue*
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick,
And legerdemain of arithmetic,
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And proved themselves most wealthy men!

So, — on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever, —
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dared to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Great Panurge in glory went,
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get: —
"Let's look (said they) the items through,
And see if what we're told be true
Of our Periwinkle Revenue."
But, lord, they found there was n't a tittle
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!
These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in *corn;*
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the devil and all!

Nor this the worst, for, direr still,
Alack, alack and a well-a-day!
Their Periwinkles, — once the stay
And prop of the Salmagundian till —
For want of feeding, all fell ill!
And still, as they thinn'd and died away,
The Locusts, ay, and the Locusts' Bill,
Grew fatter and fatter every day!

"Oh fie! oh fie!" was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!

* Accented as in Swift's line —
"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."

A CASE OF LIBEL.

A CERTAIN old Sprite, who dwells below
  ("Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where)
Came up *incog.*, some winters ago,
  To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he looked, and dress'd and talk'd,
  And hid his tail and his horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him, as he walk'd,
  From *****, or any other Dandy.

(N.B. — His horns, they say, unscrew;
  So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And — just as some fine husbands do —
  Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
  And e'en contrived — to his own great wonder —
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
  To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,
  Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,
  He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
  At night he was seen with Crockford's crew;
At morn with learned dames would sit —
  So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
  But, finding W—lks was also one, he
Was heard to say "he'd be d—d if he
  "Would ever sit in one house with Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,
  And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
  The affair got wind most rapidly.

The press, the impartial press, that snubs
  Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers —
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's —
  Fired off a squib in the morning papers:

"We warn good men to keep aloof
  From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof,
  Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, the Devil being a gentleman,
  Who piques himself on his well-bred dealings,
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,
  How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a man of law,
  And oh, 'twould make you laugh to've seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
  And 'twas "hail, good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —
  And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
When, looking among the judges, he heard
  That, of all the hatch, his own was *Best*.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
  That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,
  And Stultz, to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury — saints, all snug and rich,
  And readers of virtuous Sunday papers,
Found for the Plaintiff — on hearing which
  The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, it was nuts to the father of lies
(As this wily fiend is named, in the Bib e),
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither: —
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like *****, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;
Your gaol is for trav'llers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
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For Dramatists, too, the most useful of schools —
They may study high life in the King's Bench community:
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No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired; —
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeux-d'esprits*,
Like Reynolds, may boast of each mountebank frolic,
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis, [1]
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colick.

There's nothing, at present, so popular growing
As your Autobiographers — fortunate elves,
Who manage to know all the best people going,
Without having ever been heard of themselves!

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers" and "Landholders" — (*gemmen*, whose lands
Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market; should they, too, who pen 'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S-ll-v-n, [2]
Something *extra* allow'd for the additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny; —
To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his title be good,
His matter within of small consequence is; —
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why, — that's the concern of the reader, not his.

N.B. — A learn'd Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus — Quodcunque *in Fund is, assess it*." [3]

THE SLAVE.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
"He is dead — he is dead," the rumour flew;

1 This lady, in her Memoirs, also favours us with the address of those apothecaries who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her; — always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle*."
2 A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.
3 According to the common reading, "quodcunque infundis, acescit."

And I raised my chain, and turn'd me round,
  And ask'd, through the dungeon window, "who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
  Their grief 'twas bliss to hear and see!
For never came joy to them, alas,
  That did n't bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
  And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?
Is it he — that Doubter of law and right,
  Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide —

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
  Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt
What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
  Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out —

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,
  Stifles her (like the Old Man of the Sea
Round Sinbad's neck *), nor leaves a chance
  Of shaking him off — is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smiled,
  And thrusting me back to my den of woe,
With a laughter even more fierce and wild
  Than their funeral of howling, answer'd, "No."

But the cry still pierced my prison gate,
  And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?
Is it he — that Chief, so coldly great,
  Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon —

"Whose name is one of th' ill-omen'd words
  They link with hate on his native plains;
And why? — they lent him hearts and swords,
  And he gave, in return, scoffs and chains!

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud enquired,
  When, hark! — there sounded a royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expired,
  And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,
  He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal'd that hate with a name divine,
  And he now was dead, and — I *could n't* rejoice!

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands
  Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
  And *them* did I curse — but sigh'd for him.

For *his* was the error of head, not heart,
  And — oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
  And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends
  For the fatal fault of an erring head —
Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,
  In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A prince without pride, a man without guile,
  To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For worth he had ever a hand and smile,
  And for misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
  I calmly sunk in my chains again;
While, still as I said, "Heaven rest his soul!"
  My mates of the dungeon sigh'd, "Amen!"

* "You fell," said they, "into the hands of the old man of the sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks." *Story of Sinbad.*

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest*, should give way to the other." — *Extract from Mr. W. J. Bankes's Letter to Mr. Goulburn.*

B—NKES is weak, and G—lb—rn too,
  No one e'er the fact denied; —
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,
  Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—rn of the Pope afraid is,
  B—nkes, as much afraid as he;
Never yet did two old ladies
  On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
  Each the same conclusion reaches;
B—nkes is foolish in Reviews,
  G—lb—rn, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
  When his own affairs have gone ill;
B—nkes he damneth Buckingham,
  G—lb—rn damneth Dan O'Connell.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
  Fix'd th' election to a throne;
So, whichever first shall *bray*,
  Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.
  June, 1826.

ODE TO A HAT.

"——— altum
"Ædificat caput." — JUVENAL.

HAIL, reverend Hat! — sublime 'mid all
  The minor felts that round thee grovel; —
Thou, that the Gods "a Delta" call,
  While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
  Cut horizontally in two) *
I raptured gaze, what dreams, unbid,
  Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good, —
  Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyan's, down,
But looking (as all churchmen's should),
  Devoutly upward — tow'rds the *crown*.
Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
  So redolent of church all over,
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,
Some, pig-tail'd — some, like cherubim,
  With ducklings' wings — around it hover!
Tenths of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church: — "A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid." — *Grant's History of the English Church.*

"Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jemmy',
"Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.

"No, no, my worthy beaver, no —
"Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,
"And smart enough, as beavers go,
"Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,
Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;
While thus, full cock'd for declamation,
The veteran Hat enraged replies: —

"Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
"What thou, what England owes to me?
"Ungrateful Wig! — when will a debt,
"So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

"Think of that night, that fearful night,
"When, through the steaming vault below,
"Our master dared, in gout's despite,
"To venture his podagric toe!

"Who was it then, thou boaster, say,
"When thou hadst to thy box sneak'd off,
"Beneath his feet protecting lay,
"And saved him from a mortal cough?

"Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that sun,
"How blank this world had been to thee!
"Without that head to shine upon,
"Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

"You, too, ye Britons, — had this hope
"Of Church and State been ravish'd from ye,
"Oh think, how Canning and the Pope
"Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tommy!'

"At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
"'Twixt seamen and annihilation; —
"A Hat, that awful moment, lay
"'Twixt England and Emancipation!

"Oh!!! —— "

At this "Oh!!!" *The Times'* Reporter
Was taken poorly, and retired;
Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,
Than justice to the case required.

On his return, he found these shocks
Of eloquence all ended quite;
And Wig lay snoring in his box,
And Hat was — hung up for the night.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N. [1]

"Vos *inumbrelles* video." [2] — *Ex Juvenil. Georgii Canningii.*

My Lords, I'm accused of a trick that, God knows, is
The last into which, at my age, I could fall —
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,
No doubt I shall hear, "'tis that cursed old fellow,
"That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,
"Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!"

1 A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the door-keepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

2 From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's —,
"I say, my good fellows,
"As you've no umbrellas."

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me;
I am ancient — but were I as old as King Priam,
Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,
And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,
That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's parapluie,
That he may n't, with its stick, come about all your ears,
And then — *where* would your Protestant periwigs be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's mellow,
"For God's sake" — at that awful moment I'd say —
"For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his umbrella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression."]

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

Dublin, March 12, 1827. — Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country. — *Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her,
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood; —
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree —
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show —
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints; —

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,
Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I loved him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
  Dear partner, I herewith inclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
  From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
  How I wish that, before you set out,
The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know
  The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
  Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
  Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.[1]

Regnis EX-sul ademtis. — VIRG.

To Swanage, — that neat little town, in whose bay
  Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers, —
Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other day,
  To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There — learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws —
  Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wag on),
"Why are chancery suitors like bathers?" — "Because
  Their *suits* are *put off*, till — they have n't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting, — but, lo, while he chats,
  With a face full of wonder around him he looks;
For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,
  Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

"How is this, Lady Bags? — to this region aquatic
  "Last year they came swarming, to make me their bow,
"As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,
  "Deans, Rectors, D. D.'s — where the dev'l are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" saith his dame, "*can* you doubt?
  "I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
"But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
  "That you're one of the people call'd *Ex*'s, at present?"

"Ah, true — you have hit it — I *am*, indeed, one
  "Of those ill-fated *Ex*'s (his Lordship replies),
"And, with tears, I confess, — God forgive me the pun! —
  "We X's have proved ourselves *not* to be Y's."

September, 1827.

WO! WO![2]

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it, —
  That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,
  Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do we owe thee!
  How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,
  The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smother! —
  On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t'other,
  Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;
  Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,

1 A small bathing place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, *till this season*, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.

2 Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

Come, R—den, who doubtest, — so mild are thy views, —
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,
'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire, [1]
And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,
Had been trying their talent for many a day;
Till F-rnh-m, when all had been tried, came to show,
Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."

And nothing's more simple than F-rnh-m's receipt; —
"Catch your Catholic, first — soak him well in *poteen* [2] —
"Add *salary* sauce, [3] and the thing is complete.
"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!"
Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow [4]
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo, wo!!"

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Visthnou*." — *Courier*, *Tuesday*, *Jan.* 16.

Come, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,
When "civil advantages" are to be gain'd,
What god or what goddess may help to obtain you 'em,
Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)
All the good things to good hypocrites fall;
And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,
Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where *Fo*, or, as some call him, *Fot*,
Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,
And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,
I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,
Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,
I own I should feel it unchristian and odd
Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces.

For oh, of all gods that humanely attend
To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes
Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend
In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes! [5]

So take my advice — for, if even the devil
Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,
'Twere best for us Tories, e'en then, to be civil,
As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

1 The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.
2 Whiskey.
3 "We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring 'What are they giving a head for converts?'" — *Wexford Post*.
4 Of the Rook species — *Corvus frugilegus*, *i. e.* a great corn-consumer of corn.
5 Vishnu was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god," — his first Avatar being in the shape of a fish.

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute *redemptum*.

Come, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell me what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose; —
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes;
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,
That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,
It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,
To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply;
And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.
Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,
An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all;
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,
Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,
And down drops the pen from his paralyzed paw!
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,
And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.
When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall
His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,
Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,
And the cup falls to earth and — the gout to his toe!
But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.
Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

Said Malthus, one day, to a clown
Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun, —
"What's the number of souls in this town?" —
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,
"Of *them* a great plenty there are; —
"But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and grace,
"Are all t'other side of the bar."
And so 'tis in London just now,
Not a soul to be seen, up or down; —
Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,
But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new;
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;
Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid * or two,
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?

* One of the shows of London.

Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,
In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled! —
It being his task to take care
That such animals sha'n't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils
Are so worthy a captain of horse, —
Whose amendments [1] (like honest Sir Boyle's)
Are "*amendments*, that make matters *worse*;" [2]

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains
To prove — what is granted, *nem. con.* —
With how mod'rate a portion of brains
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where
Is the peer, with a star at his button,
Whose *quarters* could ever compare
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton? [3]

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
Ye diverting and dignified crew?
How ill do three farces a night,
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?
Or, where's the burletta can be
Like L—d—rd—e's wit — and his wig?

I doubt if e'en Griffinhoof [4] could
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)
Invent any joke half so good
As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
And — of all things the funniest — bring
These exalted Grimaldis again!

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how Lions behave — among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy allows —
It was all, he says, borrow'd — all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

1 More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill.
2 From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.
3 The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.
4 The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

Exeter 'Change.

ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, *Brute!*

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy!
After so much good teaching 'tis quite a *take-in*, Sir; —
First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at Windsor!

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder; —
Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call!
Three courses each day from His Majesty's larder, —
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all!!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter
Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they *dine*,
Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,
And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no doubt; —
Great Despots on *bouilli* served up *à la Russe*, [1]
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,
And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be fable)
A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it; —
Not content with the common *hot* meat *on* a table,
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold under* it! [2]

No wonder a Don of such appetites found
Even W-nds-r's collations plebeianly plain;
Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends round
Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine*.

Alas, that a youth with such charming beginnings,
Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,
And, what is still worse, throw the losings and winnings
Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics — the Bears, just as bad —
The few men who *have*, and the many who've *not* tick,
All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,
Prince Metternich's pupil, is — *not* patriotic!

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

OFT have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride
Two stately steeds,—standing, with graceful straddle,
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
While to soft tunes,—some jigs, and some *andantes*,—
He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present; —
Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
That lend their necks to his impartial rein,

1 Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits, — a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

2 This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars, — the hiding the body under the dinner table, &c. &c. — is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

And round the ring,—each honour'd, as they go,
With equal pressure from his gracious toe,—
To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"
And half "Boyne Water," take their cantering way,
While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start;—
If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,
And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on!
But no, false hopes,—not e'en the great Ducrow
'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:
If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic?*

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;
If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip,—
That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,
And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.

"Ciò che si perde qui, là si raguna."—*Ariosto.*
"——a valley, where he sees
"Things that on earth were lost."—*Milton.*

Know'st thou not him * the poet sings,
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
And saw that valley, where all the things,
That vanish on earth, are found again—
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,
The golden visions of mining cits,
The promises great men strew about them;
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them!—
Like him, but diving with wing profound,
I have been to a Limbo under ground,
Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide)
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,
And there, so worthless and fly-blown
That e'en the imps would not purloin them,
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass
Of lost and torn-up reputations;—
Some of them female wares, alas,
Mislaid at *innocent* assignations;
Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
From the canting lips of saints that would be;
And some once own'd by "the best of men,"
Who had proved—no better than they should be.
'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
Once shining fair, now soaked and black—
"No wonder," (a dev'l at my elbow cried)
"For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons;
And lo, an imp right downward sped,
Bringing, within his claws so red,
Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,
Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons;
The which, with black official grin,

* Astolpho.

He now to the Chief Imp handed in; —
Both these articles much the worse
For their journey down, as you may suppose,
But *one* so devilish rank — "Odd's curse!"
Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho!" quoth he, "I know full well
"From whom these two stray matters fell;" —
Then, casting away, with a loathful shrug,
Th' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug
Th' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),
His eyes on the other gravely fix'd,
And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,
To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,
"What a pity!" he cried — "so fresh its gloss,
"So long preserved — 'tis a public loss!
"This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,
"Keeping his character in his pocket;
"And there — without considering whether
"There's room for that and his gains together —
"Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,
"Till — out slips character some fine day!

"However" — and here he view'd it round —
"This article still may pass for sound.
"Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all
"The harm it has had in its luckless fall.
"Here, Puck!" — and he called to one of his train —
"The owner may have this back again.
"Though damaged for ever, if used with skill,
"It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;
"Though the gem can never, as once, be set,
"It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium, facit per se.

'Mong our neighbours, the French, in the good olden time
When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters; —
And, one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral Letters?"
To which the *Blue* answer'd — "No, Bishop, have *you*?"

The same is now done by *our* privileged class;
And, to show you how simple the process it needs,
If a great Major-General * wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he proceeds: —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well
As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claims him as *kin*,
He settles his neck-cloth—takes snuff—rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General seated,
In all the self-glory of authorship swelling; —
"There, look," saith his Lordship, "my work is completed, —
"It wants nothing now, but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads
Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more;
And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to *pay* — that's enough —
So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,
Convinced that there never was job half so tough
As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view,—
New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord new expense:
'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar* won't do,
As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense!*

At last,—even this is achieved by his aid;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and—the story;
Drums beat—the new Grand March of Intellect's play'd—
And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

"Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali
"Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena."— *Inferno*, cant. 5.

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng
Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me,—blown along,
Like cock-chafers in high autumnal storms,
By many a fitful gust that through their forms
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,
And puff'd as—though they'd never puff enough.

"Whence and what are ye?" pitying I inquired
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tired
With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand
On their lean legs while answering my demand.
"We once were authors,"—thus the Sprite, who led
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said,—
"Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,
"Who, early smit with love of praise and—*pewter*,[1]
"On——'s[2] shelves first saw the light of day,
"In—'s puffs exhaled our lives away,—
"Like summer wind-mills, doom'd to dusty peace,
"When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.
"Ah, little knew we then what ills await
"Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state;
"Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—
"And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"

Touch'd with compassion for this ghastly crew,
Whose ribs, e'en now, the hollow wind sung through
In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa's[3] ghost
Still, at th' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,
Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g P—t*,—
Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood
Foremost of all that flatulential brood,
Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,
"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,[4]
"One of our *letter'd* nymphs—excuse the pun,—
"Who gain'd a name on earth by—having none;
"And whose initials would immortal be,
"Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.

"Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,
"Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes,—fit winding-sheet,—
"Still marvels much that not a soul should care
"One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair;—
"While this young gentleman" (here forth he drew
A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,
As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre
For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)
"This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,
"To have his volume read, himself unknown;
"But different far the course his glory took,
"All knew the author, and—none read the book.

1 The *classical* term for money.
2 The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *disyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him.
3 Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to preside—"reguat Rosa"—over its pages.
4 *Not* the charming *L. E. L.*, and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.

"Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
"Who rides the blast, Sir J—n h B—rr—t—n;—
"In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,
"And now the wind returns the compliment.
"This lady here, the Earl of——'s sister,
"Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister—
"Beg pardon—*Honourable* Mister L—st—r,
"A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over
"In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.
"Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,
"Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away,—
"Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
"No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou, thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd,—
"Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."
"Me, Sir!" he blushing cried,—"Ah, there's the rub—
"Know, then,—a waiter once at Brooks's Club,
"A waiter still I might have long remain'd,
"And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd;
"But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
"I wrote a book,[1] and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member'—
"'Member of Brooks's!'—oh Promethean puff,
"To what wilt thou exalt e'en kitchen-stuff!
"With crums of gossip, caught from dining wits,
"And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'd bits,
"To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites;—
"With such ingredients, served up oft before,
"But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,
"I managed, for some weeks, to dose the town,
"Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down,
"And, ready still e'en waiters' souls to damn,
"The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I am;—
"Yes—'Coming *up*, Sir,' once my favourite cry,
"Exchanged for 'Coming *down*, Sir,' here am I!"

Scarce had the Spectre's lips these words let drop,
When, lo, a breeze—such as from——'s shop
Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,
And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sale*—
Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,
And, whirling him and all his grisly group
Of literary ghosts,—Miss X. Y. Z.,—
The nameless author, better known than read—
Sir Jo.—the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,
And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin sister,—
Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes
And sins about them, far into those climes
"Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat"[2] in old times,
Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,
With my great master, through this realm unblest,
Whether Old Nick or—— puffs the best.

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B——ST'S TAIL.[3]

All *in* again—unlook'd for bliss!
Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss;—
One tender tie, attach'd so long
To the same head, through right and wrong.
Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?
Why—as if *one* was not enough—
Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,
And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?
Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,

1 "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member of Brooks's."
2 A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, "Nine miles beyond H—ll, where Peter pitched his waistcoat."
3 The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

'Twas not, indeed, — though sad at heart,
From office and its sweets to part,
Yet hopes of coming in again,
Sweet Tory hopes! beguiled our pain;
But thus to miss that tail of thine,
Through long, long years our rallying sign, —
As if the State and all its powers
By tenancy *in tail* were ours, —
To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was "th' unkindest *cut* of all!"
It seem'd as though th' ascendant day
Of Toryism had pass'd away,
And, proving Sampson's story true,
She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said, —
The tail directs them, not the head;
Then, how could *any* party fail,
That steer'd its course by B—th—st's tail?
Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,
E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true Tories' sight,
Blazed from our old Colonial comet!
If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)
Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;
But no, alas, thou hadst but one,
And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times—is gone!

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true, —
Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
Though thus deprived of B—th—rst's *queue*,
We've E—ll—nb—gh's *curls* still left us; —
Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,
His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharged with all a nation's fate,
His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,[1]
And oft in thundering talk comes near him; —
Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,
And, here, 'tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil,
Through many a year your growth to nourish!
And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath
His barbarous shears such locks to sever,
Still dear to Tories, e'en in death,
Their last, loved relics we'll bequeath,
A *hair*-loom to our sons for ever.

THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.[2]

See those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall; —
Had they not that net-work over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this net-work widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, e'en already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls?

1 "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod." *Pope's Homer.*
2 Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.

"God forbid!" old *Testy* crieth;
"God forbid!" so echo I;
Ev'ry ravenous bird that flieth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what bevies break in;—
Here, some curst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy any where;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,
Where there's *pecking* going on;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist,—
All would share our fruits anon;

Ev'ry bird, of ev'ry city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath reversed the starling's ditty,
Singing out "I can't get *in*."

"God forbid!" old *Testy* snivels;
"God forbid!" I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls
Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit won't suit 'em,
Hips and haws and such like berries,
Curse the corm'rants! stone 'em, shoot 'em,
Any thing—to save our cherries.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT.[1]

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,
If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and expense;
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,
If Truth by the bow-string *must* yield up her breath,
Let Mutes do the office,—and spare her the pain
Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder,—do all that you will,—
But save us, at least, the old womanly lore
Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,
Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR[2] and BORE.

Bring legions of Squires—if they'll only be mute—
And array their thick heads against reason and right,
Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,[3]
Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,
Have their consciences tack'd to their patents and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they swim;[4]
With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,
Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship e'en him;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,
That illumines and blesses our age is combined;

1 During the discussion of the Catholic Question in the House of Commons last session.
2 This is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auger*.
3 Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.
4 Res Fisci est, ubicumque natat.—*Juvenal*.

While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look down,
And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind;

Let bold Paddy H-lmes show his troops on the other,
And, counting of noses the quantum desired,
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's famed mother,
"Come forward, my *jewels*" — 'tis all that's required.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter,—
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;
But spare e'en your victims the torture of laughter,
And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

Let other bards to groves repair,
Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;
To raise the wind for Royalty
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
And all such vulgar irrigation,
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
When, sly, he introduced in Hell
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree:—[1]

Nor see I why, some future day,
When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—rr—s down—he knows the way—
To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"
Our gracious K —— gets all he wants,—
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclined,
Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
May W —— n some *wood*-nymph find,
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unused to thought,
It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserved, in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tory bards, like me,
Who take delight in Sylvan *places!*[2]

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.

"Take back the virgin page."
Moore's Irish Melodies.

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee;—
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;

1 Called by Virgil, botanically, "*species* auri frondentis."
2 Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut amem *loca* —— Ovid.

By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon thee
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

Come, — on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would lend you,)
Read V—sey all o'er— as you *can't* read a book —
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters traced,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effaced, —
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're sheer *asses' skin.*

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare one;
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke, (as you *hinted* once), wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er; —
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,
Whose plain, simple drift if they *won't* understand,
Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St. Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls! — more meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."*

Oh tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,
"Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
"His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,
"May *think* (tender tyrants) of loosening his chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!" — precious salve for our wounds,
If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds,
E'en now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain — the grand impulse is given, —
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will claim;
And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,
Be theirs, who have forged them, the guilt and the shame.

"*If* the slave will be silent!" — vain Soldier, beware —
There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom; —

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek,
Gives place to th' avenger's pale, resolute hue;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining *to speak*,
Consigns to the arm the high office — to *do*.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood; —

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the west,
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the oppress't,
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10, 1828.

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray;—

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again;—

If—*if*, I say—breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,
Then, *perhaps*—ay, *perhaps*—but I dare not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air.—"*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

Salvete, fratres Asini.—St. Francis.

Write on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.
One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen,
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.
Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.
While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching *on*, they say,
Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the *other* way.
Write on, write on, &c.

E'en now I feel the coming light,—
E'en now, could Folly lure
My Lord M—ntc—sh—l, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.
By geese (we read in history),
Old Rome was saved from ill;
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.
Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about,—
Things, little worth a Noble's while,
You're better far without.
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!

FABLES

FOR

THE **** ********.

——————Tu Regibus alas
Eripe. VIRGIL. *Georg.* lib. 4.
——————Clip the wings
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.
DRYDEN's Translation.

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A Dream.

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess —
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjuror, to guess —
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood;
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne, *
Which shone by moonlight — as the tale is —
Like an aurora borealis.

In this said palace — furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are —
I dream'd there was a splendid ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain, with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy, and design'd
To hint how thus the human mind
May — like the stream imprison'd there —
Be check'd and chill'd till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.
And all were pleased, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination —

Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.
Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
As Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledged her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled,
To see that goodly company
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded;
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seized with an ill-omen'd dripping,

* It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice, on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect." — PINKERTON.

And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
  Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
  Could scarce get on for downright stumbling,
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
  So used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas *who* could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.
And now, to an Italian air,
  This precious brace would hand in hand go;
Now — while old ******, from his chair,
Intreated them his toes to spare —
  Call'd loudly out for a fandango.

And a fandango, 'faith, they had,
At which they all set to like mad —
Never were Kings (though small th' expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.

But, ah! that dance — that Spanish dance —
  Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red — as 'twere a glance
  Shot from an angry southern sun —
A light through all the chambers flamed,
  Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,
  "A thaw, by Jove! — we're lost, we're lost!
"Run, F —— ! a second *Waterloo*
  "Is come to drown you — *sauve qui peut!*"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
  In palaces without foundations?
Instantly all was in a flow:
  Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations;
Those royal arms, that look'd so nice,
Cut out in the resplendent ice;
Those eagles, handsomely provided
  With double heads for double dealings —
How fast the globes and sceptres glided
  Out of their claws on all the ceilings!
Proud Prussia's double bird of prey,
Tame as a spatch-cock, slunk away;
While — just like France herself, when she
  Proclaims how great her naval skill is —
Poor ******' drowning *fleurs-de-lys*
  Imagined themselves *water*-lilies.
And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
  But — still more fatal execution —
The Great Legitimates themselves
  Seem'd in a state of dissolution.
Th' indignant Czar — when just about
  To issue a sublime Ukase —
"Whereas, all light must be kept out" —
  Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,
  Some word like "Constitution, long
Congeal'd in frosty silence there,
  Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
While ******, lapsing by degrees,
  And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese,
And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew
  Himself into a *fondu* too; —
Or, like that goodly King they make
Of sugar, for a twelfth-night cake,
When in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute
Ere the bright dome, and all within it —
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors — all were gone!
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchised bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way —
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when in sparkling fetters tied,
And deck'd with all that kingly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream — and, I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.
That Spanish dance — that southern beam —
But I say nothing — there's my dream —
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

Proem.

Where Kings have been by mob-elections
Raised to the throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have required in royalty.
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chosen their Sovereigns by the weight;
Some wish'd them tall; some thought your dumpy
Dutch-built the true Legitimate. [1]
The Easterns, in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head; [2]
Th' Egyptians were n't at all partic'lar,
So that their Kings had not red hair —
This fault not even the greatest stickler
For the blood-royal well could bear.
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations;
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching th' acquired or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There's one which I shall here recite: —

Fable.

There was a land — to *name* the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty —
Where reign'd a certain royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was — a settled case —
Some act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subject ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —
But all your *common* people, gorgons!

1 The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King. — Munster. *Cosmog.* lib. iii. p. 164.
2 "In a Prince, a jolter-head is invaluable." — *Oriental Field Sports.*

Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd away,
Or that the Queen (God save us!) squinted —
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurr'd:
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his royal word,
That they were frights and he was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this: — these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places —
But, Lord! the very thought was treason!

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We never half so earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd's our own.

So, on they went — the crowd believing
(As crowds well govern'd always do);
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving —
So old the joke they thought it true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end; and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there —
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight,
Was landed without fees or duties;
And, from that hour, historians date
The downfal of the race of beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation —
By dint of looking-glasses, soon
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, establish'd mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards:

In vain — their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd — and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time),
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace —

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their own,

And cried, "How *could* such monstrous quizzes
"In Beauty's name usurp the throne?" —

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon cosmetical economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court they levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length — but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations:
Besides, what follows is the tale
Of all such late-enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known —
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

Proem.

Of all that, to the sage's survey,
This world presents of topsy-turvey,
There's nought so much disturbs his patience
As little minds in lofty stations.
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder
Which slight and pigmy columns, under
Enormous arches, give beholders;
Or those poor Caryatides,
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
Small minds are *born* into such places —
If they are there, by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why — Heav'n forbid we should repine! —
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Nay, e'en to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir Robert Filmer says — and he,
Of course, knew all about the matter —
"Both men and beasts love monarchy;"
Which proves how rational — the latter.
Sidney, indeed, we know, had quite
A different notion from the knight;
Nay, hints a King may lose his head
By slipping awkwardly his bridle:
But this is Jacobin, ill-bred,
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no — it is n't foolish Kings
(Those fix'd, inevitable things —
Bores paramount, by right of birth)
That move my wrath, but your pretenders,
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who, not like t'others, *crown'd* offenders
(Regular *gratiâ Dei* blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets),
Nor leaving, on the scale of mind,
These royal Zeros far behind,
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,

And, though too dull to manage shops,
  Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is that moves my gall,
And stirs up spleen, and bile, and all.
While other senseless things appear —
To know the limits of their sphere —
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceit she dances —
While the most jumping frog we know of,
Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off —
Your****'s, your****'s dare,
  Pigmy as are their minds, to set them
To *any* business, *any* where,
  At *any* time that fools will let them.
But leave we here these upstart things —
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story: —

Fable.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
  And, e'en when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
  In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings —
  Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,
Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things —
  As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
  To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)
Stepp'd into a temple at Memphis one day,
  To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar, [1]
  Made much of, and worshipp'd as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
  Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher —
  "If 'tis n't impertinent, may I ask why
"Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
  "Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

"No wonder," said t'other, "you stare at the sight,
  "But *we* as a symbol of monarchy view it:
"That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
  "And that Bullock the People that's sacrificed to it."

FABLE IV.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Proem.

"The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them." — SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did SOAME JENYNS — though a Tory,
  A Lord of Trade and the Plantations —
Feel how Religion's simple glory
  Is stain'd by State associations.

When CATHERINE, after murdering Poles,
  Appeal'd to the benign Divinity,
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls — [2]
  All in the name of the bless'd Trinity;
Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER,

1 According to Aelian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony — *θυειν βουν ταις μυιαις.* — *De Animal.* lib. ii. cap. 8.
2 *Ames*, *demi-ames*, &c.

That mighty northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Puts every fire of Freedom out —
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia's praises —
When he, of royal saints the type,
  In holy water dips the spunge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
  He would all human rights expunge!
When ****** (whom, as King and eater,
Some name *** ****, and some *** *******)
Calls down "Saint Louis' God" to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons —
  Sages with muskets and laced coats —
To cram instruction, *nolens volens*,
  Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats —
I can't help thinking (though to Kings
  I must, of course, like other men, bow)
That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things —
  Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow!

Or — not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer home —
When we see churchmen, who, if ask'd,
"Must Ireland's slaves be tithed and task'd,
"And driven, like negroes or croats,
  "That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss?"
Look from beneath their shovel hats
  With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"
But then, if question'd "Shall the brand
"Intolerance flings throughout that land,
"Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
  "Suff'ring nor peace nor love to grow,
"Be ever quench'd?" — from the same shovels
  Look grandly forth, and answer "No!" —
Alas, alas! have *these* a claim
To merciful Religion's name?

If more you want, go, see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee
(Choosing your time, when straw's before
Some apoplectic bishop's door):
There, if thou can'st with life escape
That sweep of lawn, that press of crape,
Just watch their rev'rences and graces,
  Should'ring their way on, at all risks,
And say — if those round, ample faces
To Heav'n or earth most turn their disks?

This, this it is — Religion, made,
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade —
This most ill-match'd, unholy *Co.*,
From whence the ills we witness flow —
The war of many creeds with one —
Th' extremes of *too* much faith, and none —
The qualms, the fumes of sect and sceptic,
And all that Reason, grown dyspeptic
By swallowing forced or noxious creeds,
From downright indigestion breeds;
Till, 'twixt old bigotry and new,
'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant — the two
Rank ills with which this age is cursed —
We can no more tell *which* is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile —
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlile,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,

Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
At once benighting and devouring!
This — this it is — and here I pray
  Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
  Not what we mean, but what they choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils
  As caterpillars find those flies *
That, not content to sting like devils,
  Lay eggs upon their backs likewise —
To guard against such foul deposits
  Of others' meanings in my rhymes
(A thing more needful here because it's
  A subject ticklish in these times.)
I here to all such wits make known,
  Monthly and weekly, Whig and Tory,
'Tis *this* Religion — this alone —
  I aim at in the following story: —

Fable.

When Royalty was young and bold,
  Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become —
If 'tis not civil to say *old* —
  At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme.*

One evening, on some wild pursuit,
  Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
  And took him in his *vis-à-vis.*

This said Religion was a friar,
  The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
  Of riding in a coach till then.

"I say" — quoth Royalty, who rather
  Enjoy'd a masquerading joke —
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
  "You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The friar consented — little knew
  What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted, too,
  By a laced coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
  Scampering like mad about the town;
Broke windows — shiver'd lamps to smash,
  And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,
  Learn of the "why" or the "wherefore,"
Except that 'twas Religion's cloak
  The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the friar, whose head was turn'd
  By the laced coat, grew frisky too —
Look'd big — his former habits spurn'd —
  And storm'd about as great men do —

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses —
  Said "Damn you," often, or as bad —
Laid claim to other people's purses —
  In short, grew either knave or mad.

* "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body — at every dart they depose an egg." — GOLDSMITH.

As work like this was unbefitting,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As courts must wrangle to decide well),
Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell:

With this proviso — Should they be
Restored in due time to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences —

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;
And Royalty to crack his joke —
But *not* to crack poor people's heads, too.

FABLE V.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

Proem.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,
The daughter of a learn'd law doctor, [1]
Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,
She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence. [2]
Just so it is with Truth — when *seen*,
Too fair and bright — 'tis from behind
A light, thin allegoric screen,
She thus can safest teach mankind.

Fable.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,
A little Lama, one year old —
Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut — as near as can be reckon'd —
Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.
Chronologers and nurses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know th' important truth —
His Majesty *had* cut a tooth. [3]

And much his subjects were enchanted,
As well all Lamas' subjects may be,
And would have given their heads, if wanted,
To make tee-totums for the baby.
As he was there by Right Divine
(What lawyers call *Jure Divino*,

1 Andreas.
2 Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Novelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin que la blanté d'elle n'empechât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle. — CHRIST. de Pise, *Cité des Dames*, p. 11. chap. 36.
3 See TURNER's *Embassy to Thibet* for an account of his interview with the Lama. — "Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum."

Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
  And every body's goods and rhino) —
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
  Were ready with their aids and succours —
Nothing was seen but pension'd nurses,
  And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
Ye Gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates!
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
  And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!
What calls for papers, to expose
  The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!
But no — if Thibet *had* M. P. 's,
They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
During the Monarch's whole dentition.
But short this calm; for, just when he
Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,
When royal natures — and, no doubt,
Those of *all* noble beasts — break out,
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whosoe'er came nigh —
  Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,
  And trod on the old Generals' toes —
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
  Rode cock-horse on the City maces,
And shot, from little devilish guns,
  Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
  And grew so mischievous (God bless him!)
That his chief Nurse — though with the aid
Of an Archbishop — was afraid,
  When in these moods, to comb or dress him;
And e'en the persons most inclined
  For Kings, through thick and thin, to stickle,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,
  Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length, some patriot lords — a breed
  Of animals they have in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
  For folks like Pidcock to exhibit —
Some patriot lords, seeing the length
To which things went, combined their strength,
And penn'd a manly, plain, and free
Remonstrance to the Nursery;
In which, protesting that they yielded
  To none, that ever went before 'em,
In loyalty to him who wielded
  Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em —
That, as for treason, 'twas a thing
  That made them almost sick to think of —
That they and theirs stood by the King,
  Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,
When others, thinking him consumptive,
Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive! —
But, still — though much admiring Kings
(And chiefly those in leading-strings) —
They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
  There was no longer now the wise
And constitutional control
  Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes;

But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
  And freaks occurr'd the whole day long,
As all, but men with bishopricks,
  Allow'd, in e'en a King, were wrong —
Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
  That Honourable Nursery,
That such reforms be henceforth made,
  As all good men desired to see; —
In other words (lest they might seem
Too tedious) as the gentlest scheme
For putting all such pranks to rest,
  And in its bud the mischief nipping —
They ventured humbly to suggest
  His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read — no Congreve rocket,
  Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it
  Produced upon the Nursery Benches.
The Bishops, who of course had votes,
By right of age and petticoats,
Were first and foremost in the fuss —
  "What, whip a Lama! — Suffer birch
"To touch his sacred — — infamous!
"Deistical! — assailing thus
  "The fundamentals of the Church!
"No — no — such patriot plans as these
"(So help them Heaven — and their sees!)
"They held to be rank blasphemies."

Th' alarm thus given, by these and other
  Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
Spread through the land, till, such a pother,
  Such party squabbles, far and wide,
Never in history's page had been
Recorded, as were then between
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
Till, things arriving at a state
  Which gave some fears of revolution,
The patriot lords' advice, though late,
  Was put at last in execution.
The Parliament of Thibet met —
  The little Lama, call'd before it,
Did, then and there, his whipping get,
And (as the Nursery Gazette
  Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
Lament that Royal Martyr*d*om
(Please to observe, the letter D
In this last word's pronounced like B),
Yet to th' example of that Prince
  So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
'Tis said, her little Lamas since
  Have all behaved themselves *much* better.

FABLE VI.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

Proem.

Though soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Woe to the Monarch who depends
Too *much* on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think —
  Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*,
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
  (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
  As fond of liberty as Mina:
Else — woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever
  Once turns into a *Scarlatina!*
For then — but hold — 'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale: —

Fable.

A lord of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate,
Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
Whose fires, beneath his very nose
In heretic combustion rose.
But lords of Persia can, no doubt,
  Do what they will — so, one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
  First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heav'n most piously,
  He knock'd their temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
  Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my lord to find,
  That, while all else obey'd his will,
The fire these Ghebers left behind —
  Do what he would — kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;
But, no — such fires are headstrong things
And care not much for lords or kings.
Scarce could his lordship well contrive
  The flashes in *one* place to smother,
Before — hey, presto — all alive,
  They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and damns,
  'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,
His stewards came, with low *salams*,
  Offering, by *contract*, to provide him
Some large Extinguishers (a plan
Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
Vienna, Petersburgh — in short,
Wherever light's forbid at court) —
Machines no lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
Fires of all kinds — from staring stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark —
Till all things slept as dull and dark
As, in a great lord's neighbourhood,
'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
  Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the true, imperial size),
  And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,
Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah! how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day, when he had left all sure
(At least *believed* so), dark, secure —
The flame, at all its exits, entries,
  Obstructed to his heart's content,
And black extinguishers, like sentries,
  Placed upon every dangerous vent —
Ye Gods! imagine his amaze,
  His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,
He found not only the old blaze,
  Brisk as before, crackling and burning —

Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations —
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire!![1]
They, they — those trusty, blind machines
His lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now themselves — alas, too true
The shameful fact — turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!
Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is — to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds
The banish'd Ghebers bless'd return'd:
And, though their fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
Its wandering, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confined,
The living glory dwelt inshrined,
And, shedding lustre, strong but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy Heaven.

Moral.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is — that such lords are simple elves,
In trusting to extinguishers
That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

The money rais'd — the army ready —
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
Valiantly braying in the van,
To the old tune "*eh, eh, Sire Ane!*" —[2]
Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,
To make French *sentiment* explode,
Bring in, at once, the *goût* fanatic,
And make the war "*la dernière mode*" —
Instantly, at the *Pav'llon Marsan*,
Is held an Ultra consultation —
What's to be done, to help the farce on?
What stage-effect, what decoration,
To make this beauteous France forget,
In one, grand, glorious *pirouette*,
All that she swore to but last week,
And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"
Rush forth to this, or *any* war,
Without inquiring once — "what for?"

After some plans propos'd by each,
Lord Chateaubriand made a speech,

1 The idea of this fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots* which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the *Letters to Julia* — a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

2 They celebrated in the dark ages at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before him this elegant anthem "eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane, eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane." — Warton's Essay on Pope.

(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
  Or rather what men's rights should be,
From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,
  And other friends to Liberty)
Wherein he — having first protested
'Gainst humouring the mob — suggested
(As the most high-bred plan he saw
For giving the new War *éclat*)
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,
To be got up at Nôtre Dame,
In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!
  Had by his *kilt* acquired such fame,
'Twas hop'd that he as little shyness
  Would show, when to *the point* he came)
Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started;
With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
To bear that name — at least in France.
Himself — the Viscount Chateaubriand —
(To help th' affair with more *esprit* on)
Offering, for this baptismal rite,
  Some of his own fam'd Jordan water — [1]
(Marie Louise not having quite
  Us'd all that for young Nap he brought her)
The baptism, in *this* case to be
Applied to that extremity,
Which Bourbon heroes most expose,
And which — as well all Europe knows —
Happens to be, in this Defender
Of the true Faith, extremely tender. [2]

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme
Too rash and premature should seem —
If thus discounting heroes, *on* tick —
  This glory, by anticipation,
Was too much in the *genre romantique*
  For such a highly classic nation,
He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians
A practice had in their dominions,
Which, if at Paris got up well,
In full *costume*, was sure to tell.
At all great epochs, good or ill,
  They have, says Bruck, (and Bruck ne'er budges
From the strict truth) a Grand Quadrille
  In public danc'd by the Twelve Judges — [3]
And, he assures us, the grimaces,
The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces
Of persons, so profound and stately,
Divert the Abyssinians greatly.
"Now, (said the Viscount) though there's few
"Great Empires, where this plan would do —
"For instance, England — let them take
  "What pains they would — 'twere vain to strive —
"The twelve stiff Judges there would make
  "The worst Quadrille-set now alive!
"One must have seen them, ere one could
"Imagine properly Judge Wood,
"Performing, in his wig, so gaily,
"A *queue-de-chat* with Justice Bailey!
"French Judges, though, are, by no means,
"This sort of stiff, be-wigg'd machines;
"And we, who've seen them at *Saumur*,
"And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure

1 Brought from the river Jordan by M. Chateaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.
2 See the Duke's celebrated letter to Madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says "J'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé."
3 "On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure dance, &c. Book 5.

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THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

VOLUME II.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE LAST ORIGINAL EDITIONS

WITH CRITICAL NOTES.

VOL. II.

LEIPSIC:
ERNEST FLEISCHER.
1840.

THE EPICUREAN,

A TALE.

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS CHARACTER

AND TALENTS,

AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

To introduce thus, by a new preface, to my readers, a work which has been for so many years before the public, and which, however undeserving of such notice, has been translated into most of the languages of Europe,* may be regarded as rather an unnecessary ceremony. Some circumstances, however, connected with this new edition, as well as with the Poems subjoined to the narrative, seem to require from me a few prefatory words. The idea of calling in the magic pencil of Mr. Turner, to illustrate some of the scenes of the following story, was first suggested by the late Mr. Macrone, — to whose general talents and enterprising spirit all who knew him will bear ready and cordial testimony. His original wish had been that I should undertake for him some new poem, or story, to be thus embellished by the artist. But other tasks and ties having rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable, he proposed to purchase of me the copyright of the Epicurean, for a single "illustrated" edition; and hence the appearance of the work under its present new auspices and form.

A few more words remain to be said, respecting the Poems which occupy a portion of this volume; and which, with the exception of a few fragments of them found scattered through the prose narrative, are here, for the first time, published. My original plan, in commencing the story of the Epicurean, was to write it all in verse, and in the form, as will be seen, of letters from the different personages. But the great difficulty of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without becoming prosaic, and, still more, the diffuse length to which, I saw, narration in verse would be likely to run, deterred me from pursuing this plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew, in its present shape. Whether I was wrong or right, in this change, my readers have now an opportunity of judging for themselves.

In the Letters of Alciphron will be found,—heightened only by a freer use of poetic colouring, — nearly the same details of events, feelings, and scenery which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative. But the Letter of the hypocritical High Priest, whatever else may be its claim to attention, will be found, both in matter and form, new to the reader.

THOMAS MOORE.

* Among the translations which have reached me are two in French, one in Italian (Milan, 1836, 24mo,—Venice, 1835), one in German (Inspruc, 1828), and one in Dutch, by Mr. Herman van Loghem (Deventer, 1829).

A

LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR,

FROM

——, Esq.

Cairo, June 19, 1800.

My dear Sir,

In a visit lately paid by me to the monastery of St. Macarius, – which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron, — I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith transmit to you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up into a variety of fantastic shapes some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation:—

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the fathers of the monastery have been in the habit of scribbling these fragments themselves; but a discovery lately made by them, saves all this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, "we thought," added the monk, "that we could not employ such rubbish more properly, than in tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs."

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending you, — the only one, he said, remaining entire, — and I very readily paid the price which he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of *Sethos*,* will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be induced to give a translation of this Tale to the world,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

* The description, here alluded to, may also be found, copied *verbatim* from Sethos, in the "Voyages d'Anténor." — "In that philosophical romance, called 'La Vie de Sethos,'" says Warburton, "we find a much juster account of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended 'Histoire du Ciel.'" *Div. Leg.* book iv. sect. 14.

THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect; — and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred, of a person so young being selected for that office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, were not, it may be supposed, among the least valid recommendations to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as the wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect had, indeed, much changed, since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that Pleasure is the only Good, inculcated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognised his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were now held.

Many causes concurred, at this period, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, to render our school by far the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence, in one half of a community, of very rigid notions on the subject of religion, produces the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other; and this kind of reaction it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed — all who believed in the Deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole Heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour; — the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections, tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith, and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both in the arms of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centred all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival,

in commemoration of his birth. The feasts, given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendour; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary now celebrated under my auspices, so brilliant as to efface the recollection of all that had preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so bright a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the Garden had received, from time to time, considerable additions; and the whole extent was now laid out with that perfect taste, which understands how to wed Nature with Art, without sacrificing any of her simplicity to the alliance. Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance — glades, opening, as if to afford a playground for the sunshine — temples, rising on the very spots where Imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace, — such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the Garden, bore the image of our Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation — his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the Garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece — Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the lamented biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school — Leontium and her fair daughter Danae, Themista, Philaenis, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Heresiarch, on the morning of the Festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated), endeavoured to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of leading to the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the Garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning — that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower — was rather zealously cultivated by us. Even here, however, the young student had to encounter that kind of distraction, which is, of all others, the least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, thus described: —

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page."

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on; — their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintained with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide glade, illuminated only by the moon, was performed an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenaea, by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings, like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and imbodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke unexpectedly on the eye or ear; and now, from the depth of a dark grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of sweet music, which mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow; — while, at other times, the same strain appeared to come breathing from among flowers, or was heard suddenly from under ground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set its melody in motion.

It may seem strange that I should now dwell upon all these trifling details; but they were, to me, full of the future; and every thing connected with that memorable night — even its long-repented follies — must for ever live fondly and sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which, as master of the Sect, I presided; and being, myself, in every sense, the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

CHAPTER II.

The festival was over; — the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy; — an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddening thoughts, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, were they ever separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of earthly delight assumed, in my eyes, a mournful preciousness; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to, as I was, by the learned, and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves; — the perishableness of myself and all around me had every instant recurred to my mind. Those hands I had pressed — those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that should never die, those voices, that had talked of eternal love — all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

> Oh, were it not for this sad voice
> Stealing amid our mirth to say,
> That all, in which we most rejoice,
> Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey; —
> *But* for this bitter — only this —
> Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
> And capable as feels my soul
> Of draining to its depth the whole,
> I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
> If bliss made gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings, in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this mixture of gaiety and melancholy, in a spirit so buoyant, naturally gave birth.

And seldom had my heart surrendered itself to this sort of vague sadness more unresistingly than at the present moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully

among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that now sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been revelling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of night still rested on all around. Unconscious whither my pathway led, I wandered along, till I, at length, found myself before that fair statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden; — that image of deified woman, the only idol to which I had ever yet bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal of the statue, I raised my eyes to heaven, and fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if I sought to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it that Man alone must fade and perish, while they, so much less wonderful, less godlike than he, thus still live on in radiance unchangeable and for ever! — "Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit that burns within us deathless as those stars, and open to it a career like theirs, burning and inextinguishable throughout all time!"

While thus indulging in wild and melancholy fancies, I felt that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, leaves behind — come insensibly over me, and at length sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

But even in sleep, the same fancies still haunted me; and a dream, so distinct and vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself suddenly transported to a wide and desolate plain, where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or live. The very sky that hung above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had died; — and had that whole region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have presented an aspect more dead and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life, throughout this melancholy waste, was a small spark of light, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the bleak spot where I stood. As it drew nearer, I could see that its small, but steady, gleam came from a taper in the hand of an ancient and venerable man, who now stood, like a pale messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said, "Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile — go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the deathlike hue of his cheek at once brightened into a smile of more than human promise; while the small torch he held in his hand sent forth a glow of radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated; — the light spreading even as far as the distant horizon's edge, along whose line were now seen gardens, palaces, and spires, all as bright as the rich architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, came floating in every direction, through the air, and, from all sides, such varieties of enchantment broke upon me, that, with the excess alike of harmony and of radiance, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and nesessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me

> Oracles, truer far than oak
> Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night—touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate—should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and even sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain was it that I mocked at my own weakness; — such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still, in the midst of all my enjoyment, came the cold and saddening consciousness of mortality, and, along with it, the recollection of this visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of reason, still continued to cling.

At times, indulging in reveries, that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some mighty secret, by which our youth, if not perpetuated, might be at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines and pleasure sickens,

might be for a while averted. "Who can tell," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that region of wonders, where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures, — where still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth, so many written secrets of the antediluvian world — who knows but that some powerful charm, some amulet, may there lie hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but awaits my coming, — some compound of the same pure atoms, that shine in the living stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might render him also unfading and immortal!"

Thus did I sometimes speculate, in those fond rambling moods, when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly master of myself. I felt this bewilderment, too, not a little increased by the constant struggle between my own natural feelings, and the cold, mortal creed of my sect — in endeavouring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of fantasy and romance.

Even in my calmest and soberest moments, however, that strange vision for ever haunted me; and every effort I made to chase it from my recollection was unavailing. The deliberate conclusion, therefore, to which I came at last, was, that to visit Egypt was now my only resource; that, without, seeing that land of wonders, I could not rest, nor, until convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. Without delay, accordingly, I announced to my friends of the Garden, the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pyramids. To none of them, however, did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me; — knowledge being the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was feared, might suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail in the summer of the year 257, A.D., for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one, who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often indeed did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and loving hearts, to which most willingly would I have paused to offer homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be the work of their deity Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benigner influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its proud Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars, towering in the midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Eunostus. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city — whose houses and temples lay shining in silence around the harbour — that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I walked, through a line of palaces and shrines, up the street which leads from the sea to the Gate of Canopus, fresh as I was from the contemplation of my own lovely Athens, I yet felt a glow of admiration at the scene around me, which its novelty, even more than its magnificence, inspired. Nor were the luxuries and delights, which such a city promised, among the least of the considerations upon which my fancy dwelt. On the contrary, every thing around me seemed prophetic of love and pleasure. The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim section of the

temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art, that of multiplying its enjoyments.

The population of Alexandria, at this period, consisted of the most motley miscellany of nations, religions, and sects, that had ever been brought together in one city. Beside the school of the Grecian Platonist was seen the oratory of the cabalistic Jew; while the church of the Christian stood, undisturbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire, from the East, laughed at the less elegant superstition of the worshipper of cats, from the West. Here Christianity, too, had learned to emulate the pious vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor was seen bending his knee gravely before a serpent, on the other was heard a Nicosian contending, with no less gravity, that there was no chance whatever of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already, with equal vigour, distinguishing itself; and I heard every where, on my arrival, of the fierce rancour and hate, with which the Greek and Latin churchmen were then persecuting each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none, however, of these different creeds and sects, except in as far as they furnished food for ridicule, had I time to pay much attention. I was now in the most luxurious city of the universe, and gave way, without reserve, to the various seductions that surrounded me. My reputation, both as a philosopher and a man of pleasure had preceded my coming; and Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, welcomed me as her own. I found my celebrity, indeed, act as a talisman, that opened all hearts and doors at my approach. The usual novitiate of acquaintance was dispensed with in my favour, and not only intimacies, but loves and friendships, ripened as rapidly in my path, as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. The dark beauty of the Egyptian women possessed a novelty in my eyes that enhanced its other charms: and the hue left by the sun on their rounded cheeks seemed but an earnest of the genial ardour he had kindled in their hearts —

> Th' imbrowning of the fruit, that tells,
> How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks now passed in such constant and everchanging pleasures, that even the melancholy voice deep within my heart, though it still spoke, was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, as the novelty of these gay scenes wore off, the same vague and gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred, at this time, during one of my gayest revels, conduced still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to join the gay multitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, as long as this festival lasted, the great canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious licence, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the passions and follies of earth, in honour of heaven.

I was returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome visiter, had cooled and freshened the air, while the banks, on either side of the stream, sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odours. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were suddenly broken by the sound of some female voices, coming mingled with laughter and screams, from the garden of a pavilion, that stood, brilliantly illuminated, upon the bank of the canal.

On rowing nearer, I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmine which grew near the water, and in bending towards which they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognised the voice of one of my fair Alexandrian friends, and, springing on the bank, was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion, and having flung the tendrils of jasmine, which they had just plucked, around me, led me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting added new zest to it on both sides; and seldom

had I ever felt more enlivened, myself, or contributed more successfully to circulate life among others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual, rather to set off than conceal their beauty, some bright gleams of which were continually escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark-coloured flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around: the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbour the cause of it, but she looked grave and was silent.

In the mean time, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasure, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that – there, to my astonishment, was still seated that silent figure, which had awakened my curiosity so strongly during the night. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form; — not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil, and saw — what my fancy had already anticipated — that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to imbody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea that had long haunted me, and this picture of what I was *to be*, now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more livelily than ever. The bright, assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever before my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realizing the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt; — the very soil on which it now stood was not in existence, when already Thebes and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.

"No;" I exclaimed, "beneath the Pyramids of Memphis, or in the mystic Halls of the Labyrinth, can I alone hope to find those holy arcana of science, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which — blest thought! — the key to eternal life may lie."

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was, perhaps, the country beyond all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a fancy and temperament like mine, and keep both for ever tremblingly alive. Wherever I turned, I beheld the desert and the garden, mingling together their desolation and bloom. I saw

the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, as if, in that land, Pleasure and Death kept hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights — all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had been so long the familiar inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood: and, as, looking around me, I saw in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side! —

While, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, — and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Merŏe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered delightedly on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Saïs I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neïtha: — "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself, in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus was, I own, my favourite pilgrimage; — and there, as I rambled through its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more worthy to form the shrine of a Deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most stately columns that the inanimate quarry can supply.

Every where new pleasures, new interests, awaited me; and though Melancholy stood, as usual, for ever near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, leaving the rest but more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst all this endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey had been forgotten; — the mysteries of this land of the sun still remained, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that memorable evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will take his last look,— it was not till this moment that the great secret announced in my dream, again rose in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine resting upon those monuments — a stillness, as of reverence, in the air that breathed around them, which stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the

brave, had sunk into dust since earth first saw those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed, — "Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Oh, Death, Death! even upon these everlasting tablets — the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase — thou hast written our doom, awfully and intelligibly, saying, — "There is for man no eternal mansion but the grave!"

My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that my heart most wished, with that happy facility which enables imagination to stand in the place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality *must* be within man's reach: and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. It is said, that deep under yonder pyramid, has lain for ages concealed the Table of Emerald, on which the Thrice-Great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of Alchemy which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more god-like secret, that gives *life* at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who now repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to its very centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, are still living; — those mighty mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few Elect who have been sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but ever illuminated elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld — which none of heaven, except that God, who stands with finger on his hushed lip, * hath ever trodden?"

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids, — as he had done, evening after evening for ages, till they had become familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness, while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening away to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelop the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every housetop in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting, — while, at the same moment, a full burst of harmony was heard to peal from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, halfway over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

> whose beams
> Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.
> *Not* the cold Dian of the North, who chains
> In vestal ice the current of young veins;
> But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian grove,
> And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
> Nothing on earth, to match that heav'n, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

* "Enfin Harpocrates représentoit aussi le soleil. Il est vrai que c'étoit le Dieu du silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parce qu'on adoroit le soleil avec un respectueux silence, et c'est de là qu'est venu le Sigé des Basilidiens, qui tiroient leur origine de l'Egypte." — BEAUSOBRE.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis, - still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages, — now, softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind, — from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes, — all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted, — there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile, — that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon, than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of a sistrum, which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis, continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one — whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it, — who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features, — a charm in the very shadow that hung over their imagined beauty, — which took my fancy more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of — her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided gently and aërially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard; — the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then, — by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again, — it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling — a new sense — coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being; — and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should, in my transport, have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the Temple: while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed, — and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; — but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow; — the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amidst that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain; — in every direction, files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover the form which alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time, — bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me, — till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There lies, to the north of Memphis, a solitary lake, (which, at this season, of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters,) upon whose shores stands the Necropolis or City of the Dead – a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has lain awaiting through long ages the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited, — looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, that is consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very remembrance of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never for a moment left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, at length, startled to find myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than the other, — while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the midnight moon appeared to rest as on a pedestal.

Drawing nearer to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this silent city of tombs above the level of the inundation, I rested my oar, and allowed the boat to rock idly upon the water, while, left equally without direction, my thoughts fluctuated as idly. How various and vague were the dreams that then floated through my mind — that bright vision of the temple still mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aërial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which she had then vanished, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again — as the

dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred — I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me towards the shore, a small boat in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where, under the shadow of a tomb on the bank, I lay concealed, the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood.

Never had the prospect of an adventure come more welcome to me than at this moment, when my busy fancy was employed in weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage of all others, the most dificult to break. To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. It is only reality that can afford any chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts — to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague region in which it had been wandering, was a relief too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but, by the bright light of the moon, I was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there was not a sign of life around; and, had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied that these mysterious forms were spirits, sent from thence to mock me,— so instantaneously had they disappeared. I searched through the neighbouring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of the surface, which, although presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothness, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I, at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this hidden aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stairway within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were all lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had been pursuing would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events, my curiosity was now too eager in the chase to relinquish it; — the spirit of adventure, once raised, could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal, and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stairway I found myself in a low, narrow passage through which, without stooping almost to the earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress, — its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can any thing human," thought I, "sojourn here?" — and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to issue from some cell or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I could take, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul, — the winged globe with a serpent — the rays descending

from above, like a glory — and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel, on a low altar of granite, lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal, — as it is the custom to preserve the dead in Ethiopia, — and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch broken in two, and a bird just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I paid but little attention; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were now intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and, between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline I felt my heart beat high, — and memory had no less share, as it proved, in this feeling than imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall upon the features, I saw, with a transport which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she — the young worshipper of Isis — the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement by which she had now afforded me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross * of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a degree of inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with Heaven, they saw neither roof nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.

What a power is there in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard — in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despoil! She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win, — she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and defied all punishments, both human and sacred, to make her mine, — that creature was now before me, thrown, as if by fate itself, into my power — standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no — so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

Entranced, indeed, as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed a wrong, a sacrilege — and, rather than let her eyes meet the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through undying Love, I would have suffered my heart to break, without a murmur, where I stood. As gently, as if life itself depended upon my every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene — leaving it still holy and tranquil as I had found it — and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, regained the narrow stairway, and again ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters, — as if proud of last night's homage to his own divine Isis, now fading away in the superior splendour of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly at once from this dangerous spot, and seek in new loves and pleasures, oblivion of the wondrous scene I had just witnessed. "Once out of the circle of this enchantment," I exclaimed, "I know my own susceptibility to new impressions too well, to doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is now around me."

But vain were all my efforts and resolves. Even while swearing to fly, I found my steps still lingering fondly round the pyramid — my eyes still turned towards the portal which severed this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence, till, already, it was mid-day, and, under the eye of the meridian sun, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which, for a moment, her presence had subdued into reverence, return to take possession of my imagination and my senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held

* A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

me spell-bound before her. "What would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief — he whose path Love had strewed with trophies — was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to give utterance to a single sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and I determined, at all risks, to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any issue from their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among those tombs, contrasting mournfully the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who were slumbering around.

At length the intense glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, became too much for even strength like mine to endure. Exhausted, I threw myself down at the base of the pyramid — choosing my place directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still keep watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep — but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like the goddess Neïtha, upon her throne at Saïs, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which till then no mortal had ever beheld, — and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages, —

> "Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
> The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells
> 'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
> The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long had my sleep continued, amidst that unbroken silence, that I found the moon again resplendent above the horizon when I awoke. All around looked still and lifeless as before, nor did a print upon the herbage betray that any foot, since my own, had passed over it. Refreshed by my long rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted me.

Having learned, from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found not only my lamp, but also some dates and dried fruits, with a store of which I was always provided, for my roving life upon the waters, and which now, after so many hours of abstinence, were a most welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the melancholy echoes of the cemetery gave answer. The sound came, I knew, from the Great Temple on the shore of the lake, and was the sort of shriek which its gates — the Gates of Oblivion, as they are called — used to send forth from their hinges, when opening at night, to receive the newly-landed dead.

I had heard that sound before, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary; — even while it passed through my mind, I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid; and, being enabled by the light of my lamp to follow the windings of the way more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now, alas, nothing living within. The young Priestess had vanished, like a spirit into the darkness; and all the rest remained as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine; the cross was lying where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image, within the shrine, wore still the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death — of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own; — but the dead eyes, at the same moment, I thought, met mine, and, awed and saddened in the midst of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost every clue to the object of my pursuit, and was about to retrace slowly my steps to earth, with all that gloomy satisfaction which

certainty, even when unwelcome, brings, — when, as I held forth my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I could perceive that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden and snake-like bend to the left, which had before eluded my observation, and which gave promise of a pathway still further into those recesses. Reanimated by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast, for a moment, a hesitating look at my lamp, as if to inquire whether it would be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and then, without further consideration, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE path led, for a while through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had before encountered, in descending the stairway; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies, whose glassy eyes appeared to glare upon me preternaturally as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes, for the second time, vanish; as the path, it was plain, extended no further. The only object I could discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now, every minute, burned fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well that lay gaping before me — a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had once heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by the priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to discover whether there was any way of descending into the chasm. But the sides, I could see, were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out upon its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was now at an end,—it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent, — yet, as I had so far engaged in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore, (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to fit like a helmet) firmly upon my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no further. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support — the hard, slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, clambered with no small difficulty through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if to forbid any further progress. Massy, however, and gigantic as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease — so readily did their stupendous folds give way to my touch,

> "Light as a lime-bush, that receives
> Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the din, with which the gates clashed together again, was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled as I was by the crash, not even this supernatural clangour could divert my attention from the sudden light that now broke around me — soft,

warm, and welcome as are the stars of his own South to the eyes of the mariner who has long been wandering through the cold seas of the North. Looking for the source of this splendour, I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced, on one side, with thickets of odoriferous shrubs, while, along the other extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades; while, among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, which, towering high and clear above all the rest, formed the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered, as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that—though never had I caught a sound from the fair Egyptian's lips — I yet persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me, like a distant spirit from its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trellis-work, whose bars, though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark, cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding, however, my impatience, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness, as a sort of livid and ghastly twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, and through which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding-gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words: —

You, who would try
  Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
  But ne'er to look back.—

You, who aspire
  To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
  Of Water, and Air,—

If danger, and pain,
  And death you despise,
On—for again
  Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
  With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
  By the Veils of the Shrine!

But if——

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned freshly to my mind. "Am I then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life *indeed* be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer out of the air, that spirit-voice, which still was heard far off crowning the choir with its single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and Immortality, both beckoning me onward—who would give even a thought to fear, with two such bright hopes in prospect? Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I instantly plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which appeared to be wider and more open to the air than any I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great Trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides; — and the

spectacle that then presented itself was such as might have daunted even hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket, or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt — tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm; while around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread the contagion of their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia, whose light is seen at a distance, brightening, at night, the foamy cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I now perceived, my only pathway lay. There was not a moment to be lost — for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewed with vivid fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents that hung hissing from the red branches shot showers of sparkles down upon me as I passed. Never were decision and activity of more avail; — one minute later, and I must have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and, as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had gone but a few paces, when the path turned suddenly off, — leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined space, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded in this course very far, when the sound of torrents — mingled, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill wailings, like the cries of persons in danger or distress — fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter-torrent, the flood, to whose roar I had been listening, poured its dark waters; while upon its surface floated grim spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard — as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw plainly that across that torrent lay my only course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage now lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was immersed in impenetrable gloom, nor could the feeble light which I carried send its glimmer half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprung from the rock on which I stood into the flood, — trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, as long as a gleam of my brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Long, formidable, and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain; and more than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up as destined to follow those pale, deathlike apparitions, that still went past me, hurrying with mournful cries, to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine-branch were falling from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse — for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it - lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts, that, after a few minutes struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and, in another instant, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my rescue from that perilous flood, though I knew not whither this stairway led, I promptly ascended the steps. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived, that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me, — leaving me in mid-air, with no other alternative than that of still continuing to mount by the same momentary footing, and with the appalling doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which — so tranquil had it now become — I could

hear the plash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way from under my feet. It was a most trying moment, — but even still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto seemed firm, grow tremulous in my hand, — while the step, to which I was about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around me, and I perceived, hanging out of the clouds, and barely within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this massy ring, which I grasped, was by some magic power linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than, like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests, that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and, as I swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, every new burst of its fury threatened to shiver me, like a storm-sail, to atoms!

Nor was even this the worst; — for, still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and then, round and round, like a stone-shot in a sling, continued to be whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos, till my brain grew dizzy, my recollection became confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose rotations Eternity alone can number!

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, at last, of loosing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated; — my whirl through the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me, till — happy as a shipwrecked mariner at the first touch of land — I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the fancy of poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur, — streams, shining out a intervals, in their shadowy course, — and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by mysterious windings, to green, spacious glades full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light, from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world — a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aërial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the painful trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance, than my weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she, whom I sought, might possibly be among them; and notwithstanding the awe, with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly, on the instant, to ascertain my hope. But in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning, beheld an aged man before me, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome!" — Then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courteousness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained! — Follow me, young Greek, to thy resting-place."

I obeyed in silence, — and the Priest, turning away from this scene of splendour, into a secluded path, where the light faded away, as we advanced, conducted me to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing silently to a bed of dried poppy-leaves, left me to repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH the sight of that splendid scene whose glories opened upon me, like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, reanimated my strength and spirit, yet, so completely was my whole frame subdued by fatigue, that, even had the form of the young Priestess herself then stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to reach her. No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in that deep and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the forefinger of his right hand pressed to his lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!" — and, pointing to the statue at the foot of the couch, said, — "Let the spell of that Spirit be upon thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same deity preside over Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, can arise!"

Little used to the language of dictation or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the Priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand. Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking, —

"Drink of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead who downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

"The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath; —

"All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot, as it never had been!"

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention; and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain: —

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav'n on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!"

Much as I had endeavoured to keep my philosophy on its guard, against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which my philosophy, as has been seen, had but little control. No sooner had the words, "thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. Instantly, however, recollecting myself, and fearing I had betrayed to others a weakness fit only for my own secret indulgence, with a smile of affected indifference I sunk back again on my couch, — while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words: —

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be."

Though the assurances of immortality contained in these verses would at any other moment — vain and visionary as I thought them — have sent my fancy wandering into reveries of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting this second cup, I again looked anxiously to the Hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. His assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grass-hopper, was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength; and it was not without a smile at my own reveries I reflected how much more welcome than even the young page's cup of immortality was the unpretending, but real, repast now set before me, consisting of fresh fruits from the Isle of Gardens in the Nile, the delicate flesh of the desert antelope, and wine from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla, which one of the pages fanned with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the Priest, that we should walk forth together and meditate among the scenes without. I had not forgotten the splendid Elysium that last night welcomed me, — those rich gardens, that soft, unearthly music and light, and, above all, those fair forms I had seen wandering about, — as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, among those bright groups, might possibly be found the young maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was leading me to the same Elysian scene, and that the form, so fit to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different, I found, was the region to which he now conducted me; — nor could the whole world have produced a scene more gloomy, or more strange. It had the appearance of a small, solitary valley, enclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, till they reached the very sky; — for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed and nearly lost, in its descent thus far, formed the melancholy daylight of this nether world.* Down the side of these rocky walls descended a cataract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a gleam of radiance rested, showing how brilliant and pure was the sunshine they had left behind. From thence, gradually growing darker and frequently broken, in its long descent, by alternate chasms and projections, the stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin mist — the phantom of what it had been on earth — into a small still lake that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.

Nothing was ever so bleak and saddening as the appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of the waters of Egypt were not wanting to it: the tall lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crimson flamingo floated over the tide. But they looked not the same as in the world above; — the flower

* "On s'était même avisé, depuis la première construction de ces demeures, de percer en plusieurs endroits jusqu'au haut les terres qui les couvroient; non pas à la vérité, pour tirer un jour qui n'auroit jamais été suffisant, mais pour recevoir un air salutaire, &c."—Sethos.

had exchanged its whiteness for a livid hue, and the wings of the bird hung heavy and colourless. Every thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the wailing cry of a heron among the sedges, and that din of the falling waters, in their midway struggle, above.

There was, indeed, an unearthly sadness in the whole scene, of which no heart, however light, could resist the influence. Perceiving how I was affected by it, "Such scenes," remarked the Priest, "suit best that solemn complexion of mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great Mystery of futurity. Behold," — and, in saying thus, he pointed to the opening over our heads, through which, though the sun had but just passed his meridian, I could perceive a star or two twinkling in the heavens, — "as from this gloomy depth we can see those fixed stars, which are invisible now to the dwellers upon the bright earth, even so, to the sad and self-humbled spirit, doth many a mystery of heaven reveal itself, of which they, who walk in the light of the proud world, know not!"

He now led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, beside which stood an image of that dark Deity, that God without a smile, who presides over the silent kingdom of the Dead.* The same livid and lifeless hue was upon his features, that seemed to hang over every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right hand, he pointed directly downwards, to denote that his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plantain — that favourite tree of the genii of Death — stood behind the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the Priest now seated himself, and made sign that I should take my place by his side.

After a long pause, as if of thought and preparation, — "Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou sustained the first trials of Initiation. What still remains, though of vital import to the soul, brings with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now proved and chastened thy mortal frame, by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air, the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit, — the cleansing of that inward and immortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception of the last luminous revealment, when the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great Secret of Secrets unfolded to thy view! — Towards this object, the primary and most important step is, instruction. What the three purifying elements thou hast passed through, have done for thy body, instruction will effect for —"

"But that lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting from my silence, having fallen, during his speech, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten him, myself, the Great Secret, every thing — but her.

Startled by this profane interruption, he cast a look of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is but too plain," said he, "that thoughts of the vain, upper world, and of its shadowy delights, still engross thee far too much, to allow the lessons of Truth to sink profitably into thy heart. A few hours of meditation amid this solemn scenery — of that wholesome meditation, which purifies, by saddening — may haply dispose thee to receive, with due feelings of reverence, the holy and imperishable knowledge that is in store for thee. With this hope I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye all the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Being now left to my own solitary thoughts, I had full leisure to reflect, with some degree of coolness, upon the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However prompt my imagination was to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever found that, when brought into contact with reality, it as suddenly cooled; — like those

* Osiris.

meteors, that appear to be stars, while in the air, but, the moment they touch earth, are extinguished. And such was the feeling of disenchantment that now succeeded to the wild dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion all vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, nor had imagination herself any wings that could carry beyond the grave.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that occupied me; — the imprudence of the step, on which I had ventured, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It appeared evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendours of Initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements, since my arrival, had been watchfully tracked; and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity and spirit of adventure which might well suggest to these wily priests the hope of inveigling an Epicurean into their superstitious toils.

I was well aware of their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief; — that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power. "How thoughtless, then," I felt, "to have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against their fraud and violence, and must either pretend to be the dupe of their impostures, or else submit to become the victim of their vengeance!" Of these alternatives, bitter as they were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. It was with a blush that I even looked back upon the mockeries I had already yielded to; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tutored and preached to by hypocrites I so much despised, appeared to me, in my present temper, a trial of patience, to which the flames and whirlwinds I had already encountered were but pastime.

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those rocky walls, to the bright sky that appeared to rest upon their summits, as, pacing round and round, through every part of the valley, I endeavoured to find some outlet from its gloomy precincts. But vain were all my endeavours; — that rocky barrier, which seemed to end but in heaven, interposed itself every where. Neither did the image of the young maiden, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she, perhaps, was an inhabitant of this region, if I could neither behold her smile, nor catch the sound of her voice, — if, while among preaching priests I wasted away my hours, her presence was, alas, diffusing its enchantment elsewhere.

At length exhausted, I lay down by the brink of the lake, and gave myself up to all the melancholy of my fancy. The pale semblance of daylight, which had hitherto glimmered around, grew, every moment, more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the cascade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent, had now dwindled into a ghostly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave such an expression to its mournful features as chilled my very soul.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave, — separated, for ever, from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had often, I knew, happened that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of; — being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the spirit by which I had been hitherto sustained died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and, soon after, the sound of the Priest's voice — more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be — brought the assurance that I was not yet, at least, wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and, addressing me in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those

divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so dark, that we were no longer able to discern each other's faces. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor that well accorded with the gloom around us: and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, if not with interest, to those sublime, but, alas, I thought, vain tenets, which, with all the warmth of a true believer, this Hierophant expounded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul, — of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of splendour and bliss, of which all that we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "Country of the Soul," — its boundary alone visible in that line of milky light, which separates it, as by a barrier of stars, from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! Home of the yet unfallen Spirit! — where, in the days of her first innocence, she wandered; ere yet her beauty was soiled by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had begun to wither away. Methinks I see," he cried, "at this moment, those fields of radiance, — I look back, through the mists of life, into that luminous world, where the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and there dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light, like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of glory and loveliness opened upon them, as took even my sceptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly fair groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; seeming, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, to form a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet appeared to glide along a field of light, they had also wings, of the most brilliant hue, which, like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, reflected, every moment, a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, began gradually to recede into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and becoming more bright, as it lessened; — till, at length, distant, to all appearance, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt Priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes, go, wander, in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dross with your divine nature, or allure you down earthward to that mortal fall by which spirits, no less bright and admirable, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb, — almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so much like those I worshipped upon earth, were inmates.

At length, the Priest, with a mournful sigh at the sad contrast he was about to draw between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed again his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it gradually from the first moment of earthward desire, to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the Spirit towards earth — the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven — the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent, and the Lethean cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot, — through all these gradations he traced mournfully her fall, to the last stage of darkness, when, wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature is changed, she no longer can rise above earth, nor can remember her former home, but by glimpses so vague, that, at length, mistaking for hope what is only recollection, she believes them to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once blessed Soul, — to clear away from around her the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings,* facilitate their return to Heaven, — such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our

* In the language of Plato, Hierocles, &c., to "restore to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in whose inmost depths the life and essence of our holy religion lie treasured. However sunk and changed and clouded may be the Spirit, yet as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is still hope that ——"

Here his voice was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes, heard, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley, — and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The feeble light, by which I saw her, came from a pale, moonlike meteor, which had gradually formed itself in the air as the music approached, and now shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own kingdom, gaze upon each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise directly out of the lake, and to come full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express;— and, as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me, that, with breathless anxiety, I now awaited the result.

Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position;—the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became every minute more transparent, and the features, one by one, gradually disclosed themselves. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, "It is she!" In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes!

To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse – but the arm of the Priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a glory round the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended into the air.

"Stay, beautiful vision, stay!" I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the Priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground, — the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not: — receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose track she seemed to follow, her form lessened away, till she was seen no more. Gazing, till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I suffered myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me to such repose as it was now possible, after such a scene, to enjoy.

CHAPTER X.

The apparition with which I had been blessed in that Valley of Visions — for so the place where I had witnessed these wonders was called — brought back to my heart all the hopes and fancies, in which during my descent from earth I had indulged. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious world; and that she must be, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my reverend teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration; — the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. For the sake, indeed, of such beings alone did I consider immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some kind chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable

me to address, as mortal woman, one who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now been tried; and, as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which I had proved myself, in the Valley of Visions, to be endowed, there remained now, to perfect my Initiation, but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Secret of Secrets was to be laid open to me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage, who had, from the first, presided over the ceremonies of my instruction; and who, to inspire me with due reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphis and the Pyramids stand, and form a counterpart under ground to that mighty city of temples upon earth.

He then descended with me, still lower, into those winding crypts, where lay the Seven Tables of stone, found by Hermes in the valley of Hebron. "On these tables," said he, "is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race,—the decrees of the stars form the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been

'*but* for this key,
Lost in the Universal Sea.'"

Returning to the region, from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines representing the various objects of adoration through Egypt, and thus furnishing to the Priest an occasion for explaining the mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms. Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes, with his refulgent star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolaters at Arsinoë, with costly gems in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum showed its silvery scales; while, there, the Isiac serpents trailed languidly over the altar, with that sort of movement which is thought most favourable to the aspirations of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that most gladly would I have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting all these various shrines, and hearing the reflections which they suggested, I was next led by my guide to the Great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling, in bright and undying colours, was delineated the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun among the spheres, he spoke of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness — of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and decline when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem and pledge of the reascent of the soul to heaven. Hence, the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies, — like those Mysteries of the Night, upon the Lake of Saïs, — in which they brood over his autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near; — nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a slight flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation approached, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that, during the greater part of the night, I should keep watch in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in utter darkness, — thus preparing myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a long line of marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly

scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe, — "Thou art now within the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the veils, that conceal her sacred image, are before thee!"

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought, which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and, above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and reascended the steps: — while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch I had now to look forward to was dreadful. Even danger itself, if in an active form, would have been far preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavoured to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the monotonous echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be a massive pillar, and, leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings, far different from those with which the good Hierophant had hoped to inspire me.

"Why," I again asked, "if these priests possess the secret of life, why are they themselves the victims of death? why sink into the grave with the cup of immortality in their hands? But no, safe boasters, the eternity they so lavishly promise is reserved for *another*, a future world — that ready resource of all priestly promises — that depository of the airy pledges of all creeds. Another world! — alas, where does it lie? or, what spirit hath ever come to say that Life is there?"

The conclusion at which, half sadly, half passionately, I arrived, was that, life being but a dream of the moment never to come again, every bliss so vaguely promised for hereafter ought to be secured by the wise man here. And, as no heaven I had ever heard of from these visionary priests opened half such certainty of happiness as that smile which I beheld last night, — "Let me," I exclaimed, impatiently, striking the massy pillar till it rung, "let me but make that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt's Twelve Temples can offer me!"

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a tremendous peal, like that of thunder, rolled over the Sanctuary, and seemed to shake its very walls. On every side, too, a succession of blue, vivid flashes pierced, like lances of light, through the gloom, revealing to me, at intervals, the mighty dome in which I stood, — its ceiling of azure, studded with stars, — its colossal columns, towering aloft, and those dark, awful veils, whose massy drapery hung from the roof to the floor, covering the rich glories of the Shrine beneath their folds.

So weary had I grown of my tedious watch, that this stormy and fitful illumination, during which the Sanctuary seemed to rock to its base, was by no means an unwelcome interruption of the monotonous trial my patience had to suffer. After a short interval, however, the flashes ceased; — the sounds died away, like exhausted thunder, through the abyss, and darkness and silence, like that of the grave, succeeded.

Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary, from which the promised irradiation was to burst, I now resolved to await the awful moment in patience. Resigned and almost immovable, I had remained thus, for nearly another hour, when suddenly, along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, as if from some brilliant object under them; — resembling that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the rich radiance from behind is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye, giving promise of a fulness of splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the scepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth, — that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming, — those visitants from the Land of Spirits in the mysterious valley, — all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention; and I saw, with an

intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil slowly raised. I now felt that the Great Secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind — so wholly had imagination now resumed her empire — that the splendid promise of my dream was on the very point of being realized!

With surprise, however, and, for the moment, with some disappointment, I perceived, that the massy corner of the Veil was but lifted sufficiently from the ground to allow a female figure to emerge from under it, — and then fell over its mystic splendours as utterly dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was raised, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features, that had already so often mocked me with their momentary charm, and seemed destined to haunt my fancy as unavailingly as even the fond, vain dream of Immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendour, and distrusting even my senses, when under the influence of an imagination so much excited, I had but just begun to question myself as to the reality of my impression, when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more, the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a riband gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that, for a moment, I hesitated, — fearing that my eyes might possibly have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, like a touch of magic, at once decided me. Without any further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble steps, by which the Priest had conducted me into the Sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and giving one more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning uselessly behind us, hastened onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that clue, was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER XI.

With such rapidity was I hurried along by my unseen guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time left for reflection upon the strangeness of the adventure in which I had embarked. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful rumours that had reached me, concerning the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, awakened a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide, as I had seen it in the small chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, I found my suspicions all vanish and felt shame at having harboured them but an instant.

In the mean while, our rapid course continued without any interruption, through windings even more capriciously intricate than any I yet had passed, and whose thick gloom seemed never to have been broken by a single glimmer of light. My unseen conductress was still at some distance before me, and the slight clue, to which I clung as if it were Destiny's own thread, was still kept, by her flying speed, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here;" and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which, obeying her command, I lost not a moment in placing myself, while the maiden, no less promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car, — which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent, — on being loosed from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an

eminence that succeeded, — from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Here, the maiden alighting again placed the riband in my hands, — and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way now led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the weary and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprized me that we were at last arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and, by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple, — having entered by a secret passage under the pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the young maiden, after closing again the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a single look towards me, to cast herself down upon her knees, with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if in thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable, evidently, to sustain herself in this position; — her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was myself, by the strange events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But, reminded, by my own feverish sensations, of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her, reclining, upon the steps, where the cool north-wind, then blowing freshly between the pillars, might play, with free draught, over her brow.

It was, indeed, — as I now saw, with certainty, — the same beautiful and mysterious girl, who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unaccountable circumstances, was my guide back again to the realms of day. I looked around to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur, as, could my eyes have been then attracted to any object but the pale form reclining at my side, might well have induced them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Moeris; and that sanctuary, where we had just emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of an ancient temple, which was (as I have since learned), in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake, itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendour such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave, told of times long fled and generations long swept away, before whose gigantic remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the Lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth; — its twelve Royal Palaces, representing the mansions of the Zodiac — its thundering portals and constellated halls, having left nothing now behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of acacia and olive around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air, in reanimating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected; — her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been, for some time, supported by my arm) against the base of one of the columns, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous. But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the water, one of those large hollowed leaves that serve as cups for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught towards the temple. It was not, however, without some difficulty that I succeeded at last in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky slip waste all its contents, and as often did I return impatiently to refill it.

During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and

consciousness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, was just rising from the steps, with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me, than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection, and half audibly uttering the words, "Where is he?" she made an effort, as I approached, to retreat into the Temple.

Already, however, I was by her side, and taking gently her hand in mine, as she turned away from me, asked, "Whom dost thou seek, fair Priestess?"—thus, for the first time, breaking the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have reassured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the Temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm, — "Where can he be? — that venerable Athenian, that philosopher, who ——"

"Here, here," I exclaimed, anxiously, interrupting her, — "behold him still by thy side, — the same, the very same, who saw thee steal from under the Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who now only waits his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service." As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, "Thou!" and then hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear to me, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the Temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought; while silent and watchful I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which proved to be prophetic, — that my destiny must, from thenceforth, be linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!" — clasping her hands, after she had thus spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time, with a look that would have taught Stoics themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy, at the thoughts of a voyage, under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailing one of those boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my fair charge; and without a word or look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb the innocent confidence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was now in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might clearly be traced over the Lake, as it went wakening up the waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the liveliness of the scene, there came, at intervals, on the breeze, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts, — so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile, — in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, adorned richly on the outside, with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up, within, for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness, — tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit of, — left her in solitude to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the state of ferment in which my thoughts had been so long kept appeared to render it hopeless. Throwing myself on the deck of the vessel, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague

day-dream, — sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house; — while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked all just freshly awakened; — and, most of all, the superb lotus, which, having risen along with the sun from the wave, was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now successively presented themselves, mingling with the vague reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept along the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days appeared to me one continued series of wonders, yet by far the most striking marvel of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart, - whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared any thing on earth to obtain its object, — was now resting sacredly within that small pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay calmly at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian height. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, having folded up her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank appeared to move more languidly, as the light fell upon their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion, — as if once more to assure myself that I was not already in a dream, but that the young Egyptian was really there, — I felt my eyes close as I gazed, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed, that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent Lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured out again, through the Nile, into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a south-easterly direction towards the Saïd; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of our reaching the river before nightfall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters, and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, into which these sounds had contributed to lull me, was broken; and the first object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess, — seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half turned towards me; and as she, once or twice, raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence, which she had inspired me with in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those

dim and unhallowed regions below. She was now looking, too, direct to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had, of course, long been schooled; and, now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly, it may be supposed, fail of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how different from each other may be the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded Priestess; - and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to bring our voices acquainted with each other, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation – the result of timidity on one side, and of a feeling altogether new, on the other – we were, at length, relieved, after an interval of estrangement, by the boatmen announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence; and the smile with which I congratulated her upon the speed of our voyage was responded to by another from her, so full of gratitude, that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river, for a draught of whose sweet flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies, when far away, on foreign thrones, have been known to sigh in the midst of their splendour. As our boat, with slackened sail, was gliding into the current, an inquiry from the boatmen, whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile, first reminded me of the ignorance in which I still remained, with respect to either the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Unfolding eagerly the volume with which I had seen her so much occupied, she took from between its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and after looking upon it thoughtfully for a few moments, placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine.

In the mean time, the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current, while, by a light which had been kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood examining the leaf that the Priestess had given me, — her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time wholly unable to form a conjecture as to their import. At length, however, I succeeded in discovering that they were the outlines, or map – traced slightly and unsteadily with a Memphian reed – of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in its immediate neighbourhood.

It was thither, I now saw clearly, that the young Priestess wished to pursue her course. Without further delay, therefore, I ordered the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind, and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed: the white sail again rose into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beamed in every feature of the fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had attended to her wishes was not unfelt by her. The moon had now risen; and though the current was against us, the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it, through the rich plains and groves of the Saïd.

The love with which this simple girl had inspired me, was, perhaps, from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her — not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the natural buoyancy of my spirit repressed. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fireworks, at intervals, into the air, apprized us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene

into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders, — large floating bazars, bearing each the name of its owner, emblazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt, — rich carpets of Memphis, and those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship — vases of the fragrant porcelain of On, — cups of that frail crystal, whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage, — enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.

While Commerce was thus displaying all her luxuries in one quarter, in every other, Pleasure swarmed, in her thousand shapes, over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river alone; as along the banks of the island and on the shores, there were seen illuminated mansions glittering through the trees, from whence sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute, were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out suddenly from time to time, as if in the very exuberance, of joy, these sallies of flame appeared to reach the sky, and there, breaking into a shower of sparkles, shed such a splendour around, as brightened even the white Arabian hills, — making them shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night, when the fire from his own bosom is playing around its snows.

The opportunity this mart afforded us, of providing ourselves with some less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, the strange mystic garb which I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had fortunately thrown round me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandelet shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from out a casket – which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure — a small jewel, to give in exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver, which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link between us (for such it now appeared to my imagination) called up again in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment; — and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would, but too plainly, have betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, having been accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dews, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis," fell refreshingly through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scarce stirred the shadow of the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of the acacias, as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was, altogether, such a night as only the climate of Egypt can boast, when the whole scene around lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity, which may be imagined to light the slumbers of those happy spirits, who are said to rest in the Valley of the Moon, on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile — each a mystery to the other — our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; — separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens, the other, a secluded Priestess of the Temples of Memphis; — and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love,

passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled still more our mutual reserve, but had supplied us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead on, without interruption, to others, — fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was, indeed, only by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to refrain from the full utterance of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was interested.

"How bright and happy," said I, — pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters, which was just then shining brilliantly over our heads, — "How bright and happy this world ought to be, if—as your Egyptian sages assert—yon pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star!" Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded — "To the study," I exclaimed, "for ages, of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which comes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death seems to reign in the repose of earth, there are yet those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky—"

Pausing, as I uttered the word "immortality," with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of my companion, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives — such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips, — "Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires, which —according to the custom of all who travel by night on the Nile — our boatmen had kindled, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavourad to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that, till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved — till the secret, with which my own bosom laboured, should be disclosed — it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken; — to lay open, at least my own heart, as far as such a revelation might be risked, without startling the timid innocence of my companion. Thus resolved, I resumed my seat, with more composure, by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, presented it with a trembling hand to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward towards the mirror, fell upon her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognised it to be hers, and her look of bashful, yet eager, inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, tardy in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid – my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel – my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me, – though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued or disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel, — of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living, — the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same ardour which, if shown at once, and without reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumbers are gradually broken by music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was even aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till startled by the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was a tone and manner, on both sides, that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted, that we found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile, so frankly cordial, with which she now met me, might have been taken for the greeting of a long mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelid that followed, give symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was, in some degree, by the confession which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse, not to feel some alarm at the prospect of returning to the theme. We were both, therefore, alike willing to suffer our attention to be diverted, by the variety of strange objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that both equally trembled to approach.

The river was now all full of motion and life. Every instant we met with boats descending the current, so wholly independent of aid from sail or oar, that the mariners sat idly upon the deck as they shot along, either singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. The greater number of these boats came laden with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colours, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon; while some of them brought cargoes of frankincense from the acacia-groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been, as we learned, to the Golden Mountains beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood, which is yearly washed down, by the Green Nile of Nubia, at the season of the floods.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, shot rapidly past us, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills; — while, now and then, we overtook one of those barges full of bees, that are sent at this season to colonise the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

For a short time, this constant variety of objects enabled us to divert so far our conversation as to keep it from lighting upon the one, sole subject, round which it constantly hovered. But the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it, a train of young maidens gracefully linked together in the dance by stems of the lotus held at arms' length between them. Their tresses were also wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in such profusion were its white flowers twisted round their waists and arms, that they might have been taken, as they lightly bounded along the bank, for Nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their bright gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred dance, the maiden turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted; — and accordingly I proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, to avail myself of the opening. Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the embarrassment of much questioning. She seemed even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me; and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavouring to note down some strain of unpremeditated music, with all those fugitive graces, those felicities of the moment, which no art can restore, as they first met the ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her short narrative several particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned; — while others, not less important, she but slightly passed over, from a fear of offending the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, not as she, herself, sketched it, but as it was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand, — far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHE.

"The mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the natural light of philosophy to illustrate the mysteries of faith, and was then only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world, when he found it minister usefully to the triumph of divine truth.

"Though he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was, throughout his whole life, held suspended over his head, and he had more than once shown himself ready to die for that faith which he lived but to uphold and adorn. On one of these occasions, his tormentors, having habited him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up into the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither and take the branch, not of an Idol Temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned Father in his studies, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures, he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in recording the dictates of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected, was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the Pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus devoted to a task, which they looked on as purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her employment brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was, at once, a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion, which, to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women, never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his female pupils was numerous; and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Heraïs, and others, bear honourable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora the feeling, with which his discourses inspired her, was like a new soul, — a consciousness of spiritual existence, never before felt. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text;

and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labours by the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was, therefore, at an end: her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Among other feelings love conduced not a little to wean her thoughts from the true religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry, in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died, — leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been, at all times, a favourite resource, to seek for employment in the service of some of those great temples by which so large a portion of the wealth and power of Egypt is absorbed. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that dignity and station, with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, we may take for granted, that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being elected one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume, which the pious Catechumen had given her, was still treasured with care; and, though she seldom opened its pages, there was always an idea of sanctity associated with it in her memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she had felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred volume, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling — what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt — that Christianity is the true and only religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, from the very peril with which, at that period, it was attended, as well as from the necessity she felt herself under of concealing from all those around her the precious light that had been thus kindled in her own heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution, which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the Temple; — though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive her this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the mean time her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors was to look after the flowers for the altar; — of others, to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in perfect polish, those silver images of the Moon which the priests carried in processions; while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe — the most honourable of these minor ministries — was to wait upon the sacred birds of the Moon, to feed them daily with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that

purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that ibis, which Alciphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the Temple, was, of all the sacred flock, her especial favourite, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded nowhere so sweetly as through these subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms, in which the entire charm and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition, against the infidelity and, still more, the new Faith that menaced it, was an increased prodigality of splendour and marvels in those Mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, multiplied throughout Europe, that the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and, in order still to rank as the first Priesthood in the world, it became necessary for those of Egypt to continue still the best impostors.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise, or labour execute,— every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the Priests, in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics, could command, — was brought into action to heighten the effect of their Mysteries, and give an air of enchantment to every thing connected with them.

"The final scene of beatification, — the Elysium, into which the Initiate was received, — formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies; and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure, and the imagination of the spiritualist, was the object to which the whole skill and attention of the Sacred College were devoted. By the influence of the Priests of Memphis over those of the other Temples they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include, within their ever-lighted Paradise, some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such appeals to the imagination. She had been, accordingly, in her very childhood, selected from among her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness, in those pictures of Elysium — those scenes of another world — by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she — when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps as a spirit of the Elysian world, — turn away, with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying that she already saw the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed upon it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions; — those feelings, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought after it, some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and reascent to the source of all spirit; — these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was generally their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted, within the precincts of the Sacred College, to some of the most favoured Priestesses. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform,

as far as she could venture, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in upon them, incline themselves to its rays.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, admiring that glorious assembly of stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven became at last the mirror of earth, reflecting back all its most earthly features.

"Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station on the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before, — when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed upon it, — on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially letting in light upon a mind far too ardent to rest satisfied with such glimmerings, she but bewildered the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart; — fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand and hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth and vigour of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had left only the baser passions behind, while age but brought with it a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing almost wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor had he failed either to discover that, in order to render religion subservient to his own interests, he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

"The state of remorse and misery in which the mind of Theora was constantly kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was, as yet, pure and innocent; but, without that sentinel of the soul, Religion, how long might she continue so?

"This thought at once decided her: all other fears vanished before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make this child, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed spot, to the far desert — to the mountains — to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch at another, so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply was the anxious mother now repaid for all her misery, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight, with which she saw her beloved child — like the young antelope, when first led by her dam to the well — drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered began to prey upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to Heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the desert would have found at least safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project; — and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She continued to conceal, however, her state from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though seeing the traces of disease upon her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the hastening footsteps of death, nor thought even of the

possibility of losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived; and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and painful moments, for the communication of all those wishes and instructions on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands, to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place, and, pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Saïd, to name, with her last breath, the venerable man, to whom, under Heaven, she looked for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time, to the dangers of her situation. Her only comfort was in visiting that monumental chapel where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely, and — however sad they were — happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill-suited to the slumber of a Christian saint, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem common alike to the Gentile and the Christian, — being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowed her perilous secret, and pronounced the words, 'I am a Christian,' among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object; and, in devising the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed, that she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these tasks — sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them — there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought with it a sense of wrong and degradation which she could no longer endure.

"Already had she formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, in which her acquaintance with all the windings of this mystic realm gave her confidence, when the reception of Alciphron, as an Initiate, took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcus, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, and the bold freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and awaked in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no other alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his spite, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the Priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to linger round the pyramid, but was observed to look often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird to his net, resolved not to suffer an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasms and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and vigilance awakened among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's purpose, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the important share which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philosopher down to this region,

she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation, and whom the priests, she could see, were endeavouring to insnare in their toils, by every art and lure with which their dark science had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher, such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not refrain from indulging. Often had she been told by Theora of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'infidel,' as he styled him, when instructing her in the scene she was to enact before the philosopher in the valley, but too plainly informed her of the destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for Initiation, who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdities which they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the venerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from the perils of this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene, in which she had appeared before Alciphron, — little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination, over which her beauty, at that moment, exercised its influence, — was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service, that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it, — well assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so odious and fearful as those which she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, refuse, her determination was equally fixed, — to trust to that God whose eye watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Moeris was her first great object; and there occurred fortunately, at this time, a mode of effecting her purpose, by which both the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be much diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping — as that island in the centre of the Lake is called — was now fast approaching; and Alethe knew that the self-moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed to the chambers under the Lake, stood then waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight, and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle, — having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, though too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love, — she went early, with a trembling step, to the Sanctuary, and there hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late; — already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding-place.

"In a few minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open, — when, at length, summoning all her courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in preparing this splendid mockery, she stole from under the Veil and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation; — she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent;' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself had felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendours on vacancy,

through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited, — unconscious that he, whom they were taking such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, far removed beyond the reach of their deceiving spells."

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the singular story, of which this innocent girl now gave me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words already crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame which consumed me, and to describe which, passion is far too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened and alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced,— the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated, — her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other, as on this silent river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her, — that of some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary, — the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind, — and the horror with which he might, ere long, teach her to regard the reprobate infidel on whom she now smiled, — in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates, as would dissever them, wide as earth from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards one so sacred arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence, — like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary, — and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I could indulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now — what hope, what prospect remained? My single chance of happiness lay in the hope, however delusive, of being able to divert her thoughts from the fatal project which she meditated; of weaning her, by persuasion and argument, from that austere faith, which I had before hated and now feared, and of attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever!

In the agitation of these thoughts, I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down, amid that blaze of light, into a sleep, which to my fevered brain seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking, I found the veil of Alethe laid carefully over my brow, while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously upon that leaf, which her mother had given her, and employed apparently in comparing its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the forms of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was

beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than on herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach which she expressed at having, for a single moment, suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she *had* forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and, could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence, I felt, was far too sacred to be deceived. Reluctant as I naturally was, to enter on an inquiry, which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinöe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which has borne, for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when all the rest of the birds take wing, and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine, rendered famous by this charm, — for such the multitude consider it, — there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city, now buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear, and are wholly lost under the sands.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineations on the leaf, — where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain, — that the abode of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was about to be consigned, was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind; and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it, on the preceding night; and, as the wind had been, ever since, blowing strongly from the north, and the sun was already sinking towards the horizon, we must be now, at least, a day's sail to the southward of the spot.

This discovery, I confess, filled my heart with a feeling of joy which I found it difficult to conceal. It seemed as if fortune was conspiring with love in my behalf, and, by thus delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me a chance at least of happiness. Her look and manner, too, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendour, under which I felt my own wink as though lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling then going on within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked down silently upon the deck; her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she now felt that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow, of course, in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, still, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to feelings of regard or tenderness, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty and wonders, which is ever ready to be awakened within the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of miracles, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and behold those mighty statues that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning answering to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts; there, to wander, among the sacred palm-groves of Philoe, or sit, at noon-tide hour, in these cool alcoves, which the waterfall of Syene shadows

under its arch. Oh, who is there that, with scenes of such loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining unseen and unenjoyed? At least," — I added, taking tenderly her hand in mine, — "let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then — "

She had heard but the last few words; — the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness into which, in despite of all my resolves, I had suffered my voice to soften, she looked for an instant with passionate earnestness into my face; — then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed, — "Tempt me not, in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh! take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever."

This appeal, I felt, could not be resisted, — even though my heart were to break for it. Having silently intimated my assent to her prayer, by a slight pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I proceeded immediately, as we were still in full career, for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In giving these directions, however, it, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighbourhood of Memphis, where it was probable the flight of the young Priestess would be most vigilantly tracked, we should run the risk of betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat; — and there was now a most favourable opportunity for taking precautions against this danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighbourhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation, by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, in every respect, suited to my purpose, — being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but, at the same time, so light and small as to be manageable by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current; — the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the shore, a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia, upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree: —

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower. *

II.

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!"

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether, in the new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even myself, — so bewildered were then my feelings, — determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around us.

* See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort which she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty,— while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with all that trusting gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land — its founts of inspiration and fields of glory — her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening, — it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened; — I waited in vain for an answer; and when half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this — feeble as was the hope it held out — was still a glimpse of happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the Land of Roses,* whose waters are half sweet, half bitter, I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain, — but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but lives, at this moment, freshly in my memory; — the broken star-light on the water; — the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream; — the scented fire, burning beside us upon the deck, and, then, that face, on which its light fell, revealing, at every moment, some new charm, — some blush or look, more beautiful than the last!

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else, in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and, bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water-flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think it of the young heart then beside me, — tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced; — the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now appeared like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy, — the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war they continued to wage upon the cant of all others, — it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from that calamity which to me was far worse than either shame or death, my separation from Alethe. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan — deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it — of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though

* The province of Arsinoe, now Fioum.

having fully before my eyes the labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our being still together. In this hope, all pride, all philosophy was forgotten, and every thing seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less recluctant feelings, that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain, in the neighbourhood of which the dwelling of the anchoret lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses, over the river's brink, and which, in some degree, corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked, — "Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?" — and he had hardly time to answer, as he pointed above us, "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this awful chasm, within some of whose dreary recesses (if we had rightly interpreted the leaf) the dwelling of the Solitary was to be found, our voices sunk at once into a low whisper, while Alethe turned round to me with a look of awe and eagerness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. Immediately checking, therefore, with my oars, the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation was immediate. While the water on one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved yielded sullenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence, so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!" — "How dismal!" — were almost the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a short distance before us, among the rocks upon which the moonlight fell, we perceived, on a ledge but little elevated above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which she is destined!" — A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I sat gazing, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," said she, "part for ever." I turned to her, as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed passionately, — "No! — the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight at these words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile, with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had, indeed, heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and — merciful Providence, how I remember that moment! — was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers, when, suddenly, in the air above us, as if it came direct from heaven, there burst forth a strain of choral music, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard; — the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, she had been taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and, at the very summit of the rock above us, saw a light, appearing to come from a small

opening or window, through which the sounds also, that had appeared to me so supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt, that we had now found — if not the dwelling of the anchoret — at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody, soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back; and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since we met. She seemed to feel that she had now reached her destined haven, and to hail, as the voice of heaven itself, those solemn sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I was very far from yet sympathizing. Impatient to learn all that awaited her as well as myself, I pushed our boat close to the base of the rock, so as to bring it directly under that lighted window on the summit, to find my way up to which was now my immediate object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of path, or stairway, cut rudely out of the rock, and leading, as I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden, and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which, human beings might find an entrance; while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the Sacred Birds which are seen ranged around Lake Moeris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor could perceive any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring around, I discovered behind the shade of a fig-tree a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe, whom I found trembling already at her short solitude; and having led her up the stairway to this quiet garden, left her lodged securely, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light on the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit; — there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock supplied, as before, the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach, therefore, being unheard, an opportunity was, for some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed once to have been a Pagan oratory, there was collected an assembly of about seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar; — while, among them, as if presiding over their ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with profound reverence, to her lips. The venerable countenance of the minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, wore an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drank of the cup, — which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it, — the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanius!" — "Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus

saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission," — at the same time, placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he recognised instantly, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind; and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few, — but contained, most probably, the last wishes of the dying Theora; for as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said, with a faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed,— being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak, to join in worshipping their God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the young maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Melanius was one of the first of those zealous Christians of Egypt, who, following the recent example of the hermit, Paul, bade farewell to all the comforts of social existence, and betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world, in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat where he could combine the advantage of solitude with those opportunities of being useful to his fellow-men, which a neighbourhood to their populous haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Misraim inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors, had, by hollowing out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, supplied these Christian anchorets with an ample choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottos of Elethya; — others, among the royal tombs of the Thebaïd. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat; while others have sought the neighbourhood of the red Lakes of Nitria, and there, like those Pagan solitaries of old, who fixed their dwelling among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, pass their whole lives in musing amidst the sterility of nature, and seem to find, in her desolation, peace.

It was on one of the mountains of the Saïd, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion, — having all the life and fertility of the Nile on one side, and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had long been forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and there, by the example of his innocent life, as well as by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood of the rich city, Antinoë, though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were ever among them, and, to all who sought after instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw, himself, he had always for the stranger a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the wayfaring and the indigent never went unrefreshed; and, with the

aid of some of his brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate, — fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was far too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that so promising a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before Theora's death, he had learned by a private communication from her, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that "not only had her own heart taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope, and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert."

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow; and the silence of their first meeting showed how painfully both remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world, — that the hand, which should have been then joined with theirs, was mouldering in the tomb. I now saw that not even religion was proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put the ringlets aside from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there was a mournfulness mingled with his piety, as he said, "Heaven rest her soul!" which showed how little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can reconcile us to the pain of having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these openings, as he addressed me, — "Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of fresh doum leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto. And here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and, having conveyed to her, while bending reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, I then, with a desponding spirit, hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber within, — the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottos of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked as fresh as if their colours were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called in, as usual, the presence of Death, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group — consisting of a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl, — were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,

> ——on one of those sweet nights
> When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
> Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream,—
> When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,
> And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
> Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by;— their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect

light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness; — but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times — of a sorrow, ancient as death itself, — was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone, — seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, with a volume unrolled before him, while a beautiful antelope lay sleeping at his feet. Struck forcibly by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles — its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, were the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher — my desire to become a Christian — all was already known to the zealous Anchoret, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. Oh, pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes meet his, while, with ingenuous trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I listened to the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without any link or meaning; nor could disguise but by the mockery of a reverent bow, at every pause, the total want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man saw my embarrassment; — and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have doubtless," he said, "heard of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who, from his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends hourly the blessed 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of *his* walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion; but, for me," he added with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate." Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been perusing into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, "conduct thee over my rocky kingdom, — that thou mayest see in what drear and barren places that 'sweet fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart throbbing, as mine did, at that moment, was like talking of some distant harbour to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look around for some sign of Alethe; — in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Consciousness of my own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in the mind of Melanius any suspicion that might tend to frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit and checked my tongue. In humble silence, therefore, I followed, while the cheerful old man, with slow, but firm step, ascended the rock, by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian Persecution was raging many Christians, as he told me, of the neighbourhood had taken refuge under his protection, in these grottos; and the small chapel upon the summit, where I had found his flock at prayer, was, in those awful times of suffering, their usual place of retreat where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

From the top of the rock, the view, on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the Anchoret, who now stood gazing from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes, between the living luxuriance of the world on one side, and the dead, pulseless repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us to the south, were the graceful colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, offered up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath us, the Nile,

> ——the glorious stream,
> That late between its banks was seen to glide,—
> With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
> Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain,—
> Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
> And valley, like a giant from his bed
> Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

From this scene, on one side of the mountain, we had but to turn round our eyes to the other, and it was as if Nature herself had become suddenly extinct; — a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation; — black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as barriers, at which life stopped; — while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the foot-prints, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels, as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening, while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he conducted me to another row of grottos, facing the desert, which had once, he said, been the abode of those brethren in Christ, who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world, — but which death had, within a few short months, rendered tenantless. A cross of red stone, and a few faded trees, were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave, which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. Beside the bank we found one of those rustic boats, which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling, as I have already mentioned, was situated upon a ledge of the rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, more cheerful than the grottos on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around, to which light only lent additional horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine; — that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands; — all gave to my mind the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in such a place seemed to me like a living death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I had been for the worst, my resolution gave way; — every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride, which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears.

Accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit, without appearing to take any notice of this emotion, proceeded to expatiate, with a cheerful air, on, what he called, the comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered from the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale, he said, the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own mountain-garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighbouring rock would supply my beverage; and "here," he continued, — lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought, — "here, my son, is that 'well of living waters,' in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace!" Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat, and after a few plashes of his oar had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence that reigned around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine! — but a few weeks since, presiding over that gay Festival of the Garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary in my train; and now, — self-humbled into a solitary outcast, — the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchoret, — without even the excuse of religious fanaticism, or any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humiliating waste of existence, I might purchase now and then a momentary glimpse of Alethe, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live — and live thus — *without* her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue, which he so frequently wears, in this climate, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world, — and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so large a portion of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the encroaching grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the hue of the gray sands over which he fluttered. "Why (thought I) may not the mind, like this bird, partake of the colour of the desert, and sympathize in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?" — thus vainly endeavouring, between despondence and defiance, to encounter with some degree of fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of peace, but rather the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yielded to despair.

Seating myself on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all in vain — it was still before me, with every additional horror that fancy could suggest; and when, again looking forth, I saw the last red ray of the sun, shooting across the melancholy and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light of that comet which once desolated this world, and thus luridly shone out over the ruin that it had made!

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had fled from my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber all as lonely as I had left it. The light I had seen came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius had brought, and upon the open leaves — oh, joy and surprise — lay the well-known cross of Alethe!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me? — The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my rude cave at once brightened into a bower. She had here reminded me, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock; and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone could I fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was — "The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore!" Startled by those words, in which it appeared to me as if the Spirit of my dream had again pronounced his assuring prediction, I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether the sounds had any charm or spell, to reawaken that faded illusion in my soul. But, no — the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and, to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was, "Death!"

Impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, upon which — whatever it might promise for hereafter — I felt that all my happiness

here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favourite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonising refinement of Philo; — as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was my mind prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration, — the poetry, in short, of heaven, that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book, — its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves; — and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had passed before me, and, when awakened at dawn by the solemn Hymn from the chapel, imagined that I was still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had ceased; — I caught only the last notes of the Hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the frequent distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the distant, half-seen grottos of the Anchoret, continued my task with unabating perseverance through the day. Still alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I read, of its claims to authority, as a history, I never paused to consider. My fancy alone being interested by it, to fancy I referred all that it contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of oriental allegories, in which the deep melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich and sensual imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the venerable Hermit, on his way, across the canal, to my cave. Though he was accompanied only by his graceful antelope, which came snuffing the wild air of the desert, as if scenting its home, I felt his visit, even thus, to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain, — of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock, from which he nightly drew his most precious beverage. While he spoke, I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups, in which it is the custom of the inhabitants of the wilderness to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he proceeded to lead me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the dews of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had advanced in my study, — "In yonder light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset, — "in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; upon whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has renewed from time to time, his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of divine power, chastening the strong and proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that great and vital truth, — the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being, — that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race, — that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, surrounding every step of their course with

miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositaries of his will, and the ever-during memorials of his power.

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice, he traced,* throughout the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence — darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven; — the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark along a chain; — the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn; — "through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanius left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me, — with a benevolence which I but ill, alas! deserved, — that my soul might, under these lessons, be "as a watered garden," and, ere long "bear fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the awakening task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond; the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it?"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion, — again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this wondrous book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception — thought I, with a sigh — be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself; — in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery, — that fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my imagination and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet had predicted, seemed all of this world, — all temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," a feeling, like the wind of the desert came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, every thing most bright and worshipped upon earth, appeared sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had thus called up, I laid my head upon the book, in a paroxysm of despair. Death, in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the Anchoret standing by my side; — his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope, beyond this earth, alone can bestow. How I did envy him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain, — the gloom within my own mind making every thing around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I proceeded to make, at once, an avowal to him of all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan; — its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thy mind. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, which, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy" realized; — when the

* In the original, the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

silence, that lay, as a seal, on the future, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!"

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it, — the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God, inferior only, to the one, self-existent, Father; — the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger; — the miracles that authenticated his divine mission; — the example of obedience to God and love to man, which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever; — and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence, — the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!"

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been hitherto studying, was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not doubt to whose gentle and guardian hand I was indebted for this invisible watchfulness over my studies, there was yet a something in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it struck me with awe; — and never more than at this moment, when, on approaching the volume, I saw, as the light glistened over its silver letters, that it was the very Book of Life of which the Hermit had spoken!

The midnight hymn of the Christians had sounded through the valley, before I had yet raised my eyes from that sacred volume; and the second hour of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence I had now passed some days; — my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The perseverance with which I inquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold, and barren, and earthly was that knowledge, — the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even when, as a relief from hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope crumbled at the touch, — like the fruit of the desert-shrub, shining and empty!

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded, by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher, Justin, who, during a walk by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illumination of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During all this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe; — nor could my patience have endured through so long a privation, had not those mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every night on my return, made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my inquiry, there was a smile, I thought, of promise upon his countenance, which love, far more alive than faith, was ready to interpret as it desired.

At length, — it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when

I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day, — I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks; and looking up, saw, upon the cliff near the deserted grottos, Melanius and — oh! I *could not* doubt — my Alethe by his side.

Though I had never, since the first night of my return from the desert, ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her again made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed directly towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the mutual delight with which we again met was impossible; — nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, as little could her frank nature conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, every word, bespoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to respond.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned every thing that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage, — the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard affections so natural, with severity, — knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man, — the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, fully satisfied, as to the honour and purity of my views, by the fidelity with which I had delivered up my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey any idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared that he awaited but the moment, when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, holy. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith; — and the white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger, "were symbols," he added, "of that New Life into which she had been initiated."

I raised my eyes to hers as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes call the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I could find no other relief to my overcharged feelings, than that of throwing myself on my knees, and, for the first time in my life, uttering a prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my darkened soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to it!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile left, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles together, by star-light, over the mountain; — our pauses, from time to time, to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that appeared minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher; - all, all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold, lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which had looked but lately so desolate, in my eyes,

now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them; — sometimes her eyes sparkled on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share, — mingling with them occasionally the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is Love," written legibly every where.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh, mornings of hope, oh, nights of happiness, with what melancholy pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I used occasionally to pay a visit to the neigbouring city, Antinoë, which, as the capital of the Thebaïd, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Fgypt. But here, so changed was my every feeling by the all-absorbing passion which now possessed me, that I sauntered, uninterested and unamused by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that were called up, at every step, by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart — one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honours that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches of triumph; — I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade; — I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-coloured pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured; — on all these bright ornaments of glory and art, as well as on the gay multitude that enlivened them, I looked with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that, one day, like Thebes and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins, — like the sea-shells found where the ocean has been, — to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!

But, though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects, once alien to my heart, on which it was now most tremblingly alive; and some rumours which had reached me, in one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, filled my mind with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

The peace and even favour which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Praetorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and had long made himself notorious, — so akin is superstition to intolerance, — by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favour of Valerian, the new measures of severity against the Christians, were expected to emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, every where, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumour was discussed, according as they desired or dreaded its truth, — according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He listened to me with a composure, which I mistook, alas! for confidence in his own security; and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Alethe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never did brow wear such happiness as that which now played around hers: — it was, alas! *not* of this earth. Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine — in the performance, too, of a ceremony

that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy — saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment, the act of plighting our faith to each other, which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that calm, sunset heaven, whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the Hermit upon our sponsal pledge, I placed the ring — the earnest of our future union — on her finger; and, in the blush, with which she surrendered to me her whole heart at that instant, forgot every thing but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon — more like the daylight, indeed, of other climes, — that we could see plainly the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, "I have observed in the course of my walks, that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears, there is, almost always, the foot-print of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though, when Alethe was present, all my fears even for herself, were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone, than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I try to reason myself out of my fears, by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances, — on the reverence with which Melanius was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate cecurity with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottos to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet when I at length sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me; and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned, — that dreadful day. Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat, — the same in which we had performed our happy voyage, — and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it, — great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two statues, — one of Apollo, the other of Osiris, — stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judgment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Cristians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene; — the consternation, the cries of some of the victims, — the pale, silent resolution of others; — the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude, when the dropping of the frankincense on the altar, proclaimed some denier of Christ; and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous Confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames; — never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt and fancied enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe appear to flit before me through that tumult; — I heard them shout her name; — her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so palsied me with terror, that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that — perhaps, at this very instant — some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the Grottos, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river, — already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe, — when a Centurion stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger, — that I was an Athenian, — that I was — *not* a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me at once to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the Tribune of their Legion, * — my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made but more likely to be realized. All I could collect, too, from the conversations of those around me but added to the agonizing apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighbourhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Orcus, — Orcus, the High Priest of Memphis, — as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antinoë, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance; — till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognised a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visiters of the Garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies; — he was proceeding with all cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and, in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the Grottos before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found every where as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew, with the speed of wind, along the waters; and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people; and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes, the current brought us together; — and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe herself and the Hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel; — but the shock, and the faintness from my wound, deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sunk, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died! — Yet, no, Almighty Being — I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know Thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me; and, starting wildly — disabled as I was — from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antinoë. From him I now learned at once, — for I could not wait for details, — the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more, — Alethe, still alive, but in prison!

"Take me to her," — I had but time to say, — "take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side," — when, nature again failing under such shocks,

* A rank, resembling that of Colonel.

I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over, — but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at nightfall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods. — "Otherwise," said he, "there is no hope; — the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey."

He then related to me, at my own request, — though every word was torture, — all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, "in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermit endured torments — which it was hardly less torment to witness — surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!"

My poor Alethe, too, — in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the Tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features; — and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her own doom, in the words, 'I am a Christian!' sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions."

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which she had, so fatally to his views, assisted mine, he demanded loudly and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was granted to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluctance, to this respite, the inhuman Priest would yet accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral, * with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom; — "and, thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

With these harrowing details the short interval till nightfall, — every minute of which seemed an age, — was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter, — my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance, — and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch, — at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha that hung from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it, — one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

She now, slowly, and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch, on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her

* "Une de ces couronnes de grain de corail, dont les vierges martyres ornoient leurs cheveux en allant à la mort." *Les Martyrs.*

forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me, — and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe!" I cried, — terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,— and, as if the sound of my voice had reanimated her, she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot entirely the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the warmth, the affection, the devotedness, with which she spoke, — how, at any other moment, I would have blessed, have lingered upon every word!

But the time flew fast — that dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer, — the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice — by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and — but for once — comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke, — but with a look more of sorrow than reproach, — "What, thou, too!" she said mournfully, — "thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same light had entered as into my own! No, never be thou leagued with them who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not, I entreat thee, thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded, — die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard together on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us — when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it; — shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued, — pointing to the two rings on her finger, — "behold these pledges, — they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven, — nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul — I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou, — and my dear mother, — and I ——"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; — and there came a darkness over all her features, a livid darkness, — like the approach of death, — that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips, — "Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me, — not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, to which they will hardly find an equal, — could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee, without ——"

Here, her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and — merciful God, let me forget what I then felt, — I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; — but the Tribune came rushing into my chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was — oh, horrible cruelty! — a compound of the most deadly poison, — the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath, — but it would not come away — it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away; — there came sud-

denly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover there is, in the handwriting of a much later period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology: —

"Alciphron, — an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict, he died at the Brass Mines of Palestine, A. D. 297. —

"As Alciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who, among other charges, accuse him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this calumny, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance, recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck."

NOTES.

Page 4. — For the importance attached to dreams by the ancients, see *Jortin*, Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 90.

Page 5. — "*The Pillar of Pillars*" — more properly, perhaps, "the Column of the Pillars," v. *Abdallatif*, Relation de l'Egypte, and the notes of *M. de Sacy*. The great portico round this column (formerly designated Pompey's, but now known to have been erected in honour of Diocleslan) was still standing, M. de Sacy says, in the time of Saladin. v. *Lord Valentia's Travels*.

Page 6. — Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alexandria in his time, which was, I believe, as late as the end of the fourth century: — "Ne nunc quidem in eadem urbe Doctrinae variae silent, non apud nos exarult Musica nec Harmonia conticuit." Lib. 22.

Page 6. — From the character of the features of the Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describing the Egyptians as *μελαγχροες και ουλοτριχες*, Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is contradicted by a host of authorities. See *Castera's* notes upon *Browne's Travels*, for the result of Blumenbach's dissection of a variety of mummies. Denon, speaking of the character of the heads represented in the ancient sculpture and painting of Egypt says, "Celle des femmes ressemble encore à la figure des jolies femmes d'aujourd'hui: de la rondeur, de la volupté, le nez petit, les yeux longs, peu ouverts," &c. &c. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, "que leurs cheveux étoient longs et lisses, que le caractère de tête de la plupart tenoit du beau style." — "Je rapportai," he adds, 'une tête de vieille femme qui étoit aussi belle que celles de Michel-Ange, et leur ressembloit beaucoup."

In a "*Description générale de Thèbes*," by *Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers*, they say, "Toutes les sculptures Egyptiennes, depuis les plus grands colosses de Thèbes jusqu'aux plus petites idoles, ne rappellent en aucune manière les traits de la figure des nègres; outre que les têtes momies des catacombes de Thèbes présentent des profils droits." See also *M. Jomard's* "Description of Syene and the Cataracts," *Baron Larrey*, on the "conformation physique" of the Egyptians, &c. But the most satisfactory refutation of the opinion of Volney has been afforded within these few years, by *Doctor Granville*, who having been lucky enough to obtain possession of a perfect female mummy, has, by the dissection and admeasurement of its form, completely established the fact, that the ancient Egyptians were of the Caucasian race, not of the Ethiopian. See this gentleman's curious "*Essay on Egyptian Mummies*," read before the Royal Society, April 14, 1825.

De Pauw, the great depreciator of every thing Egyptian, has on the authority of a passage in Aelian, presumed to affix to the countrywomen of Cleopatra the stigma of complete and unredeemed ugliness. The following line of Euripides, however, is an answer to such charges: —

Νειλου μεν αιδε καλλιπαρθενοι ροαι.

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhodope, &c. we are told, on the authority of Manetho (as given by Zoega from Georgius Syncellus), of a beautiful queen of Memphis, Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, who in addition to other charms and perfections, was (rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) *ξανθη την χροιαν*.

See, for a tribute to the beauty of the Egyptian women, Montesquieu's Temple de Gnide.

Page 8. — "*Among beds of lotus-flowers.*" — v. *Strabo*.

Ib. — "*Read those sublime words on the Temple of Neïtha.*" — *Το δ' εν Σαις της Αθηνας ην και Ισιν νομιζουσιν, ιδος, επιγραφην εχει τοιαυτην, Εγω ειμι παν το γεγονος, και ον και εσομενον, και τον εμον πεπλον ουδεις πω απεκαλυψεν. Plutarch de Isid. et Osir.*

Ib. — "*Wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis.*" — De-là, en remontant toujours le Nil, on trouve à deux cent cinquante pas, ou environ de la Matarée, les traces de l'ancienne Héliopolis, ou Ville de Soleil, à qui ce lieu étoit particulièrement consacré. C'est pour cette raison qu'on l'appelloit encore l'Oeil, ou la Fontaine du Soleil. *Maillet*.

Page 8 — "*Isle of the Golden Venus.*"—"On trouve une île appelée Venus-Dorée, ou le champ d'or, avant de remonter jusqu'à Memphis." *Voyages de Pythagore.*

Ib. — For an account of the Table of Emerald, v. *Lettres sur l'Origine des Dieux d'Egypte. De Pauw* supposes it to be a modern fiction of the Arabs. Many writers have fancied that the art of making gold was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of Egyptian theology. "La science Hermétique," says the Benedictine, Pernetz, "l'art sacerdotal, étoit la source de toutes les richesses des Rois d'Egypte, et l'objet de ces mystères si cachés sous le voile de leur prétendue Religion." *Fables Egyptiennes.* The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to relate to the same art. See *Mutus Liber, Rupellae.*

Page 9. — "By reflecting the sun's rays," says *Clarke,* speaking of the Pyramids, "they appeared white as snow."

Ib. — For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians. v. *Jablonski,* lib. 3. cap. 4.

Page 10. — "*The light coracle,*" *&c.* — v. *Amailhon,* "*Histoire de la Navigation et du Commerce des Egyptiens sous les Ptolemées.*" See also, for a description of the various kinds of boats used on the Nile, *Maillet,* tom. i. p. 98.

Ib.. — v. *Maurice,* Appendix to "Ruins of Babylon." Another reason, he says, for their worship of the Ibis, "founded on their love of geometry, was (according to Plutarch) that the space between its legs, when parted asunder, as it walks, together with its beak, forms a complete equilateral triangle." From the examination of the embalmed birds, found in the Catacombs of Saccara, there seems to be no doubt that the Ibis was the same kind of bird as that described by Bruce, under the Arabian name of Abou Hannes.

Ib. — "*The golden blossoms of the bean-flower.*" — La fleur en est mille fois plus odoriférante que celles de nos fèves d'Europe, quoique leur parfum nous paroisse si agréable. Comme on en sème beaucoup dans les terres voisines, du Caire, du côté de l'occident, c'est quelque chose de charmant que l'air embaumé que l'on respire le soir sur les terrasses, quand le vent de l'ouest vient à souffler, et y apporte cette odeur admirable." *Maillet.*

Ib. — "*A Sistrum,*" *&c.* — "Isis est genius," says *Servius,* "Aegypti, qui per sistri motum, quod gerit in dextra, Nili accessus recessusque significat."

Page 11. — "*The ivy that encircled it,*" *&c.* — The ivy was consecrated to Osiris. v. *Diodor Sic.* I. 10.

Ib. — "*The small mirror.*" — "Quelques unes," says *Dupuis,* describing the processions of Isis, "portoient des miroirs attachés à leurs épaules, afin de multiplier et de porter dans tous les sens les images de la Déesse." *Origine des Cultus,* tom. viii. p. 547. A mirror, it appears, was also one of the emblems in the mysteries of Bacchus.

Ib. — "*There lies, to the north of Memphis,*" *&c.* — "Tout prouve que la territoire de Sakkarah étoit la Necropolis au sud de Memphis, et le faubourg opposé à celui-ci, où sont les pyramides de Gizeh, une autre Ville des Morts, qui terminoit Memphis au nord." *Denon.*

There is nothing known with certainty as to the site of Memphis, but it will be perceived that the description of its position given by the Epicurean corresponds, in almost every particular, with that which M. Maillet (the French consul, for many years, at Cairo) has, in his work on Egypt, left us. It must be always borne in mind, too, that of the distances between the respective places here mentioned, we have no longer any accurate means of judging.

Ib. — "*Looking out with the same face and features.*" — "Par-là non seulement on conservoit les corps d'une famille entière, mais en descendant dans ces lieux souterreins, où ils étoient déposés, on pouvoit se représenter en un instant tous ses ancêtres depuis plusieurs milliers d'années, tels à-peu-près qu'ils étoient de leur vivant." *Maillet.*

Ib. — "*Pyramid beyond Pyramid.*" — "Multas olim pyramidas fuisse e ruinis argutur." *Zoega.* — *Vansleb,* who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place.

See, on the subject of the lake to the northward of Memphis, *Shaw's Travels.* p. 302.

Page 13. — "*The Theban beetle.*" — "On voit en Egypte, après la retraite du Nil et la fécondation des terres, le limon couvert d'une multitude de scarabées. Un pareil phénomène a dû sembler aux Egyptiens le plus propre à peindre une nouvelle existence." *M. Jomard.* — Partly for the same reason, and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early Christians used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Bonus ille scarabaeus meus," says St. Augustine, "non eà tantum de causâ quod unigenitus, quod ipsemet sui auctor mortalium speciem induerit, sed quòd in hac nostrâ faece sese volutaverit et ex hac ipsâ nasci voluerit."

Ib. — "*Enshrined within a case of crystal.*" — "Les Egyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des caisses de verre." *De Pauw.* — He mentions, also, in another place, a sort of transparent substance, which the Ethiopians used for the same purpose, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks for glass.

Ib. — "*Among the emblems of death.*" — "Un prêtre, qui brise la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'envolent, sont les emblèmes de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du corps." *Denon.*

Theseus employs the same image in the Phaedra:—

Ορνις γαρ ὡς τις εκ χερων αφαντος ει
Πτηδημ' ες ἀδου πικρον ὁρμηθεισα μου.

Ib. — "The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early

period of ecclesiastical history; and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. 'The converted heathens,' says Socrates Scholasticus, 'explained the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come.'" *Clarke.*

Lipsius, therefore, is mistaken in supposing the Cross to have been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 6. c. 16.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was thus held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist were imitated in the mysterious ceremonies of Mithra. *Tertull. de Proscriptione Hereticorum.*

Zoega is of opinion that the Cross, said to have been for the first time found, on the destruction of the temple of Serapis, by the Christians, could not have been the crux ansata; as nothing is more common than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.

Page 13. — "*Stood shadowless.*" — It was an idea entertained among the ancients that the Pyramids were so constructed ("mecanicâ constructione," says *Ammianus Marcellinus*) as never to cast any shadow.

Page 14. — "*Rhodope.*" — From the story of Rhodope, *Zoega* thinks, "videntur Arabes ansam arripuisse ut in una ex pyramidibus, genii loco, habitare dicerent mulierem nudam insignis pulchritudinis quae aspecto suo homines insanire faciat." *De Usu Obeliscorum.* See also *L'Egypte de Murtadi par Vattier.*

Ib. — "*The Gates of Oblivion.*" — "Apud Memphim aeneas quasdam portas, quae Lethes et Cocyti (hoc est oblivionis et lamentationis) appellantur aderiri, gravem asperumque edentes sonum." *Zoega.*

Page 15. — "*A file of lifeless bodies.*" — See, for the custom of burying the dead upright ("post funus stantia busto corpora," as Statius describes it), Dr. Clarke's preface to the 2d section of his fifth volume. They used to insert precious stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux étoient formés d'émeraudes, de turquoises," *&c.* — v. *Masoudy*, quoted by *Quatremère.*

Ib. — "*The din with which the gates clashed together.*" — The following verses of Claudian are supposed to have been meant as a description of those imitations of the noise of earthquake and thunder which, by means of the Ceraunoscope, and other such contrivances, were practised in the shows of the Mysteries: —

> Jam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
> Sedibus, et claram dispergere culmina lucem,
> Adventum testata Dei. Jam magnus ab imis
> Auditur fremitus terris, templumque remugit
> Cecropium. *Rapt. Proserp.* lib. 1.

Ib. — "*It seemed as if every echo.*" — See, for the echoes in the pyramids, *Plutarch, de Placitis Philosoph.*

Page 16. — "*Pale phantom-like shapes.*" — "Ce moment heureux (de l'Autopsie) étoit preparé par des scènes effrayantes, par des alternatives de crainte et de joie, de lumière et de ténèbres, par la lueur des éclairs, par le bruit terrible de la foudre, qu'on imitoit, et par des apparitions de spectres, des illusions magiques, qui frappoient les yeux et les oreilles tout ensemble." *Dupuis.*

Page 17. — "*Serpents of fire.*" — "Ces considérations me portent à penser que, dans les mystères, ces phénomènes étoient beaucoup mieux exécutées, et sans comparaison plus terribles à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique qui est restée cachée, comme celle du feu Grégeois." *De Pauw.*

Ib. — "*The burning of the reed-beds of Ethiopia.*" — "Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans ces forêts de roseaux, qui répandent alors dans tout le pais une lumière aussi considérable que celle du jour même." *Maillet*, tom. 1. p. 63.

Ib. — "*The sound of torrents.*" — The Nile, *Pliny* tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

Ib. — "*I had given myself up.*" — "On exerçoit," says *Dupuis*, "les recipiendaires, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser, à la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jettoit et ce n'étoit qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisoit passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. v. *Recherches sur les Initiations, par Robin.*

Page 19. — "*The God of Silence and Light.*" — "Enfin Harpocrates représentoit aussi le Soleil. Il est vrai que c'étoit aussi le Dieu du Silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parcequ'on adoroit le Soleil avec un respectueux silence; et c'est de là qu'est venu le Sigé des Basilidiens, qui tiroient leur origine de l'Europe . . . . . Enfin Harpocrates étoit assis sur le lotus, qui est la plante du Soleil." *Hist. des Juifs.*

Ib. — For the two cups used in the mysteries, see *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. 9. c. 16.

Ib. — "*Osiris.*" — Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. "They believed," says Dr. Pritchard, "that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace." *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology.*

Ib. — "*To cool the lips of the dead.*" — "Frigidam illam aquam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum, expetitam." *Zoega.* — The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. 8. p. 651.

Ib. — "*The young cup-bearer on the other side.*" — "Enfin on disoit qu'il y avoit deux coupes, l'une en haut et l'autre en bas. Celui qui beuvoit le la coupe d'en

bus, avoit toujours soif, ses désirs s'augmentoient au lieu de s'éteindre, mais celui qui beuvoit de la coupe en haut étoit rempli et content. Cette première coupe étoit la connoissance de la nature, qui ne satisfait jamais pleinement ceux qui en sordent les mystères; et la seconde coupe, dans laquelle on devoit beire pour n'avoir jamais soif, étoit la connaissance des mystères du Ciel." *Hist. des Juifs*, liv. 9. chap. 16.

Page 20. — "*Grasshopper symbol of Initiation.*" — *Hor. Apoll.* — The grasshopper was also consecrated to the sun as being musical.

Ib. — "*Isle of Gardens.*" — The isle Antirrhodus, near Alexandria. *Maillet.*

Ib. — "*Vineyard at Anthylla.*" — v. *Athen. Deipnos.*

Page 21. — "*We can see those stars.*" — "On voyoit en plein jour par ces ouvertures les étoiles, et même quelques planètes en leur plus grande latitude septentrional; et les prêtres avoient bientôt profité de ce phénomène, pour observer à diverses heures la passage des étoiles." *Sèthos.* — *Strabo* mentions certain caves or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical observations, which lay in the Zelopolitan prefecture, beyond Heliopolis.

Ib. — "*That dark Deity.*" — *Serapis*, Sol Inferus. — Athenodorus, scriptor vetustus, apud Clementem Alexandrinum in *Protreptico*, ait "simulacra Serapidis conspicue esse colore coeruleo et nigricante." Macrobius, in verbis descriptis, § 6. Docet, nos apud Aegyptios "simulacra solis infera fingi colore coeruleo." *Jablonski.*

Ib. — "*A plantain.*" — This tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs. "Cui imminet musae folium, quod ab Iside infera gentisque et addictis manu geri solitum, umbram requiemque et auras frigidas subindigitare videtur." *Zoega.*

Page 23. — "*He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul,*" *&c.* — For a full account of the doctrines which are here represented as having been taught to the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries, the reader may consult *Dupuis*, *Pritchard's Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*, *&c. &c.* "L'on découvroit l'origine de l'âme, sa chute sur la terre, à travers les sphères et les élémens, et son retour au lieu de son origine . . . . . c'étoit ici la partie la plus métaphysique, et que ne pourroit guère entendre le commun des Initiés, mais dont on lui donnoit le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allégoriques." *Dupuis.*

Ib. — "*Those fields of radiance.*" — See *Beausobre*, lib. 3. c. 4, for the "terre bienheureuse et lumineuse," which the Manicheans supposed God to inhabit. Plato, too, speaks (in Phaed.) of a pure land lying in the pure sky (*την γην καθαραν εν καθαρῳ κεισθαι ουρανῳ*), the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life."

Ib. — "*As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light.*" — The power of producing a sudden and dazzling effusion of light, which was one of the arts employed by the contrivers of the ancient Mysteries, is thus described in a few words by Apuleius, who was himself admitted to witness the Isiac ceremonies at Corinth: — "Nocte mediâ vidi solem candido coruscantem lumine."

Ib. — "*Tracing it from the first moment of earthward desire.* — In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here (which I have since published in another form), illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels.

Ib. — "*Restoring her lost wings.*" — *Damascius*, in his Life of Isidorus, says, "Ex antiquissimis Philosophis Pythagoram et Platonem Isidorus ut Deos coluit, et *eorum animas alatas esse* dixit quas in locum supercoelestem inque campum veritatis et pratum elevatas, divinis putavit ideis pasci." *Apud Phot. Bibliothec.*

Page 24. — "*A pale moonlike meteor.*" — *Apuleius*, in describing the miraculous appearances exhibited in the mysteries, says, "Nocte mediâ vidi solem candido coruscantem lumine." *Metamorphos.* lib. 11.

Ib. — "*So entirely did the illusion of the scene,*" *&c.* — In tracing the early connexion of spectacles with the ceremonies of religion, *Voltaire* says, "Il y a bien plus; les véritables grandes tragédies, les représentations imposantes et terribles, étoient les mystères sacrés, qu'on célébroit dans les plus vastes temples du monde, en présence des seuls Initiés; c'étoit là que les habits, les décorations, les machines étoient propres au sujet; et le sujet étoit la vie présente et la vie future." *Des divers changemens arrivés à l'art tragique.*

To these scenic representations in the Egyptian mysteries, there is evidently an allusion in the vision of Ezekiel, where the Spirit shows him the abominations which the Israelites learned in Egypt: — "Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in *the chambers of his imagery!*'" Chap. 8.

Ib. — "*She mingled a draught divine.*" — The *της αθανασιας φαρμακον*, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, Isis prepared for her son Orus. — Lib. I.

Page 25. — "*The Seven Tables of stone.*" — "Bernard, Comte de la Marche Trévisane, instruit par la lecture des livres anciens, did, qu'Hermes trouva sept tables dans la vallée d'Hebron, sur lesquelles étoient gravés les principes des arts libéraux." *Fables Egyptiennes.* See *Jablonski de stelis Herm.*

Ib. — "*Beside the goat of Mendes.*" — For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see *De Pauw*, tom. 2.

Ib. — "*The crocodile with costly gems.*" — Herodotus (*Euterp.*) tells us that the people about Thebes and Lake Moeris, kept a number of tame crocodiles, which they worshipped, and dressed them out with gems and golden ornaments in their ears.

Page 25. — "*The Isiac serpents.*" — "On augureit bien de serpens Isiaques, lorsqu'ils goûtoient l'offrande et se traînoient lentement autour de l'autel." *De Pauw.*

Ib. — "*Hence, the festivals and hymns,*" *&c.* — For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in the spring, and in the autumn, see *Dupuis* and *Pritchard.*

Ib. — "*The Mysteries of the Night.*" — v. *Athenag. Leg. pro Christ.* p. 138.

Page 26. — "*A peal like that of thunder.*" — See, for some curious remarks on the mode of imitating thunder and lightning in the ancient mysteries, *De Pauw*, tom. 1. p. 323. The machine with which these effects were produced on the stage was called a ceraunoscope.

Page 27. — "*Windings capriciously intricate.*" — In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt, — the fifteen hundred chambers under the labyrinth — the subterranean stables of the Thebaïd, containing a thousand horses — the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, *&c. &c.* — the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "qui étoit avec nous, m'assura qu'étant entré autrefois dans le Labyrinthe, il avoit marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu'en un lieu où il y avoit une grande place environnée de plusieurs niches qui ressembloit à de petites boutiques, d'où l'on entroit dans d'autres allées et dans chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin." In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, "Ils me dirent même que ces souterrains étoient si profondes qu'il y en avoient qui alloient à trois journées de là, et qu'ils conduisoient dans un pays où l'on voyoit de beau jardins, qu'on y trouvoit de belles maisons," *&c. &c.*

See also in *M. Quatremère's Mémoires sur l'Egypte*, tom. 1. p. 142, an account of a subterranean reservoir, said to have been discovered at Kais, and of the expedition undertaken by a party of persons, in a long narrow boat, for the purpose of exploring it. "Leur voyage avoit été de six jours, dont les quatre premiers furent employés à pénétrer les bords; les deux autres à revenir au lieu d'où ils étoient partis. Pendant tout cet intervalle ils ne purent atteindre l'extrémité du bassin. L'émir Ala-eddin-Tamboga, gouverneur de Behnesa, écrivit ces détails au sultan, qui en fut extrêmement surpris."

Page 28. — "*The small island in the centre of Lake Moeris.*" — The position here given to Lake Moeris, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis to the south, corresponds exactly with the site assigned to it by Maillet: — "Memphis avoit encore à son midi un vaste reservoir, par où tout ce qui peut servir à la commodité et à l'agrément de la vie lui étoit voituré abondamment de toutes les parties de l'Egypte. Ce lac qui la terminoit de ce côté-là," *&c. &c.* Tom. 2. p. 7.

Ib. — "*Ruins rising blackly above the wave.*" — "On voit sur la rive orientale des antiquités qui sont presque entièrement sous les eaux." *Belzoni.*

Ib. — "*Its thundering portals.*" — "Quorundam aulem domorum (in Labyrintho) talis est situs, ut adaperientibus fores tonitruum intus terribile existat." *Pliny.*

Ib. — "*Leaves that serve as cups.*" — *Strabo.* According to the French translator of Strabo, it was the fruit of the *faba AEgyptiaca*, not the leaf, that was used for this purpose. "Le κιβωριον," he says, "devoit s'entendre de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Egyptiens se servoient comme d'un vase, imaginant que l'eau du Nil y devenoit délicieuse."

Page 29. — "*The fish of these waters,*" *&c.* — *Aelian*, lib. 6. 32.

Ib. — "*Pleasure-boats or yachts.*" — Called Thalameges, from the pavilion on the deck. v. *Strabo.*

Page 30. — "*Covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses.*" — As April is the season for gathering these roses (see *Malte-Brun's Economical Calendar*), the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

Ib. — "*The lizards upon the bank.*" — "L'or et l'azur brillent en bandes longitudinales sur leur corps entier, et leur queue est du plus beau bleu céleste." *Sonnini.*

Ib. — "*The canal through which we now sailed.*" — "Un Canal," says *Maillet*, "très profond et très large y voituroit les eaux du Nil."

Page 31. — "*For a draught of whose flood,*" *&c.* — "Anciennement on portoit les eaux du Nil jusqu'à des contrées fort éloignées, et surtout chez les princesses du sang des Ptolomées, mariées dans des familles étrangères." *De Pauw.*

The water thus conveyed to other lands was, as we may collect from Juvenal, chiefly intended for the use of the Temples of Isis, established in those countries.

> Si candida jusserit Io,
> Ibit ad Aegypti finem, calidaque petitas
> A Meroë portabit aquas, ut spargat in aedem
> Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ovili.
>
> *Sat.* vi.

Page 32. — "*Bearing each the name of its owner.*" — "Le nom du maître y étoit écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feu." *Maillet.*

Ib. — "*Cups of that frail crystal,*" — called Alassontes. For their brittleness *Martial* is an authority: —

> Tolle, puer, calices, tepidique toreumata Nili,
> Et mihi secura pocula trade manu.

"Sans parler ici des coupes d'un verre porté jusqu'à la pureté du crystal, ni de celles qu'on appelloit Alassontes, et qu'on suppose avoir représenté des figures dont les

couleurs changeoient suivant l'aspect sous lequel on les regardoit, à peu près comme ce qu'on nomme vulgairement *Gorge de pigeon, &c.*" *De Pauw.*

Page 32. — "*Bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.*"—The bean of the Glycyne, which is so beautiful as to be strung into necklaces and bracelets, is generally known by the name of the black bean of Abyssinia. *Niebuhr.*

Ib. — "*Sweet lotus-wood flute.*" — See *M. Villoteau on the musical instruments of the Egyptians.*

Ib. — "*Shine like the brow of Mount Atlas at night.*" — *Solinus* speaks of the snowy summit of Mount Atlas glittering with flames at night. In the account of the Periplus of Hanno, as well as in that of Eudoxus, we read that as those navigators were coasting this part of Africa, torrents of light were seen to fall on the sea.

Ib. — "*The tears of Isis.*" — "Per lacrymas, vero, Isidis intelligo effluvia quaedam Lunae, quibus tantam vim videntur tribuisse Aegypti." *Jablonski.* — He is of opinion that the superstition of the *Nucta*, or miraculous drop, is a relic of the veneration paid to the dews, as the tears of Isis.

Ib. — "*The rustling of the acacias,*" *&c.* — *Travels of Captain Mangles.*

Ib. — "*Supposed to rest in the valley of the moon.*" — *Plutarch. Dupuis,* tom. 10. The Manicheans held the same belief. See *Beausobre*, p. 565.

Ib. — "*Sothis, the fair star of the waters.*" — ὑδραγωγον is the epithet applied to this star by *Plutarch de Isid.*

Ib. — "*Was its birth-star.*" — Ἡ Σωθεως ανατολη γενεσεως καταρχουσα της εις τον κοσμον. *Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

Page 34. — "*Golden Mountains.*" — v. *Wilford on Egypt and the Nile*, Asiatic Researches.

Ib. — "*Sweet-smelling wood.*" — "À l'époque de la crue le Nil Vert charie les planches d'un bois qui a une odeur semblable à celle de l'encens." *Quatremère.*

Ib. — "*Barges full of bees.*" — *Maillet.*

Ib. — "*Such a profusion of the white flowers,*" *&c.* — "On les voit comme jadis cueiller dans les champs des tiges du lotus, signes du débordement et présages de l'abondance; ils s'enveloppent les bras et le corps avec les longues tiges fleuries, et parcourent les rues," *&c. Description des Tombeaux des Rois, par M. Costaz.*

Page 35. — "*While composing his Commentary on the Scriptures.*" — It was during the composition of his great critical work, the Hexapla, that Origen employed these female scribes.

Page 36. — "*That rich tapestry,*" *&c.*

> Non ego praetulerim Babylonica picta superbè
> Texta, Semiramiâ quae variantur acu. *Martial.*

Ib. — "*The duty of some of these young servitors.*" — De Pauw, who differs in opinion from those who supposed women to be eligible to the higher sacerdotal offices in Egypt, thus enumerates the tasks to which their superintendence was, as he thinks, confined:—"Les femmes n'ont pu tout au plus dans l'ordre secondaire, s'acquitter que de quelques emplois sans conséquence; comme de nourrir des scarabées, des musaraignes et d'autres petits animaux sacrés." Tom. 1. Sect. 2.

Page 40. — "*The Place of Weeping.*"—v. *Wilford, Asiatic Researches,* vol. 3. p. 340.

Page 42.—"*We had long since left this mountain behind.*"—The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says *Maillet*, "on pourroit aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes jusqu'à la mer." The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what *Belzoni* tells us: — "Nous ne mîmes cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employés dix-huit jours."

Ib. — "*Those mighty statues, that fling their shadows.*" — "Elles ont près de vingt mètres (61 pieds) d'élévation; et au lever du soleil, leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au loin sur la chaîne Libyenne." *Description générale de Thèbes, par Messrs. Jollois et Devilliers.*

Ib. — "*Those cool alcoves.*" — *Paul Lucas.*

Page 44.—"*Whose waters are half sweet, half bitter.*" — *Paul Lucas.*

Page 45.—"*Mountain of the Birds.*"—There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers, with respect to the site of this mountain, for which see *Quatremère*, tom. 1. art. *Amoua.*

Page 46. — "*The hand of labour had succeeded,*" *&c.* — The monks of Mount Sinai (*Shaw* says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.

Ib. — "*The image of a head.*" — There was usually, *Tertullian* tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.

Ib. — "*Kissed her forehead.*" — "We are rather disposed to infer," says the present *Bishop of Lincoln*, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that, at the con-

clusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."

Page 47. — "*Come thus secretly before daybreak.*"—It was among the accusations of *Celsus* against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately and contrary to law; and one of the speakers in the curious work of *Minucius Felix* calls the Christians "latebrosa et lucifugax natio."

Ib. — "*In the middle of the Seven Valleys.*" — See *Macrizy's* account of these valleys, given by *Quatremère*, tom. 1. p. 450.

Ib. — "*Red lakes of Nitria.*" — For a striking description of this region, see "*Rameses,*" a work which, though in general too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effects the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

Ib. — "*In the neighbourhood of Antinoë.*"— From the position assigned to Antinoë in this work, we should conclude that it extended much farther to the north, than the few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate, — so as to render the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds considerably less than what it appears to be at present.

Page 48. — "*When Isis, the pure star of lovers.*" — v. *Plutarch de Isid.*

Ib. — "*Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.*" — "Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est veluti utriusque connubium." *Jablonski.*

Page 49.—"*Of his walks a lion is the companion.*"—*M. Chateaubriand* has introduced Paul and his lion into the "*Martyrs,*" liv. 11.

Page 51.—"*A swallow,*" *&c.*— "Je vis dans le désert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le sable sur lequel elles lent." *Denon.*

Ib. — "*The comet that once desolated this world.*" — In alluding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the deluge, *M. Girard,* having remarked that the word Typhon means a deluge, adds, "On ne peut entendre par le tems du règne de Typhon que celui pendant lequel le déluge inonda la terre, tems pendant lequel on dût observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Egypte, et de l'Ethiopie, mais encore pour tous les peuples le présage funeste de leur destruction presque totale." *Description de la Vallée de l'Egarement.*

Ib. — "*In which the Spirit of my dream,*" *&c.* — "Many people," said *Origen,* "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night." On this *Jortin* remarks: — "Why should it be thought improbable that Pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress?"

Page 52. — "*One of those earthen cups.*"—*Palladius,* who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemaeus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks." *Bibliothec. Pat.* tom. 13.

Ib. — "*It was to preserve, he said,*" *&c.* — The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, in the first chapters of his eloquent work, the "Records of the Creation."

Page 53.—"*In vain did I seek the promise of immortality.*"—"It is impossible to deny," says Dr. Sumner, "that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal . . . . It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by acknowledging that he really acted under a divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose," — a much more candid and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavouring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or, still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty by explanation. v. "*On the Pentateuch.*" See also *Horne's Introduction, &c.* vol. i. p. 226.

Ib. — "*All are of the dust,*" *&c.* — While Voltaire, Volney, *&c.* refer to the Ecclesiastes, as abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, Mr. Des Voeux and others find in it strong proofs of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted; and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it, — namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner, — appears forced and gratuitous. v. *Dr. Hales's Analysis.*

Page 54. — "*The noblest and first-created,*" *&c.* — This opinion of the Hermit may be supposed to have been derived from his master, Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the exact doctrine of Origen on this subject. In the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he asserts that God the Father alone should be invoked, — which, says Bayle, is to "enchérir sur les Hérésies des Sociniens." Notwithstanding this, however, and some other indications of, what was afterwards called, Arianism, (such as the opinion of the divinity being received by *communication*, which *Milner* asserts to have been held by this Father,) Origen was one of the authorities quoted by Athanasius in support of his high doctrines of co-eternity and co-essentiality. What Priestley says is, perhaps, the best solution of these inconsistencies: — "Origen, as well as Clemens Alexandrinus, has been thought to favour the Arian principles; but he did it only in words, and not in ideas." — *Early Opinions, &c.* Whatever uncertainty, however, there may exist with respect to the opinion of Origen himself on this subject, there is no doubt that the doctrines of his immediate followers were, at least, Anti-Athanasian. "So many Bishops of Africa," says Priestley, "were, at this period (between the year 255 and 255), Unitarians, that Athanasius says, 'The Son of God' — meaning his divinity — 'was scarcely any longer preached in the churches.'"

Ib. — "*The restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness.*" — This benevolent doctrine — which not only goes far to solve the great problem of moral and

physical evil, but which would, if received more generally, tend to soften the spirit of uncharitableness, so fatally prevalent among Christian sects — was maintained by that great light of the early Church, Origen, and has not wanted supporters among more modern Theologians. That Tillotson was inclined to the opinion appears from his sermon preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton (the author of the work on the Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favour of this opinion, derived both from reason and the express language of Scripture, see *Dr. Southwood Smith's* very interesting work, "On the Divine Government." See also *Magee on Atonement*, where the doctrine of the advocates of Universal Restoration is thus briefly, and, I believe, fairly explained: — "Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this Being to be love, and from this infer, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures formed by such a Being will ever be made eternally miserable . . . . Since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness."

Page 54. — "*Glistened over its silver letters.*" — The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in silver letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the identical copy that belonged to Origen.

Ib. — "*Fruit of the desert-shrub.*" — v. *Hamilton's Aegyptiaca.*

Page 55.—"*The white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger.*"—See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism, *Ambros. de Myst.* — With respect to the ring, the Bishop of Lincoln says, in his work on Tertullian, "The natural inference from these words (*Tertull. de Pudicitiâ*) appears to be, that a ring used to be given in baptism; but I have found no other trace of such a custom."

Page 56. — "*Pebbles of jasper.*" — v. *Clarke.*

Ib. — "*Stunted marigold, &c.* — "Les *Mesembryanthemum nodiflorum* et *Zygophyllum coccineum*, plantes grasses des déserts, rejetées à cause de leur âcreté par les chameaux, les chèvres, et les gazelles." *M. Delile upon the plants of Egypt.*

Ib. — "*Antinoë.*" — v. *Savary* and *Quatremère.*

Page 57. — "*I have observed in my walks.*" — "Je remarquai avec une réflexion triste, qu'un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de ce joli et frêle individu."

Ib. — "*Some denier of Christ.*" — "Those Christians who sacrificed to idols to save themselves were called by various names, *Thurificati, Sacrificati, Mittentes, Negatores, &c.* Baronius mentions a bishop of this period (253), Marcellinus, who, yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw incense upon the altar. v. *Arnob. contra Gent.* lib. 7.

Page 59.—"*The clear voice with which,*" *&c.*—The merit of the confession "Christianus sum," or "Christiana sum," was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. *Eusebius* mentions the martyr Vetius as making it λαμπροτατη φωνη.

Page 60.—"*The band round the young Christian's brow.*"—We find poisonous crowns mentioned by *Pliny*, under the designation of "coronae ferales." *Paschalius*, too, gives the following account of these "deadly garlands," as he calls them: — "Sed mirum est tam salutare inventum humanam nequitiam reperisse, quomodo ad nefarios usus traducent. Nempe, repertae sunt nefandae coronae harum, quas dixi, tam salubrium per nomen quidem et speciem imitatrices, at re et effectu ferales, atque adeo capitis, cui imponuntur, interfectrices." *De Coronis.*

ALCIPHRON.

ALCIPHRON.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

Well may you wonder at my flight
  From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
  Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
  On evenings sweet as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
  Where all is found that all desire,
  And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
  That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
  That woo the traveller's lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away, —
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute, — but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
  Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
  We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
  And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
  How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
  Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
  There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
  And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
  Would else o'ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts! — nor let me grieve
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee — what I fear
Thou'lt gravely smile at — *why* I'm here.
Though through my life's short, sunny dream,
  I've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
  Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awaked a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
  Sad thoughts — I knew not whence or why —
  Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
  "How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange darkenings of my mind —
While nought but joy around me beam'd
  So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
  But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 'twas the thought
  How soon that scene, with all its play
  Of life and gladness must decay, —
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught —
Myself, — the crowd that mirth had brought
  Around me, — swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
  O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
  Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
  Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
  Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey —
But for this bitter — only this —
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night — the very last
That with my Garden friends I pass'd —
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth.
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
  In human hearts, was felt and known —
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew, —
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
  The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more —
  So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been —
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away —
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
  Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
  Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night — thou haply may'st forget
  Its loveliness — but 'twas a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
  Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
  'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon — like the Roman mother
  Among her living jewels — shone.
"Oh that from yonder orbs," I thought,
  "Pure and eternal as they are,
"There could to earth some power be brought,
"Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
  "To make man deathless as a star,
"And open to his vast desires
  "A course, as boundless and sublime
"As lies before those comet-fires,
  "That roam and burn throughout all time!"

While thoughts like these absorb'd my mind,
  That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
  As if to show how earthly 'tis,
Came lulling o'er me, and I laid
  My limbs at that fair statue's base —
That miracle, which Art hath made
  Of all the choice of Nature's grace —
To which so oft I've knelt and sworn,
  That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
  I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me, — and I seem'd
  To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
  One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
  From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
  Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully a smile
  Came o'er the wanness of his cheek —
"Go, and, beside the sacred Nile,
  "You'll find th' Eternal Life you seek."

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death upon his features grew —
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory — full of light;
While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
  Ev'n to the far horizon's line —
Along whose level I could see
  Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then freshly o'er them played
A vernal rainbow's rich cascade.
While music was heard every where,
Breathing, as 'twere itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heav'n still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendours broke,
That with the excess of light, I woke!

Such was my dream; — and, I confess,
  Though none of all our creedless school
Hath e'er believ'd, or reverenc'd less
  The fables of the priest-led fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,

Separate and pure, within us shrin'd,
Which is to live — ah hope too bright! —
For ever in yon fields of light; —
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
  Of Gods are on him, — as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal Gods were not too wise
  To let weak man disturb their rest! —
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
  And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
  In dreams like this — a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
  I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.

And who can tell, as we're combin'd
Of various atoms, — some refined,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars, — some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay, —
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
  And brightest atoms of our frame,
  Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest; —
Ev'n as their kindred stars, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
  Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
  And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought! — but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, have prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 'twas the words — thou'lt hear and smile —
  The words that phantom seem'd to speak —
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
  You'll find the Eternal Life you seek, —"
That, haunting me by night, by day,
  At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
  From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
  The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd — oh blessed thought! —
  May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell — when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
  Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
  Is worthy of the School and them; —
Still, all their own, — nor e'er forgets,
  Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
  The many meteor joys that *do*,
But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'Tis true, alas — the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights.
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those *I* seek
Come from the breathing shrines, where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honouring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,
And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead, —
The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name —
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.

And where — oh where's the heart that could withstand
Th' unnumbered witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to heighten, shades but to adorn;
And that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy; — where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.
Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks! — the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with out-stretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,

Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour —
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet.
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is played in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells, —
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes! — long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays —
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace — mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers —
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him†
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!

Yet are there times, — though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves away, —
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall
That Garden dream — that promise of a power,
O were there such! — to lengthen out life's hour
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening — bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world — when first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight — standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders — and I said

* Cleopatra.
† Apelles.

"Are things eternal only for the Dead?
"Is there for Man no hope — but this, which dooms
"His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
"But 'tis not so — earth, heaven, all nature shows
"He *may* become immortal, — *may* unclose
"The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
"Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!

"And who can say, among the written spells
"From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
"Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
"Some secret clue to immortality,
"Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
"Awake within us, never to expire!
"'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,[1] hid
"For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
"The Thrice-Great[2] did himself, engrave, of old,
"The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
"And why may not this mightier secret dwell
"Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
"But that those kings, who, by the written skill
"Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
"And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
"To build them domes that might oustand the world —
"Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
"The life of Gods with man, was also theirs —
"That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power
"Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
"And these, the giant homes they still possess,
"Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
"Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
"Even now they wander, with the few they love,
"Through subterranean gardens, by a light
"Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
"Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
"And hidden halls, that undermine this land?
Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go
"Through the dark windings of that realm below,
"Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God
"Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?"

Thus did I dream — wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that 'pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Ev'n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing — this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,
Sends up its annual rite[3] to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes; —
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian[4] grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but Love.
Thinks then, what bliss will be abroad to-night!

1 See Notes on the Epicurean.
2 The Hermes Trismegistus.
3 The great Festival of the Moon.
4 Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

Beside, that host of nymphs, who meet the sight
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies,
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines — to-night will be,
Soon as the Moon's white bark in heav'n we see,
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark! — from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon — farewell — farewell.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

There is some star — or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night —
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I've seen — oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth! —
That man — but, hold — hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim
Welcom'd from every breezg height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lit up all around them, say,
That never yet had Nature been
Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,
Or rival'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis, — still grand, though not the same
Unrival'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
And wear it bright through centuries —
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming still, awakes

To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west, where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or fair sphynx,
That stood in kingly courts, of old,
It seem'd as, mid the pomps that shone
Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should fall beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,
And, mid their idol's fullest beams,
The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind — from those
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
To sound of tambours and of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name; —
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there — as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd —
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bird,* whose plumes of black and white
Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad, and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled the flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

* The Ibis.

They seem'd all fair — but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly — so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell
  A charm about that unseen face —
A something, in the shade that fell
  Over that brow's imagin'd grace,
Which took me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And her alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit had moved there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light, — as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both, — there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With that mix'd burst of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
  Full o'er her features — oh 'twas then,
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,
  But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw — not Psyche's self, when first
  Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
  Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
  With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
  Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.
Never — tho' well thou know'st how much
  I've felt the sway of Beauty's star —
Never did her bright influence touch
  My soul into its depths so far;
And had that vision linger'd there
  One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful *who* I was and where,
  And, at her feet in worship thrown,
  Proffer'd my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
  As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
  Like some unearthly creatures, meant
  To live in that mix'd element
  Of light and song, the young maids went;
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow; — bands
  Of reverend chanters fill'd the aisle:
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands
  Motion'd me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs — but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for — throng'd the way.
Perplex'd, impatient, mid this crowd
Of faces, lights — the o'erwhelming cloud
Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire, — I stood,

Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
  A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
  Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 'twas vain — hour after hour,
  Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
  I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot, wilder'd, — in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the busy Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
  Have a proud City of their own,*
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread, —
Where many an ancient kingly head
  Slumbers, immortaliz'd in stone;
And where, through marble grots beneath,
  The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
  Lie in their painted coverings,
And on each new successive race,
  That visit their dim haunts below,
Look with the same unwithering face,
  They wore three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neigbourhood of death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves, —
Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
  Save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
  For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas tow'rd this place of death — in mood
  Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark —
I now across the shining flood
  Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
  Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought if thus to call
  Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possest —
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine,
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night —
If 'twas a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these — but often crost
By darker threads — my mind was lost,
Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead —
As if by some enchanter bid
  Suddenly from the wave to rise —
Pyramid over pyramid
  Tower in succession to the skies;

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

While one, aspiring, as if soon
  'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
  Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs
  And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
  Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumber'd lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
  Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
  Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple — now,
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane, —
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire;
And now — oh Darkness of the tomb,
  That must eclipse ev'n light like hers!
Cold, dead, and blackening mid the gloom
  Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
  From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
  From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
  A little gilded bark, that bore
Two female figures, closely veil'd
  And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed — and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess — to *thee* I may —
  That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
  From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which — let it find me how it might,
  In joy or grief — I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
  Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
  Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
  In the horizon, or some star —
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought —
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome — and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urged my bark,
  And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark

Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on — till in the shade
Of a small pyramid, which through
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,
They vanish'd instant from my view.
I hurried to the spot — no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal, — opening high
'Twixt peak and base — and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving moon, whose eye
Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself "Can aught
That man delights in sojourn here?" —
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear, —
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some aclove or cell, that ended.
The long, steep, marble corridor,
Through which I now, all hope, descended.
Never did Spartan to his bride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw —
Oh listen to the scene, now raised
Before my eyes — then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gazed.
'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' 'Universal Sea,' —
While on the roof was pictured bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings; —
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday.
While in relief, of silvery hue,
Graved on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare
  To the wild, mystic wonders round;
For there was yet *one* wonder there,
  That held me as by witchery bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its vivid beam, was at the head
Of her who on that altar slept;
  And near it stood, when first I came, —
Bending her brow, as if she kept
  Sad watch upon its silent flame —
A female form, as yet so plac'd
  Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline trac'd,
  The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart — I scarce knew why —
Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.

Nor long was it, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and, by the light
That touch'd her features, as she bent
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 'twas she — the same — the same —
  That lately stood before me — bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
  And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying —
  Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
  Build for us in a world to come: —
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips: — then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
  As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
  Their own pure orbits and the skies;
And, though her lips no motion made,
  And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit prayed
  Deeper within than words could reach.
Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
  To its own hue whate'er comes near;
And make even vagrant Passion burn
  With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er
My heart and brain, — whom gladly, even
  From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heaven,
  I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And risk'd all punishment, divine,
And human, but to make her mine; —
That maid was now before me, thrown
  By fate itself into my arms —
There standing, beautiful, alone,
  With nought to guard her, but her charms.
Yet did I — oh did ev'n a breath
  From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
  Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
  Held converse through undying love?
No — smile and taunt me as thou wilt —
  Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
  To win by stealth so pure a sight:
And rather than a look profane

Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heav'n-ward face,
Let my heart break, wihout one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.

Gently, as if on every tread,
My life, my more than life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this blest scene I now ascended,
And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
The marble hills of Araby,
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on — as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this entangling net —
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort — spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead;
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'Twas her light form again I saw
Starting to earth — still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas, — she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet — tho' still I watch — nor yet;
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, hath met
The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless! —
Nor yet she comes — while here, alone,
Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by —
How gay it was, when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favourite maids —
Some we had won, and some we sought —
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down, attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek Isles.

That time, too — oh, 'tis like a dream —
  When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung, as Genius of the Stream,
  And bore away that blooming bride,
Who thither came, to yield her charms
  (As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
  But met, and welcom'd mine, instead —

Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
  Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
  But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the reed replies
To the least breath that round it sighs —
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet, so it is — and the same thirst
  For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first,
  Made me drink deep of woman's love, —
As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here, —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall, —
Or bright, or dark — thou'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Wonders on wonders; sights that lie
  Where never sun gave flow'ret birth;
Bright marvels, hid from th' upper sky,
And myst'ries that are born and die
  Deep in the very heart of earth! —
All that the ancient Orpheus, led
  By courage that Love only gives,
Dar'd for a matchless idol, dead,
  I've seen and dar'd for one who lives.

Again the moon was up, and found
The echoes of my feet still round
The monuments of this lone place; —
  Or saw me, if awhile my lid
Yielded to sleep, stretch'd at the base
  Of that now precious Pyramid,
In slumber that the gentlest stir,
The stillest, air-like step of her,
Whom ev'n in sleep I watch'd, could chase.
And then, such various forms she seem'd
To wear before me, as I dream'd! —

Now, like Neïtha, on her throne
At Saïs, all reveal'd she shone,
With that dread veil thrown off her brow,
Which mortal never rais'd till now;*
Then, quickly chang'd, methought 'twas she
Of whom the Memphian boatman tells
Such wondrous tales — fair Rhodope,
The subterranean nymph, that dwells
Mid sunless gems and glories hid,
The lady of the Pyramid!

At length, from one of these short dreams
Starting — as if the subtile beams,
Then playing o'er my brow, had brought
Some sudden light into my thought —
Down for my boat-lamp to the shore,
Where still it palely burn'd, I went;
Resolv'd that night to try once more
The mystery of this monument.

Thus arm'd, I scarce had reach'd the gate,
When a loud screaming — like the cry
Of some wild creature to its mate
Came startling from the palm-grove nigh; —

Or, whether haply 'twas the creak
Of those Lethaean portals,† said
To give thus out a mournful shriek,
When oped at midnight for the dead.
What'er it was, the sound came o'er
My heart like ice, as through the door
Of the small Pyramid I went,
And down the same abrupt descent,
And through long windings, as before,
Reach'd the steep marble corridor.

Trembling I stole along — the light
In the lone chapel still burn'd on;
But she, for whom my soul and sight
Look'd with a thirst so keen, was gone, —
By some invisible path had fled
Into that gloom, leaving the Dead
To its own solitary rest,
Of all lone things the loneliest.

As still the cross, which she had kist,
Was lying on the crystal shrine,
I took it up, nor could resist
(Though the dead eyes, I thought, met mine)
Kissing it too, while, half ashamed
Of that mute presence, I exclaimed,
"Oh life to Come, if in thy sphere
Love, Woman's love, our heav'n could be,
Who would not ev'n forego it here,
To taste it there eternally?"
Hopeless, yet with unwilling pace,
Leaving the spot, I turn'd to trace
My pathway back, when, to the right,
I could perceive, by my lamp's light,
That the long corridor which, viewed
Through distance dim, had seem'd to end
Abruptly here, still on pursued
Its sinuous course, with snake-like bend
Mocking the eye, as down it wound
Still deeper through that dark profound.

* See, for the veil of Neïtha, the inscription upon her temple, as given by Plutarch, de Is. et Osir.

† The brazen portals at Memphis, mentioned by Zoega, called the Gates of Oblivion.

Again, my hopes were rais'd, and, fast
  As the dim lamp-light would allow,
Along that new-found path I past,
  Through countless turns; descending now
By narrow ducts, now, up again,
Mid columns, in whose date the chain
Of time is lost; and thence along
Cold halls, in which a sapless throng
Of Dead stood up, with glassy eye
Meeting my gaze, as I went by. —

Till, lost among these winding ways,
  Coil'd round and round, like serpents' folds,
I thought myself in that dim maze
  Down under Moeris' Lake, which holds
The hidden wealth of the Twelve Kings,
Save from all human visitings.
At length, the path clos'd suddenly;
  And, by my lamp, whose glimmering fell
Now faint and fainter, I could see
  Nought but the mouth of a huge well,
Gaping athwart my onward track, —
A reservoir of darkness, black
As witches' caldrons are, when filled
With moon-drugs in th' eclipse distill'd.
Leaning to look if foot might pass
Down through that chasm, I saw, beneath,
  As far as vision could explore,
The jetty sides all smooth as glass,
  Looking as if just varnish'd o'er
With that dark pitch the Sea of Death
  Throws out upon its slimy shore.

Doubting awhile, yet loth to leave
  Aught unexplor'd, the chasm I tried
With nearer search; and could perceive
  An iron step that from the side
Stood dimly out; while, lower still,
Another rangede, less visible,
But aptly plac'd, as if to aid
Th' adventurous foot, that dar'd the shade.
Though hardly I could deem that e'er
Weak woman's foot had ventured there,
Yet, urged along by the wild heat
That can do all things but retreat,
I placed my lamp, — which for such task
Was aptly shaped, like cap or casque
To fit the brow, — firm on my head,
  And down into the darkness went;
Still finding for my cautious tread
  New foot-hold in that deep descent,
Which see'md as tho' 'twould thus descend
In depth and darkness without end.
At length, this step-way ceas'd; in vain
I sought some hold, that would sustain
My down-stretch'd foot — the polish'd side,
Slippery and hard, all help denied:
Till, as I bow'd my lamp around,
  To let its now faint glimmer fall
On every side, with joy I found
  Just near me, in the shining wall,
A window (which had 'scap'd my view
In that half shadow) and sprung through.

'Twas downward still, but far less rude —
  By stairs that through the live rock wound
  In narrow spiral round and round,
Whose giddy sweep my foot pursued
Till, lo, before a gate I stood,
Which oped, I saw, into the same

Deep well, from whence but now I came.
The doors were iron, yet gave way
Lightly before me, as the spray
Of a young lime-tree, that receives
Some wandering bird among its leaves.
But, soon as I had passed, the din,
  Th' o'erwhelming din, with which again
They clash'd their folds, and closed me in,
  Was such as seldom sky or main,
Or heaving earth, or all, when met
  In angriest strife, e'er equalled yet.
It seem'd as if the ponderous sound
  Was by a thousand echoes hurl'd
From one to th' other, through the round
  Of this great subterranean world,
Till, far as from the catacombs
Of Alexandria to the Tombs
In ancient Thebes's Valley of Kings,
Rung its tremendous thunderings.

Yet could not ev'n this rude surprise,
  Which well might move far bolder men,
One instant turn my charmed eyes
  From the blest scene that hail'd them then.
As I had rightly deem'd, the place
Where now I stood was the well's base,
The bottom of the chasm; and bright
  Before me, through the massy bars
Of a huge gate, there came a light
  Soft, warm, and welcome, as the stars
Of his own South are to the sight
Of one, who, from his sunny home,
To the chill North had dar'd to roam.

And oh the scene, now opening through
  Those bars that all but sight denied! —
A long, fair alley, far as view
  Could reach away, along whose side
Went, lessening to the end, a row
  Of rich arcades, that, from between
Their glistening pillars, sent a glow
  Of countless lamps, burning unseen,
And that still air, as from a spring
Of hidden light, illumining.
While — soon as the wild echoes rous'd
From their deep haunts again were hous'd, —
I heard a strain of holy song
  Breathing from out the bright arcades
Into that silence — where, among
  The high sweet voices of young maids,
Which, like the small and heav'n-ward spire
  Of Christian temples, crown'd the choir,
I fancied, (such the fancy's sway)
  Though never yet my ear had caught
Sound from her lips — yet, in that lay
  So worthy of her looks, methought
That maiden's voice I heard, o'er all
  Most high and heavenly, — to my ear
Sounding distinctly, like the call
  Of a far spirit from its sphere.

But vain the call — that stubborn gate
  Like destiny, all force defied.
Anxious I look'd around — and, straight,
  An opening to the left descried,
Which, though like hell's own mouth it seem'd,
Yet led, as by its course I deem'd,
Parallel with those lighted ways,
That 'cross the alley pour'd their blaze.
Eager I stoop'd, this path to tread,

When, suddenly, the wall o'er-head
Grew with a fitful lustre bright,
Which, settling gradual on the sight
Into clear characters of light,
These words on its dark ground I read. —

"You, who would try
"This terrible track,
"To live, or to die,
"But ne'er to look back;

"You, who aspire
"To be purified there
"By the terrors of Fire
"And Water and Air;

"If danger and pain
"And death you despise —
"On — for again
"Into light you may rise, —

"Rise into light
"With that Secret Divine
"Now shrouded from sight
"By the Veils of the Shrine!

"But if ————"

The words here dimm'd away,
Till, lost in darkness, vague and dread,
Their very silence seem'd to say
Awfuller things than words e'er said.

"Am I then in the path," I cried,
"To the Great Mystery? shall I see,
"And touch, — perhaps, ev'n draw aside
"Those venerable veils, which hide
"The secret of Eternity!"
This thought at once reviv'd the zeal,
The thirst for Egypt's hidden lore
Which I had almost ceas'd to feel,
In the new dreams that won me o'er.
For now — oh happiness! — it seem'd
As if *both* hopes before me beam'd —
As if that spirit-nymph, whose tread
I trac'd down hither from above,
To more than one sweet treasure led —
Lighting me to the fountain-head
Of Knowledge by the star of Love.

Instant I enter'd — though the ray
Of my spent lamp was near its last, —
And quick through many a channel-way,
Ev'n ruder than the former, pass'd;
Till, just as sunk the farewell spark,
I spied before me, through the dark,
A paly fire, that moment raised,
Which still as I approached it, blazed
With stronger light, — till, as I came
More near, I saw my pathway led
Between two hedges of live flame, —
Trees all on fire, whose branches shed
A glow that, without noise or smoke,
Yet strong as from a furnace, broke;
While o'er the glaring ground between,
Where my sole, onward path was seen,
Hot iron bars, red as with ire,
Transversely lay — such as, they tell,
Compose that trellis-work of fire,
Through which the Doom'd look out in hell.

To linger there was to be lost—
  More and still more the burning trees
Clos'd o'er the path; and as I crost—
  With tremour both in heart and knees—
Fixing my foot where'er a space
'Twixt the red bars gave resting-place,
Above me, each quick burning tree,
Tamarind, Balm of Araby,
And Egypt's Thorn combined to spread
A roof of fire above my head.
Yet safe—or with but harmless scorch—
  I trod the flaming ordeal through;
And promptly seizing, as a torch
  To light me on to dangers new,
A fallen bough that kindling lay
Across the path, pursued my way.

Nor went I far before the sound
  Of downward torrents struck my ear;
And, by my torch's gleam, I found
That the dark space which yawn'd around,
  Was a wide cavern, far and near
Fill'd with dark waters, that went by
Turbid and quick, as if from high
They late had dash'd down furiously;
Or, awfuller, had yet that doom
Before them, in the untried gloom.
No pass appear'd on either side;
  And tho' my torch too feebly shone
To show what scowl'd beyond the tide,
  I saw but *one* way left me—on!
So, plunging in, with my right hand
  The current's rush I scarce withstood,
While, in my left, the failing brand
  Shook its last glimmer o'er the flood.
'Twas a long struggle—oft I thought,
That, in that whirl of waters caught,
I must have gone, too weak for strife,
  Down, headlong, at the cataract's will—
Sad fate for one, with heart and life
  And all youth's sunshine round him still!
But, ere my torch was wholly spent,
  I saw, — outstretching from the shade
Into those waters, as if meant
  To lend the drowning struggler aid—
  A slender, double balustrade,
With snow-white steps between, ascending
  From the grim surface of the stream,
Far up as eye could reach, and ending
  In darkness there, like a lost dream.
That glimpse—for 'twas no longer—gave
  New spirit to my strength; and now,
With both arms combating the wave,
  I rush'd on blindly, till my brow
Struck on that railway's lowest stair;
When, gathering courage from despair,
I made one bold and fearful bound,
And on the step firm footing found.

But short that hope—for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach
The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust;
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,
  Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,
  And shuddering feels that one give way!
And still I upward went—with nought
  Beneath me but that depth of shade,

And the dark flood, from whence I caught
  Each sound the falling fragments made.
Was it not fearful?—still more frail
  At every step crash'd the light stair,
While, as I mounted, ev'n the rail
  That up into that murky air
Was my sole guide, began to fail!—
When, stretching forth an anxious hand,
Just as, beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
  I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung;
  And grasping it, as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
  Were link'd with all the winds in heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
  My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seem'd to hang
Amidst an elemental war,
  In which wing'd tempests—of all kinds
And strengths that winter's stormy star
  Lights through the Temple of the Winds
In our own Athens—battled round,
Deafening me with chaotic sound.
Nor this the worst—for, holding still
  With hands unmov'd, though shrinking oft,
I found myself, at the wild will
  Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Swept, like a stone-shot in a sling!
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun,—
  So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—
To think my limbs were chained upon
  That wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
  Hot, withering winds that never slumber;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
  Eternity alone can number!
And yet, ev'n then—while worse than Fear
  Hath ever dreamt seem'd hovering near,
Had voice but ask'd me, "is not this
  "A price too dear for aught below?"
I should have said "for knowledge, yes—
  "But for bright, glorious Woman—no."

At last, that whirl, when all my strength
  Had nearly fled, came to an end;
And, through that viewless void, at length,
  I felt the still-grasp'd ring descend
Rapidly with me, till my feet—
Oh, ne'er was touch of land so sweet
To the long sea-worn exile—found
A resting-place on the firm ground.
At the same instant o'er me broke
  A glimmer through that gloom so chill,—
Like day-light, when beneath the yoke
  Of tyrant darkness struggling still—
And by th' imperfect gleam it shed,
I saw before me a rude bed,
Where poppies, strew'd upon a heap
Of wither'd lotus, wooed to sleep.
Blessing that couch—as I would bless,
  Ay, ev'n the absent tiger's lair,

For rest in such stark weariness, —
I crawl'd to it and sunk down there.

How long I slept, or by what means
Was wafted thence, I cannot say;
But, when I woke — oh the bright scenes,
The glories that around me lay —
If ever yet a vision shone
On waking mortal, *this* was one!
But how describe it? vain, as yet,
While the first dazzle dims my eyes,
All vain the attempt — I must forget
The flush, the newness, the surprise,
The vague bewilderment, that whelms,
Ev'n now, my every sense and thought,
Ere I can paint these sunless realms,
And their hid glories, as I ought.
While thou, if ev'n but *half* I tell,
Wilt that but *half* believe — farewell!

LETTER V.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS, THE PRAETORIAN PREFECT.

Rejoice, my friend, rejoice: — the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school! — not all the weapons aimed
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was framed,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal
And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
As any *thou* canst boast, — ev'n when the feet
Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tamed and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.

What! — do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools! — did they know how keen the zest that's given
To earthly joy, when seasoned well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius, — thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally, —
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?
Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That slily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school, —
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide;
Where Pleasure, cramp'd and chill'd by wisdom's pride,
Counts her own pulse's regulated play,
And in dull dreams dissolves her life away, —

Be taught by *us*, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue, —
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this*: —
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray; —
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe! — Apis forbid — forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall, —
Deities, framed in jest, as if to try
How far gross Man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap.
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food, —
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe! — oh, Decius, thou, who hast no care
Of things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs, —
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part, —
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade, —
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, mid the Temple's blaze,
O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind, —
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd, —
I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
Besotted round; and, — like that kindred breed
Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
At famed Arsinoë, * — make my keepers bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, *is* it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be: — think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride —
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way? —
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicurean, chap. 10.

Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threatening such change as do the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

But, to my point, — a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath failed to cool
Down to that freezing point, where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there, —
Hath, some nights since, — it was, methinks, the night
That followed the full Moon's great annual rite, —
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth, — which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move, —
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh: —
'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observed, curiously wandering round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepared, —
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dared,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian* pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to — *what*, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Myst'ry; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities, —
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empaled, to rise, as gods, again; —
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold mystery — can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept, — that they have none to tell;
And, duped themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time, —
That earliest master of our craft sublime, —
So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way, —
Where, through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.

But chiefly in the skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil

* Pythagoras

Hath, for our use, scoop'd out of Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne; —
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,
A light that knows no change, — its brooks that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surprised,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devised
For man's Elysium, priests have realized.

Here, at this moment, — all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last, —
The young Initiate roves, — as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery,
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still; —
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest, quail
To *any* goblin throned behind a veil.

Yes, — such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our Sage be not tamed down, at length,
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine,
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites, —
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

THE

FUDGES IN ENGLAND,

BEING A SEQUFL TO THE

"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

Si mea materiae respondet Musa jocosae,
Vicimus. OVID.

PREFACE.

The name of the country town, in England — a well-known fashionable watering-place — in which the events that gave rise tho the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumtances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

THE

FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ——, CURATE OF ——, IN IRELAND.

WHO d' ye think we' ve got here? — quite reform'd from the giddy
  Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise —
Why, the famous Miss Fudge — that delectable Biddy,
  Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs, —
  Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,
  And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.
Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off — gone, as Charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserved for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much-revered and much-palsied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet, —
Age thirty, or thereabouts — stature six feet,
And warranted godly, — to make all complete.
Nota bene — a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,
  But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.
What say you, Dick? does n't this tempt your ambition?
  The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition, —
  Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.
Think, my boy, for a curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.
You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance e'vn more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit, — at the suit of his tailor.
But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend: —

Miss Fudge hath a niece — such a creature! — with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies
At astronomers royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.
While her figure — oh, bring all the gracefullest things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,

Which combines in itself the perfection of each;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

In short, ne'er was there creature more form'd to bewilder
A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.[1]
But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth, — even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;
Talks learning — looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two county papers her rhymes;
And raves — the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let 's hope for the best, — and, meanwhile,
Bet it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile;
While you, if you 're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who 've a lack,
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye!
Never mind, though the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents.?
While her acres! — oh Dick, it don't matter one pin
How she touches the affections, so *you* touch the rents;
And Love never looks half so pleased as when, bless him, he
Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Sesame."

By the way, I 've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which, if true, will ensure for your visit some sport.
'T is rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week:
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
Throw, for the amusement of Christians, a summerset.
'T is fear'd their chief "Merriman," C — ke, cannot come,
Being call'd off, at present, to play Punch at home,[2]
And the loss of so practised a wag in divinity,
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity; —
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleased Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.[3]

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
As a wag Presbyterian 's a thing quite to see;
And, among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em
E'er thought of making a point of wit one of 'em.
But ev'n though deprived of this comical elf,
We 've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,
Who, of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,
As C — ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sublime*;[4]
And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

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1 That floor which a facetious garreteer called "Le premier en descendant du ciel."

2 See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

3 "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God." -- *Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper.*

4 In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."

LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

Just in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,
With godly concernments, — and worldly ones, too;
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.
First, I 've been to see all the gay fashions from town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.
Sleeves *still* worn (which I think is wise) *à la folle*,
Charming hats, *pou de soie*, — though the shape rather droll.
But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face:
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitzwigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heavenly: — I' m glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
Hath had sweet experience — yea, ev'n doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin, —
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I 've had since we met, and they 're more than I merit! —
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse. — You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;
He, a Baptist Particular, — *she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;
And, long as he staid, to do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.
All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid; — oh, ne'er would she tire, —
Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety! —
A sad trick I 've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)
But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;
Come, asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil, —
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale!

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,
Have together this last week eloped; making bold
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold, —
Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer, — I neglecting to lock it —
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket." *
Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?

* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and

It has made me quite ill: — and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 't is hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.
This man "had a *call*," he said, — impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I 'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.
The inclosed two announcements have just met my eyes,
In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies;[1]
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.
Where the attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the truth;"
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And the Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London! one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.[2]
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven 's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs — can't stop to look,
But both described charming, — both footman and cook.
She, "decidedly pious," — with pathos deplores
The increase of French cookery and sin on our shores;
And adds — (while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers),
That "though *some* make their sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,
She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."
The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge, —
Has late been to Cambridge, — to Trinity College;
Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left, — not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps

chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning learning the same verse.*"

1 The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly-esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawn-broker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connexion only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

2 According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology, got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians,) cry up, broker-like, their article." *Morning Watch*, No 3, 442—3.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced."—No 10, p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—"Deae Pecuniae (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

Of my Journal, — that day-book I keep of my heart;
Where, at some little items (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven), thy prudery may start,
And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I 'm mute — but, whate'er may befall,
Recollect, dear, in Hebrews, xiii. 4, St. Paul
Hath himself declared, "marriage is honourable in all."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

Tried a new châlé gown on — pretty!
No one to see me in it — pity!
Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid: —
The Lord forgive me! — she look'd dismay'd;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music — heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan, —
A remarkably handsome nice young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civilized, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.
At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
He 's forced, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho! — what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a "renew'd" young man;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,
Were it Heaven's high will, that he and I —
But I blush to write the nuptial word, —
Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the Lord;"
Not *this* world's wedlock — gross, gallant,
But pure, — as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ — but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,
Or look in the register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begins to live when he's born again.
And, counting in *this* way, — let me see, —
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when the event takes place,
An actual new-born child of grace, —
Should Heaven in mercy so dispose, —
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun, — having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his, — to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,

When that naughty Fanny again bounced in;
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil, were whisk'd away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she, —
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nothing but play, —
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY — —.

STANZAS

(INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW;

OR,

WHY? — WHAT? — HOW?

Dark comrade of my path! while earth and sky
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,
Why, in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade
Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Sadd'ning them as thou goest, — say, what means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot, —
Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too, — then risest when I rise; —
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou
Thus comest between me and those blessed skies, —
Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Than gloom of soul, while, as I eager cried,
Oh why? what? how? — a Voice, that one might judge
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied
All fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"
Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,
And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's; — a
Mere part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 't was with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,
Just so did they taunt him; — but vain, critics, vain
All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged beam!!!
Thou perceivest, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I indite,
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,
And I 'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the firts of all bards, —
That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame;
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan — what a shame!
Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,
I'm really afraid — after all, I — *must* hate him,
He is *so* provoking — nought's safe from his tongue,
He spares no one authoress, ancient, or young.
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou
Once shone as contributor, lord how he'd quiz you!
He laughs at *all* Monthlies, — I 've actually seen
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine! —
While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he peruses,
And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.
But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;
And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as
Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "crucible,"
Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear — to tell you a secret which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may —
You know, and, indeed the whole country suspects
(Though the editor often my best things rejects),
Tthat the verses signed so, ☞ which you now and then see
In our County Gazette (vide *last*) are by me.
But 't is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear, — I may, without vanity, hint —
Though an angel should write, still't is *devils* must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just died,
Having said he "had taken up in heaven his position,"
Tkey made it, he'd "taken up to heaven his physician!"
This is very disheartening; — but brighter days shine,
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think? — so delightful! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare, —
I 'm to write in the Keepsake — yes, Kitty, my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you 're there!!
T' other night, at a ball, 't was my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 't was plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,
Was the author of *something* — one could'n't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought out.

We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille, —
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march — whether right 't was or wrong, —
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 't was that, having just hinted
That *I* too had Poems which — long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.
"In the Annals of England let some," he said, "shine,
But a place in her Annuals, lady, be thine!
Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
Through the visa of years, as I gaze on those eyes, —
All letter'd and press'd, and of large paper size!"
How unlike that Magan, who my genius would smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more, he said, with that fine frenzied glance
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance;
Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year,
  In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
  "Terms for rhyme, — if it 's *prime*, — ten and sixpence per page."
Think, Kitty my dear, if I heard his words right,
  What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains;
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
  Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a curtesy profound,
  Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I 've found
  That he's quite a new species of literary man;
One, whose task is, — to what will not fashion accustom us?
To *edit* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance, — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest! —
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher;
Indites a smooth preface, brings merit to light,
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
My Aunt says, — though scarce on such points one can credit her, —
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'T is certain the fashion's but newly invented;
  And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
  We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter — there's Aunt, in full screech,
Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.
God forgive me, I 'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.
And, besides — 't will be all against dancing, no doubt,
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,
That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,
For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.
There, again — coming, Ma'am! — I 'll write more, if I can,
Before the post goes —
  Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon! — though *not* about dancing, my dear;
'T was only on the end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state
As the time for that accident, — some Forty Eight: *
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and't won't matter.
Once more, love, good bye, — I've to make a new cap;
But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ——.

He comes from Erin's speechful shore,
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er

* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en droit et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846, or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

With hot effusions, — hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.
Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord, *
Twin prosers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.
Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners;
Ye spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.
He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache: —
Of ten whole bishops snatch'd away
For ever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store) —
Of rectors cruelly compell'd
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away; —
Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
If 't is n't money well laid out; —
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly;
But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t' ye, till you 're dull again!
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you 're alive —
I 've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant,
And Tuesday, in the Market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in 't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop, —
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though seldom minding much *which* way
The erratic souls go, so they *pay*.
Just as some roguish country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to — suck its knuckle:
Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money — starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the *stake* — i. e. a *beef* one,

* "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord." — *Record Newspaper.*

Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;
Though try them ev'n at this, they 'll bear it,
It tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns,
(A Viscount, be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day),
Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame *week-day* state: —
"Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight."
Ev'n so the circular missive orders, —
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick — you 're lost, if you lose time, —
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)
Is dying of *angina pectoris*: —
So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-*moon*,
And be the *man* of it himself!
As for *me*, Dick, — 't is whim, 't is folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'T is true, the girl's a vile verse-maker, —
Would rhyme all nature, if you 'd let her; —
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"
Till one pursuit all tastes combines, —
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad in *lines*.
Add to all this — what 's ev'n still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse, —
Scarce sixpense hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear the amount between us.
However, things may yet prove better: —
Meantime, what awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

Dear Judy, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance, — for want of a betther, —
To tell you what luck in this world I have had

Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night! — when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur, — that name was the death of her, * —
Gave us the shlip, and we saw the last breath of her!
And *there* were the childher, six innocent sowls,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin 's a folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy, —
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we 'd sowl'd you, my honey?"

But God's will be done! — and then, faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desaiced, 't was high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.
How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I ive had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,
So I 'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week: —
Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I managed to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through the street, —
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins),
Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they lived, like owld crows, in the air,
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I 'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers and all! — the descint was most awful,
And, — what was still worse, faith, — I knew 't was unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet),
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and — here, Judy, I am!

What 's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.
Bein' hungry, Gold help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper, —
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*.
By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've but listen'd,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is!* — no, it *is n't:*"
But it *was*, after all — for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer" — then a great "O";
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my sknll again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that name, —
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
"Masther Murthagh himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own fosther-brother — by jinks, I 'm in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
And he 'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me, —
Such a pair of owld cumrogues — was charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plased with the evint than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a vally-de sham,
And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t' other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.
But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
And, in throth, it 's the only draw-back on my place.
'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;
That 's to say, he turn'd Protestant, — *why*, I can't larn,
But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it 's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still, — nayther betther nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh, — or Morthimer, as he 's *now* chrishen'd,
His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* is n't, —
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 't was divartin' to see),
"*Of coorse*, you 're a Protestant, Larry," says he: —
Upon which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
"Is 't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, Sir," says I: —
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controvarsial between us has since then occurr'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in throth, Judy dear,
What *I myself* meant, does n't seem migthy clear;
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarved to be over partic'lar:
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
Of twin Protestants could n't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,
Address'd "to the loyal and godly-intintion'd,")
His Rivirence, my master, comes forward to preach, —
Myself does n't know whether sarmon or speech,
But it 's all one to him, he 's a dead hand at each;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.
But, whisht! — there's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
Which, faix, I 'd have made a much bigger and betther,
But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a dacent-sized billy-dux down.
So, good luck to the childer! — tell Molly, I love her;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over, —
Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed! — I will write when I can again;
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH —

How I grieve you're not with us! — pray, come, if you can,
Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist, and Tory; —
(Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,
The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded) —
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly!
In short, he's a *dear*, — and *such* audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.
Poor dear Irish Church! — he to-day sketch'd a view
Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning*, you know, dear, that's now of no use,
People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker!"
In vain do we say (when rude radicals hector
At paying some thousands a-year to a Rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet were*),
"Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?
And, granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they did n't find Rector and Clerk when they came!
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
These little Church embryos *must* go astray;
And, while fools are computing what Parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to the Establishment lost!"

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
It is right that *seven* eighths of the trav'llers should pay
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way?" —
Just as if, foolish people, this was n't, in reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Pop'ry, in *other* respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects;
And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.
But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or *will* not their cogency see;
And, I grieve to confess, *did* the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she 'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've here
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth, —
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth, —
How opposed to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration, — yet still in existence! -
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws

Is, that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws, —
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'ly stands mute; —
That, in short, 't is a Miracle! — and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on.*

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more strong they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.
As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed beyond doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-proved, he would venture to swear,
As anything else has been *ever* found there:
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sorts of things.

So much for theology: — as for the affairs
Of this temporal world — the light drawing-room cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as the Apostle was, "weak with the weak," —
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)
In the extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub:
As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer! — but shocking to say,
Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arrived on this blessed Sunday morn!! —
How shocking! — the postman's self cried "shame on't,"
Seeing the immaculate Andrew's name on't!!
What will the Club do? — meet, no doubt.
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle, — and saw it with pain, —
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces, —
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And show'd, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights.
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,
And strict and — all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 't is n't easy to say.
Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing, — if her custom we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the burning,"
May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem. — To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send 20*l.* — heavy tax upon piety!
Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians"[1] perhaps cost the most.
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*,[2]
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey.[3]
Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all's thrown away;
And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They've consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.
Still 't is cheering to find that we *do* save a few, —
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;
Doorkohtchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Cooroopadum.
In this last-mention'd place 't is the barbers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, dear, nobody 'll shave 'em.[4]

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,[5] are tack'd to the account.
And though, to catch Papists, one need n't go so far,
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;
And just *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny
I cannot resist recording it here. —
Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand
And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer; —
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were *two* was n't quite so clear.
'T was meant, however, I soon could see,
To afford me a *choice*, — a most excellent plan;
And — who should this brace of candidates be,
But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan: —
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen! —
That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders,
(For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest)
And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
As to *which* of the two I singled out.
But, — awful to tell, — when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the head
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!
The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!

Heigho! — it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or *won't* see that he *might* be the man;

1 The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.
2 Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.
3 The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. "One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-fellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds."
4 "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people." — *Bapt. Mission. Society*, Vol. ii. p. 493.
5 In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831), to the Heathen, Mahomedans and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1832), are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to the force of truth."

And, perhaps, dear,—who knows?—if nought better befall—
But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,
For the special discussion of matters devout; —
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt,[1] so justly renown'd
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round —
Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R-d-n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in;
Where, blessed down-pouring![2] from tea until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line; —
Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard drives,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given;
While R-d-n, deep read in each topic and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY ——.

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they 've lain, —
THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN! —
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA,
(Polyphlysbaean[3] named, in Greek)
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
Young fires ——

1 An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company: — *Monday Evening, Six o' Clock, September* 24, 1832. — "An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connexion and explanation, viz: etc. etc." — *Wednesday.* — "Should we expect a personal Antichrist? *and to whom will he be revealed?*" etc. etc. — *Friday.* — "What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*" etc.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the Christian Herald: —

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations, though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any 'accommodation,' or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed."

2 "About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o'clock."—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row (dated Fernicary, April 4, 1830), giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

3 If you guess what this word means, 'tis more than *I* can: —
I but give 't, as I got it from Mr. Magan.

I had got, dear, thus far in my Ode,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings;
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it, —
Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answers of Simkins and Co.!

You 'll think, love, I rave, so't is best to let out
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!!!
Yes, an actual Book: — if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day published by Simkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly *so* ☞
This I put that my friends may n't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.
How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet, * explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence, —
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,) —
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of ribbon soon end, — but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk, — and alas!
My poor copyright too — into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette,"
(The only Mecaenas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!
As for *puffing*, — that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 't is found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground; —
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics, dear, — *hypers* and all.
I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But hark! there 's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town —
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenaeum,
All full of my book — I shall sink when I see 'em.

* A day coach of that name.

And then, the great point — whether Simkins and Co.
Are actually pleased with their bargain or no!

Five o'clock.

All 's delightful — such praises! — I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.
I 've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps, —
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'T is known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition
(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),
Are, he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.
Satires irritate — love-songs are found calorific,
But smooth female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
Is a volume just publish'd by Simkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients, — the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic, — are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we 've no hesitation
To say that — 'bove all, for the young generation, —
'T is an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

Nota bene — For readers, whose object 's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of ***'s rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where, heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were spunder'd away,
He kept reading some papers he 'd brought in his pocket.
Some thought them dispatches from Spain, or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—
Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading world by a day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday Evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to *** to meet you;
But this curst gout won't let me stir, —
Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.
Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities*, —
But gout won't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.

I 'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
  And trust you 'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
  I 've wish'd your country at the devil:
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
  I 've heard of your high patriot fame, —
From every word your lips let fall, —
  That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one's life out — thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,
  "Ireland wants this, and that, and t' other,"
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
  But the same vile eternal bother.
While of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we 're men
And Britons, we 'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion;
And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gather'd round us, I 've got worse;
Till ev'n my pint of Port a-day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite *un*settled my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since — the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Pour'd in upon us, — even Quakers,
Turn'd into speechers and law-makers,
Who 'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.
Then, too, those Jews! — I really sicken
  To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,
  To legislate for this great nation! —
Depend upon 't, when once they 've sway,
  With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,
The Excise laws will be done away,
  And *Circum*cise ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear Sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear
  Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium 's near;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,
  And regulates his leases by 't; —
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world's own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing 's ended
So much more soon than was intended,
Purely to scourge those men of sin
Who brought the accurst Reform Bill in.*

However, let 's not yet despair;
  Though Toryism 's eclipsed, at present,

* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.* — No. 10, p. 372.

And, — like myself, in this old chair, —
  Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
Feet crippled, — hands, in luckless hour,
Disabled of their grasping power;
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd, —
Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
  And both in Chair of Penance set,
There 's something tells me, all 's not o'er
  With Toryism or Bobby yet;
That though, between us, I allow
We 've not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
Have made us both look deuced glum,
Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we 'll shine triumphant out!

Yes — back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Mulligan, — oh then,
When mounted on our nags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallante, —
Glitter great from substance scanty; —
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sancho, by your side,
Then, — talk of tilts and tournaments!
Dam' me, we 'll ——

* * * * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir his compliments;
Is grieved to say an accident
Has just occurr'd which will prevent
The Squire, — though now a little better, —
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he 'd got to "Dam' me, we 'll ——
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
  To keep his balance or his hold,
  Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All 's safe, — the table, chair, and crutch; —
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd considerably — that 's all
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday Morning.

Squire much the same — head rather light, —
Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our house-keeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "Barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
  You 'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;
And, throth, it 's a letther myself would like betther,
  Could I manage to lave the contints of it out;
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,

Who takes things quiet, 't will drhive you crazy.
Oh Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him!
That ev'r I should come to 've been sarvant-man to him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood
Was able to wash away clane from the earth [1])
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,
Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that 's now all over — last night I gev warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
The thief of the world! — but it 's no use balraggin;' [2]
All I know is, I 'd fifty times rather be dragin'
Ould ladies up hill to the end of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise at my aise,
And be forced to discind thro' the same dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I 'd heerd where he last show'd his phyz,
I 'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;
For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off;
And it 's pity, so 't is, that they had n't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their showman, —
Sayin' "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,
How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;
All by raison, we 're towld, that the nathur o' th' baste
Is to change its coat *once* in its life-time, *at laste*;
And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,
Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.
In regard of its *name*, — why, in throth, I 'm consarn'd
To differ on this point so much with the larn'd,
Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' wheras the craythur
Is plainly a 'Murthagh,' by name and by nathur."
This is how I 'd have towld them the rights of it all.
Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall, —
Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin,
(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbetairin,)
The famed Daddy C — ke — who, by gor, I 'd have shown' em
As proof how such bastes may be tamed, when you 've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donum*. [3]

But, throth, I 've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', lick mad,
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
He says we 're all murtherers — div'l a bit less, —
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'rin', and wish us success!

When ax'd how he dared, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said, 't was all towld him by Docthor Den! [4]
"And who the div'l 's *he?*" was the question that flew
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian — but not a sowl knew.
While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,
As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of the aforesaid millions, [5] —

1 "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, — fellows that the Flood could not wash away." — *Congreve, Love for Love.*

2 To *balrag* is to abuse. Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran, in his national stories, used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

3 Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum;* — a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

4 Correctly, Dens, — Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

5 "The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin, are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests." — *Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee.* "The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft." — *Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.*

Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that 's at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he 'd give but Docthor Den.
Could n't he call into coort some *livin'* men?
"No, thank you"—he 'd stick to Docthor Den,—
An ould gintleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew;
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Doctor Murray!

But, throth, it 's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.
And yourself, had you witness'd his grand clymacthrics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics,
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses,*
Ris'n" — but, by dad, I 'm afeard I can't give it ye,—
"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity,*
And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,
Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!" *
Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight,
Of that figure of speech called the Blatherumskite.
As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,
Rage got the betther at last, — and small blame to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Deif,"
Says I boldly, "I 'll make an oration myself."
And with that up I jumps, — but, my darlint, the mimit
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.
Though, *sarted*, I could have got beautiful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone: —
Which was odd for us, Pats, who, whate'er we 've a hand in,
At laste in our *leys* show good sthrong undherstandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should parsaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,
"In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd short—
Sorra a word more would come, though I shtruggled hard for't.
So, shnapping my fingers at what 's call'd the Chair,
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat there, —
"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again, —
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—*and* Docthor Den; —"
Upon which the whole company cried out, "Amen;"
And myself was in hopes 't was to what I had said,
But, by gor, no such thing, — they were not so well bred;
For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,
By way of fit finish to job so devout;
That is, — *afther* well damning one half the community,
To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
Of news, faith, I 've got to fill more—if 't was twinty.
But I 'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
(Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)
To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisahin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his Riv'rence—the job is all done—
By the powers, I 've discharged him as sure as a gun!

* "But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity.* She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity;* noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity.*" — Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.
We may well ask, after reading this and other such Reverend ravings,
"Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?"

And now, Judy dear, what on earth I 'm to do
With myself and my appetite, — both good as new, —
Without ev'n a single traneen in my pocket,
Let alone a good dacent pound-starlin', to stock it —
Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that 's above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard dhrove!

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN TO THE REV. ——

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe private hand I send,
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag,
Should pry into the Letter-bag,)
To tell you, far as pen can dare,
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare; —
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But, — scarce less trying, in its way, —
To laughter, whereso'er we stray;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And — injuring our preferment in it.
Just think, how wearing out, my friend,
To have, where'er our footsteps bend,
  Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;
And bear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
  Unknown to the Inquisition, — quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aimed at the *body* their attacks;
But modern torturers, more refined,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck
  With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he 'd be stuck
  With stings of ridicule all over;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shared *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.
Nor should I, trying as all this is,
  Much heed the suffering or the shame, —
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,
  I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to *you*,
Though to the *world* it would not do,)
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on *any* of my schemes;
No chance of something more *per ann.*
As supplement to K — llym — n;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation;
To forge anew the sever'd chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;

And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
For bagging *either*, live or dead; [1] —
Though oft, we 're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
Saved cost, by eating up *the other*.
Wise state of things! when sons were bribed
With their sires' wealth; and *one* profest
Conformist, of a race proscribed,
Had power to beggar all the rest! [2]
Then, then, indeed, good converts brought
A price that set all shame at nought,
Nay, made it glory to be bought.
Ah, how unlike the paltry pay
We fetch in this degenerate day!
A poor small rectory all our lot, —
If zealous, laugh'd at, and, if not,
Scored off as "paid for," and forgot!

Yes, all 's now o'er — I see too plain
Those good times ne'er can come again.
Our very progress here betrays
That we are fall'n on thankless days.
So dull are thought our "yarns" devout,
Not Kenyon's self can sit them out; [3]
Nor ev'n that Saint, Lord Mandeville,
Gulp down such endless length of pill.
So that, at last, — so dire our pinch,
When thus all decent chairmen flinch, —
We 're forced to take to Mr. F — nch!
Then, too, they tell us, with what zeal
All England throbs to our appeal:
But, why (if the interest so intense is)
Why do n't they pay the room's expenses? [4]
When Kenyon begg'd, in our behalf,
He raised — *not* money, but a laugh!

'T is true, they flock to us, as a show, —
As men dug up (dead long ago),
A sort of strolling Corpse and Co.
(Like those old carcasses that lately
I set upon their legs so stately)
All Doctor Den's contemporaries,
And quoting still his dead vagaries,
'Mong living thinking men, who stare
To see such resurrections there,
And hear a dead dull Doctor's thought
As witness of live feelings brought!
While ev'n the Church, in whose defence

1 "Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest, — being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."—*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book i. chap. 10.

2 "By the laws now in force in this kingdom, a son, however undutiful and profligate, shall not merely, by the merit of conforming to the established religion, deprive the Roman Catholic father of the free and full possession of his estate, the power to mortgage, etc. etc., but shall himself have full liberty immediately to mortgage, or otherwise alienate, the reversion of that estate from his family for ever." — *Address presented by the Catholics in* 1775.

3 Lord Kenyon — "A previous engagement renders it necessary for me to depart at four o'clock; — that hour has now arrived, and I must *leave*. I would therefore suggest to the meeting that my noble friend Lord Mandeville do take the chair." The motion that Lord Mandeville should take the chair was agreed to; but it appeared that the noble Viscount had left the platform a short time before. Lord Kenyon then said, "I am informed that my friend Lord Mandeville has left the platform; I will therefore move that Mr. Finch do take the chair." — *Report of the Proceedings, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.*

4 Several touching appeals have been made to the public on this point, and Lord Kenyon, at the close of the second day's proceedings, said, "I hope the meeting will permit me to remind them, that very considerable expense has been incurred by the deputation and the committee. There will be a collection made at the door, in order to defray those expenses, and I trust that those who are able will contribute liberally." From the following complaint, however, in the Record (July 9th), it appears that the noble Lord's appeal was unavailing: "We have to remark that the contributions at the doors at the last meeting at Exeter Hall by no means defrayed the expenses, which are somewhat heavy (40*l.* is charged for the room alone), and we may be excused for requesting our readers to exercise a little more liberality at the approaching meeting on Saturday."

We 've drawn the oratoric blade,
Dreads the uplifted eloquence,
And shudders at such perilous aid, —
"Foes I can brave," she shrinking cries,
"But save me from my dear Allies."
Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes — what 's to be done?
And there 's but one course left me, — *one.*
Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms;
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend, — the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parson's eyes, —
That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse; —
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can only make it *his.*
There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd)
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chosen to shine
Conspicuous in the *alias*[1] line;
So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
(For Biddy from this point won't budge)
Your old friend's new address must be
The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge,* —
The "O" being kept, that all may see
We 're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall, —
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers, —
The pray'r given out, as grace,[2] by speechers,
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures:
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns: —
From each and all I now retire, —
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M. P. 's, and Peers, and Judges, —
Parsons I 'd add, too, if, alas!
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for her's and her,

1 In the first edition of his Dictionary, Doctor Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "alias" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What *other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." — *Life of Mallet.*

2 "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer." — *Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

Or long survive what *Exeter*, —
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name, —
Have done to sink her reverend name.

Adieu, dear friend, — you 'll oft hear *from* me,
Now I 'm no more a travelling drudge;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)

Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ——.

——, *Ireland.*

DEAR Dick — just arrived at my own humble *gîte*,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,
Just arrived, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

"THIS place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * * * * *

Last week was married, 'in the Lord,'
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on,
Exeter Hall his Ar*magh*-geddon), *
To Miss B. Fudge, of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as 'heir of grace,'
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge."

"Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 't is hinted, —
Niece of the above (whose 'Sylvan Lyre,'
In our Gazette, last week, we printed),
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they 'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western road;
Some of them *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And from inquiries made last night,
We find they 've reach'd the Irish shore."

Every word of it true, Dick, — the escape from Aunt's thrall, —
Western road, — lyric fragments, — curl-papers and all.
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and mine),
Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the *Nine*,
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.,
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine; — smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits, —
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets, —

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh!* — a most remarkable coincidence, — and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.

Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreathe Berenice's bright locks in the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who 's now in *my* pay)
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its *prose*,
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!
But — I 'm call'd off abruptly — *another* Express!
What the deuce can it mean? — I 'm alarm'd, I confess,

P. S.

Hurra, Dick, hurra, Dick, ten thousand hurras!
I 'm a happy rich dog to the end of my days.
There, — read the good news, — and while glad, for *my* sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,
Admire also the *moral*, that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudged all the world, should be now fudged *himself!*

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

"With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise
By will doth all his wealth devise, —
Lands, dwellings, — rectories likewise, —
To his 'beloved grand-niece,' Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited, — not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, etc., etc."

TRIFLES, REPRINTED.

[The Author avails himself of the opportunity which this publication affords, to form a collection of all such trifles as he has, from time to time, published, since the appearance of his last miscellaneous volume, — entitled, "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c." In that volume, and in the following pages, are to be found, with but very few exceptions, all the delinquencies, in this way, for which his pen is answerable.]

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting genius is with sighing sent." — *Milton.*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe, — and Small, — are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream, [1]
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd, —
First indigestion on record! —
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
Or of Calvin's most select depraved,
In the Church must have your bacon saved; —
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
Must bow to the Establish'd *Church* belief,
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf; —
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven; [2]
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs, [3] timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;

1 A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

2 "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one." — *Rees's Cyclopaedia, Art. "Tithes."*

3 Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,
Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
They make him swear upon a boke;
Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

All things, in short, since earth's creation,
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
To suffer eternal decimation, —
Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
Or, — as we calculate thefts and arsons, —
Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice? —
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case, —
To *pay for* our sermons doom'd, 't is true,
But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too —
(Our holy business being, 't is known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own).
Even *they* object to let us pillage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine! [1]

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat." [2]
No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel, —
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;
Working the law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig! —
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.
So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets — a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin,
(Books fit only to hoard dust in,)
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study; —
Port so old, you 'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been — to gout.

Is all then lost? — alas, too true, —
Ye Tenths beloved, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er, —
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

1 Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church-rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

2 Ezekiel, xxxiv. 8. — "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them." — V. 10.

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"

Lord Bexley's Letter to the Freeholders of Kent.

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun;
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t 's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.*

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go,—
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages pass,
And dolts ungotten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing say, "Alas, had he
Been spared from Pluto's bowers,
The blessed reign of Bigotry
And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND——,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

WHAT, *you*, too, my ****** in hashes so knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest!
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;
And if *something* to tease you must have, for variety,
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats
Live eels, when he wants them for polish'd society.

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,[1]
In a manner that H—r—r himself would admire,
And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook, —
How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis*;[2]
And, if you 'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,
A well-tortured goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive, — make a good steady fire, —
Set your victim before it, both legs being tied
(As, — if left to himself, — he *might* wish to retire),
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,
He dies of as charming a liver complaint
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meant,
Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement:

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees:
No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
No wonder you, gourmands, should love her disease.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

According to some learn'd opinions,
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I 'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason 's this: — the Priests of Isis,
When forth they march'd in long array,
Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;[3]
And still the antiquarian traces
'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
For still, in all religious cases,
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

A CURIOUS FACT.

The present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,
For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing.

1 The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

2 A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Pâtés de foies d'oie*.

3 To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria."

Whenever Lord K — ny — n doth chance to behold
A cold Apple-pie — mind, the pie *must* be cold —
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer, —
Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
(*Vide Chrustium, chap. iv.*) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think 't is a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose; —
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
Others say, 't is an homage, through pie-crust convey'd,
To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade;
As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas, [1]
And 't is solely in loyal remembrance of that,
My Lord K — ny — n to apple-pie takes off his hat.
While others account for this kind salutation
By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation" —
A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.
But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
For thus, we 're assured, the whole matter arises:
Lord K — ny — n's respected old father (like many
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;
And loved so to save, [2] that — there 's not the least question —
His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,
From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes —
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off, —
And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'T is pure *apple*-pie-ety moves my Lord K — ny — n.

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

SIR,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain not over-wise judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c.

S.

Huc coeamus, [3] ait; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retuli echo. — *Ovid.*

There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongued babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

1 See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas, — the first of the season, — while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating with her eyes for a share.

2 The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well-known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus: — "*Mors janua vita.*"

3 "Let us form Clubs."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting — nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes * there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a pother,
There 's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another; —

When K — ny — n commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track,
While loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R — thd — ne brays, with interest, back?

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the *chief* Neddy K — ny — n, again;

Might tell how it roar'd in R — thd — ne,
How from D — ws — n it died off genteelly, —
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E — y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G — — e,
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no, — for so humble a bard
'T is a subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep sounding shelves;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N — wc — stle, admiring
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide!

Or on into Cambria straying,
Find K — ny — n, that double-tongued elf,
In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself!

* Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

SCENE. — *Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder. — Enter three Brunswickers.*

1*st*. *Bruns.* — Thrice hath scribbling K — ny — n scrawl'd,
2*d*. *Bruns.* — Once hath fool N — wc — stle bawl'd,
3*d*. *Bruns.* — B — xl — y snores: — 't is time, 't is time,
1*st*. *Bruns.* — Round about the caldron go;
In the pois'nous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown
Like a toad within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of S — tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Eld — n, talk, and K — ny — n, scribble.
2*d*. *Bruns.* — Slaver from N — wc — stle's quill
In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M — ntc — shel,
With that malty stuff which C — — s
Drivels as no other man does.
Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of S — — y.
One idea though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse.*
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his *one* idea in;
And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W — nch — ls — a
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H — n — r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papists' blood, —
Blood for W — lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B — xl — y, talk, and K — ny — n, scribble.
3*d*. *Bruns.* — Now the charm begin to brew;
Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of L — thbr — dge's old speeches,
Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
Rinsings of old B — xl — y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you 'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, *nympha* state,

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance:—

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were I."

Or,

Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you, or you were *me:*
But since, alas! that cannot be,
I must remain Lord S — — y.

Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.
There – the Hell-broth we've enchanted —
Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
— — — keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Colour'd deep with blood of ——,
Blood of powers far more various
Ev'n than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it
England's parsons bow before it!
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B — xl — y, talk, and K — ny — n, scribble.
2d. Bruns. — Cool it now with ——'s blood,
So the charm is firm and good. [*Exeunt.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

"Whene'er you 're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you 're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides are the Brunswicker throng;
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,
That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
Take the opposite course, and you 're sure to be right.
So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you, —
Were you even more doltish than any given man is,
More soft than N — wc — stle — more twaddling than Van is,
I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory, —
Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory, —
Watch well how he dines, during any great Question, —
What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion, —
And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew
Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.
Read him backwards, like Hebrew — whatever he wishes,
Or praises, note down as absurd or pernicious,
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
When he's *out* be an *In*, — when he's *in*, be an *Out*.
Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way: —
If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t' other way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't know why.
Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then at once take the whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul.
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.
Nay, as Siamese ladies — at least, the polite ones —
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones —
If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
Even *then* stand aloof, — for, be sure that Old Nick,
When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is,—and, in one single verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,
And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE.

FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forced to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton-mills—Public Opinion,
No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the zest
Which Slavery now lends to each tea-cup we sip;
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies,,—
Small living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and "Jennies,"
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks;—

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are obliged, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers," [1]—and better, 't is said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
So hard 't is to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process)
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.[2]

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!—OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 't was a sight for the Ghost to see,

1 One of the operations in cotton-mills usually performed by children.

2 These verses, which appeared at a much earlier period than any of the others in this volume, were (for a reason which now no longer exists) omitted in the former collection, entitled, "Cash, Corn, and Catholics."

For never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together),
And Liberty sang from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again; —
He smiled, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost – how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings, and thanks!" was all he said;
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!
The Benthamite hears — amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools - and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no —
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion when under *par.*
The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d — l had Crescent and Cross,
Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*
"Who 'll buy my Scrip? Who 'll buy my Scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark unholy *bonds* of thine —
If you 'll only consent to buy up *mine!*"
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more; —
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry —
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE *GALT* AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us! — there's nothing now safe from assault; —
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. *Galt*
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intentions t' arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C — lb — — n's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men), enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;
In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,

He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And who he 'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday Evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;
Though the rebel, 't is stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder — no, Puff Magazine,
And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical "ichor," [1] "gelatinous" prose, [2]
And a mixture call'd amber immortalization. [3]

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet; [4]
Now, talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it! [5]

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *Anti*-English no Christian can doubt.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

Resolved, — to stick to every particle
Of every Creed and every Article,
Reforming nought, or great or little,
We 'll stanchly stand by "every tittle," [6]
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved, that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious, —
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"
And those who 're not content with such,
May e'en be d — d ten times as much.

Resolved, — such liberal souls are we, —
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.
Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If *also* through the nose they 'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, [7] Latimer, [8]

1 "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions." — *Galt's Life of Byron.*

2 "That gelatinous character of their effusions." — *Id.*

3 "The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization." — *Id.*

4 "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody." — *Id.*

5 "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo." — *Id.*

6 One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was — "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks — "Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it."

7 "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient." — *On the Commandments*, p. 72.

8 "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve." — *Lat. Serm.*

And Cranmer,[1] all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view,
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do:—
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares,—
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reform'd, know better;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance the account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear,
One sees how much he holds *per* year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,
As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymandyas,
All pickled snug;—the brains drawn out[2]—
Fine costly cerements swathed about,—
And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis:
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

Propert., Lib. 4, Eleg. 7.

AS snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear holy man,
And I 'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.[3]—
Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of our Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;

1 "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," &c. — *Life of Cranmer, by Strype, appendix.*

2 Part of the process of embalmment.

3 *The Book of Sports*, drawn up by Bishop Moreton, was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, His Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," &c.

And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along:—
"Long life to the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
For a week of work and a Sunday of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"
And he grinn'd with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's anguish, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—
For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
On the road to heaven, for standing still.
Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
Or that fellows with long disastrous faces
Alone should sit among cherubs above.
Then hurra for the Bishops, &c.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the church herself each sport points out;—
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, if chance we be for a pole hard driven,
Some lone lank saint, of aspect fell,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
Will do for a May-pole just as well.
Then hurra for the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who does n't much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream,— which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies,
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line,—
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

LOVE SONG.

TO MISS ——.

Air.—"Come, live with me and be my love."

Come wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
'T is true, ev'n books entail some trouble;

But *live* productions give one double.
Correcting children is *such* bother, —
While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 't is to hear
From male or female, — as it may be, —
"How is your book?" than "How 's your baby?"
And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nursed in *the Row;*
And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 't is well proved by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93),
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.[1]
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead;
And show the world how two Blue lovers
Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather)
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
With nought but — literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
That the De'il 's got amang ye, and fearing 't is true,
We ha' sent ye a mon wha 's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
In ilka long week ye'll be tranquil eneugh,
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He 'd na let a cat, on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phoebus himsel could na travel that day,
As he 'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew!
Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked pies,
For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie 's the lad
To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,[2] a' clad
Like shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad, —
But he 's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

1 See "Ella of Garveloch." — Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

2 Servants in livery.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
  To gang to the deevil,—as maist o' em do,—
To stop them our Andie would think na polite;
And 't is odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by 't)
  But he 'd follow 'em, booing, [1] would Andrew Agnew.

AWFUL EVENT.

Yes, W—nch—ls—(I tremble while I pen it),
W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate,—
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
"*That* for ye all," [snapping his fingers,] and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news!—like that, of old, which spread
From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"
O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—nch—ls—a is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
The deep impression of that awful threat,
"I quit your house!!"—'midst all that histories tell,
I know but *one* event that 's parallel:—

It chanced at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
When the gay Gods, too blest to be polite,
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious,—
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
Rose in his place—so grand, you 'd almost swear
Lord W—nch - ls - a himself stood towering there,—
And, like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
Said, "Silence, fellows, or I 'll leave the house!!"

How brook'd the Gods this speech? Ah, well-a-day,
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity,—
In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray
Of his own full price countenance away,-
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the Gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."
Bishop of London's late Charge.
"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augent."
Claudian. in Eutrop.

Come, give us more Livings and Rectors,
  For, richer no realm ever gave;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
  Do ye ask us how many we crave?[2]

1 For the "gude effects and utcelity of booing," see the *Man of the World.*

2 Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
  For sweeter sure never girl gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
  Do you ask me how many I'd have?

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confined.[1]

Count the cormorants hovering about,[2]
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest 's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,[3]
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when *so* many Parsons you 've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment;
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.[4]

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulbourn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?" — *The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case!—just think of it—
If G—lb—n junior should be bit—
By some insanse Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed,
Which marks Dissenters when they 're rabid!
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in the opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 't is only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

1 For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne' er be confined.

2 Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks, *&c.*

3 Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

4 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

Just fancy what a shock 't would be
Our G – lb — n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,[1]
For Gospel, t' other night, mistook;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers, —
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers, —
Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B — v — rl — y's; —
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 't is too much, — the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G — lb — rns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

——*risum* teneatis, amici.

"THE longer one lives, the more one learns,"
Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNS,[2]
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a goodly city in Hindostan, —
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly — never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried, —
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butcher's shops, —
"What means, for men who do n't eat meat,
This grand display of loins and chops?"
In vain I ask'd — 't was plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd, — a roseate crew,
Inshrined in *stalls*, with nought to do;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
"And, pray," ask'd I — "By whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?" —
"The expense! — oh, that 's of course defray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
By yonder rascally rice-consumers."
"What! they, who never must eat — —"
"No matter —

1 The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."
2 An indefatigable scribbler of Anti-Catholic pamphlets.

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter)
The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
But the rogues must still support our shop.
And, depend upon it, the way to treat
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
Is to burden all that won't eat meat,
With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."
On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS's book.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNOECOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

——— "Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit, pacisque bonas bellique ministras." — *Virgil.*

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
We try a *Female parliament;*
And since, of late, with *he* M. P. 's
We 've fared so badly, take to she's, —
Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells,
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles.*
The plan is startling, I confess,
But 't is but an affair of dress;
Nor see I much there is to choose
'Twixt Ladies (so they 're thorough-bred ones)
In ribands of all sorts of hues,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances;
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We 'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;
Nor let this world's important questions
Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
To Weippert's band they may go better;
There 's Lady**, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you 'd let her:
And who the deuce or asks or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
Whether they've *danced* through State affairs,
Or simply, dully, *dined* upon 'em?

Hurra then for the Petticoats!
To them we pledge our free-born votes,
We'll have all *she*, and only *she*, —
Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
Old dowagers our Bishops be,
And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop the Administration,
It *can't* have better legs to stands on.
The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;
Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")

For full returns of population.
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive, Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ***.

SIR,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H – nl – y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets, &c.," I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.,

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

——in Metii descendat Judicis aures. — *Horat.*

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"
For he loathed sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
That well might shock so learn'd a snorer,—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light,
With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were cherubs, on rainbow wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
So begg'd they'd sit, — but ah! poor things,
They had, none of them, got the means of sitting. *

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you 're fond of hymns,
And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
Myself, and my choir of Cherubims,
Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
"'T was all a mistake" — "she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert, over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open 'd their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

* "Asseyez-vous, mes enfans." — "Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
  Nay, long quintets most dire to hear,
Ay, and old motets and canzonets,
  And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep, — but it would n't do;
  So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
  Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
  Who meddle with music's sacred strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
  And was punish'd, like H — nl — y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
  Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
  While H — nl — y is doom'd to keep his own!

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS; OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

A DREAM.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Praesules* [1] for no other reason than they led off these dances." — *Cyclopaedia*, Art. *Dances*.

I've had such a dream, — a frightful dream, —
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
'T will be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night,
Which (being insured) is my delight, —
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
Of a party of churchmen dancing the hay!
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball!
Scarce had my eye-lids time to close,
When the scene I had fancied before me rose, —
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eye-lids could hardly stand.
For Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw, — oh brightest of Church events!
A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
Footing away prodigiously!

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
Performing a *chaine des dames* in style;
While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,
Can waken them up by citing Moses, [2]
The portly Tuam was all in a hurry
To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.
Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets)
Our Exeter stood forth to caper
As high on the floor as he doth on paper, —

1 Literally, First Dancers.
2 "And what does Moses say?"—One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service, —
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
Such *ballonnés*,* such — rigmaroles,
Now high, now low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the devil he 'd be at;
Though, watching his various steps, some thought
That a step in the Church was all he sought.
But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the Saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee, —
A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere you could say "'t is there," 't was past,
And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd,
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stept;
While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst: — still danced they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone,
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omen'd darkness round them came, —
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
Till ah! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair *poussetting!*

Nota bene. — As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

DICK * * * *.

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,
  Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patch-work quilt,
  Made up of new, old, motley bits, —
Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,
  If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
  The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
  Reversed ventriloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
  'T was others we heard speak through Dick.
A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
  Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
  The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick! — and how else could it be?
  With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
  Made up of legs and wings of thought, —

* A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line: — "Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur *un* pied, et se rejeter sur *l'autre*." — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, Art. *Contretemps*.

The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint."

St. S — ncl — r rose and declared in sooth,
That he would n't give sixpence to Maynooth.
He had hated priests the whole of his life,
For a priest was a man who had no wife,[1]
And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,
The Church was his father, sister, and brother.
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,[2]
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "how d' ye do?" across it:
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
'T was a jump that nothing on earth could make
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
No, no, – if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly,[3]
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
He would take hands round with all the three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no, —
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M — nd — v — le was the next that rose, —
That Saint who round, as a pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows, —
And he said that Papists were much inclined
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
Which he could n't, in truth, so much condemn,
Having rather a wish to extirpate them;
That is, — to guard against mistake, —
To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;
A distinction Churchmen always make, —
Inasmuch that, when they 've prime control,
Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. J — hnst — n jollily forth,
The spiritual Dogberry of the North,[4]
A right "wise fellow and, what 's more,
An officer,"[5] like his type of yore;
And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
Pray, what 's the use of our Reformation?[6]

1 "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy *bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother.*" — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College. *The Times*, April 19.

2 "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible, &c."

3 "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

4 "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland (cries of hear, and laughter) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money?" &c.

5 "I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer."—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

6 "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?" &c.

What is the use of our Church and State?
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?
And, still as he yell'd out "what 's the use?"
Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
Where they 'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
Yelling responsive, "*What 's the use?*"

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private. — Lord Belzebub presents
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
And much regrets to say that he
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
In stating this, Lord Belzebub
Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
That 't is n't from any lukewarm lack
Of zeal, or fire, he thus holds back —
As ev'n Lord *Coal* * himself is not
For the Orange party more red-hot:
But the truth is, till their Club affords
A somewhat decenter shew of Lords,
And on its list of members gets
A few less rubbishy Baronets,
Lord Belzebub must beg to be
Excused from keeping such company.
Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
To sit and be bored by Lord M – yo?
What living creature – *except his nurse* —
For Lord M – ntc – sh – l cares a curse,
Or thinks 't would matter if Lord M—sk—rry
Were t' other side of the Stygian ferry?
Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
Who 'd give but half of half-a-crown
To save from drowning my Lord R—thd – ne,
Or who would n't also gladly hustle in
Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—o—c—l—n?
In short, though, from his tenderest years,
Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
Lord Belzebub much questions whether
He ever yet saw, mix'd together,
As 't were in one capacious tub,
Such a mess of noble silly-bub
As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.
It being impossible that Lord B.
Could stoop to such society,
Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
For one in his station 't were *infra dig.*
He begs to propose, in the interim,
Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him,
His Highness of C——d, as *Sub,*
To take his place at the Brunswick Club —
Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R – y - l Duke
Resembles so much in air and look
The head of the Belzebub family,
That few can any difference see;
Which makes him, of course, the better suit
To serve as Lord B. 's substitute.

* Usually written "Cole."

ADVERTISEMENT.[1]

Missing or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was traced
The inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And — 't is thought of late — mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain *City* thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filched this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
If we had n't, that evening, chanced to see,
At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
With an ass, to keep her company.

Whosoever of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor, indeed, just now, his friends, — without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
That is left in old King George's stable.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

"Mutantem regna cometem." — *Lucan.*[2]

"Though all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,
Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
We 've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail; —
Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

"No — 't is coming, 't is coming, the avenger is nigh;
Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;
One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
Will settle, at once, all political matters; —

"The East-India Question! the Bank, the Five Powers,
(Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole protocols; —
Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what d' ye calls!

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,
Meet planets and suns in one general hustle!
While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell."

1 Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir C. H—n—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

2 Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the former: —

"With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quae sceptra cometae."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope raised,
His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
And though nothing destructive appear'd as he gazed,
Much hoped that there *would*, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,
"Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;
While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas,
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies: —

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
Whether Bucky or Taurus, I cannot well say;
And, yonder, there's Eld — n's old Chancery-wig,
In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,
L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about; —
While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

"Ah, El—b'r—h! 'faith, I first thought 't was the Comet;
So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale:
The head with the same 'horrid hair [1] coming from it
And plenty of vapour, but — where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer, elated —
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
Which he took to be C—b—d, *upwards* translated,
Instead of his natural course, t' other road!

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles-street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON —— HENRY —— TO LADY EMMA ——[2]

Paris, March 30.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is, — as truth you *will* have, my sweet railer, —
There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting, — my mistress and tailor, —
As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on the attorney, —
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But to come to the point, — though you think, I dare say,
That 't is debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you 're wrong; — such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence nobody, now-a-days, fears;
And the fact is, my love, I 'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;
This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of them, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *dis*count most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation:
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,

1 "And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

2 Written at the time of the last great creation of Peers.

Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!
The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—e
(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;
And Sir George even doubts,—could he choose his disorder,—
'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a dilemma;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
I 'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
Viz., a pair *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis may chap.
Small presents for ladies, — and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps, does n't;
With some little book about heathen mythology,
Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

"COLLEGE. — We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."
Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigot's car,
Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions; —
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus, classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry;
Showing us how young College hacks,
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were *born* to draw
Such luggage as L-fr-y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore; [1] —
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Reversed upon their monkish walls, [2] —
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)

1 See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

2 In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Once famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,
And Eloquence turn'd *upside down*;
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkeys in
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s —
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Scripta manet.

'T WAS graved on the Stone of Destiny, *
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scared his eye;
For he knew a Prophet Voice had said,
As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share.
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew. —
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, — such as Jews,
Who deal more in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmised 't was an ancient way
Of keeping accounts (well known in the day
Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias),
And proved, in books most learnedly boring,
'T was call'd the Pon*tick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,
Or scared a Land of Gulls so well
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

* * * * * *

Hark! — it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
'T is Freedom's fight, and, on the field
Where I expire *your* doom is seal'd."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air! —
But, — why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?
Alas, some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone;
And pointing now, with sapless finger,

* Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny, — for which see Westminster Abbey.

Showeth where dark those letters linger,
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of "brave and free,"
No answer getteth His Majesty
Aut "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short the whole Gull nation feels
They 're fairly spell-bound neck and heels;
And so, in face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to—some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between W-th-r-l's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh! hast to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past:
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th-r—l yield to "some sort of Reform,"
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces);
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he 'll only wear braces.

Or, if those he now sports have been long in possession,
And, like his own borough, are worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Lockit's,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,
To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,—
But must grieve that there 's anything like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,
He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason:*

* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove; *

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day,—he all falls to pieces at last.

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself, through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that 's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
How much 't is at the expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers:—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—
Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation,—
The People *must* be starved, t' insure
The land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs beprosed or shamm'd.—
I vote her grievances a *bore*,
So she may suffer and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bolus,
Down any given amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times;

* Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are at least very similar:

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
Effluit——
tunc moestus vastis ululatus in antris.

Break all their correspondents' bones,
  All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J — es,
  To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
  And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
  Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
  A toast, of which you 'll not complain, —
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
  Of peculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
"I' ve heard much of English bishops," quoth he,
"And shall take a trip up to earth, to see
How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd — but learn'd without misgivings —
Their love for good living, and eke good livings;
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
That good living means claret and fricassees,
While its plural means simply — pluralities.
"From all I hear," said the innocent man,
"They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
For wealth and pomp they little can care,
As they all say '*no*' to the Episcopal chair;
And their vestal virtue it well denotes
That they all, good men, wear petticoats."
Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at the Archbishop of Canterbury's.
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, "What 's your business with his Grace?"
"His Grace!" quoth Jerome — for posed was he,
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;
Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular* [1] —
In short, he rummaged his holy mind,
The exact description of Grace to find,
Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery!
At last, out loud in a laugh he broke
(For dearly the good saint loved his joke,) [2]
And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base —
"Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"

"Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,
"The Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."
"To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one;
Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities!" [3]
"No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,

1 So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.
2 Witness his well-known pun on the name of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.
3 The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage

With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
And propose a toast (humanely meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
"To all as *serves* the Establishment."

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not. . . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve." — *Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"Once more," said Jerome, "I 'll run up and see
How the Church goes on," — and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the Shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?" —
For he saw, when nearer he explored,
They 'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,
Once worn by nobs Episcopal.
For folks on earth, when they 've got a store
Of things like these they want no more,
Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, "No more
I 'll affect a body, as before;
For I think I 'd best, in the company
Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
And glide, unseen, from See to See."

But oh! to tell what scenes he saw, —
It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.
For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir. —
For love of God? for sake of King?
For good of people? — no such thing;
But to get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,[1]
Because the rogues show'd restlessness
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Cbristianly bears too much.
He found Old Sarum's wits as gone
As his own beloved text in John, —[2]
Text he hath prosed so long upon,
That 't is thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,
His name, he'll answer "John v. 7."
"But enough of Bishops I 've had to-day,"
Said the weary Saint, — "I must away.
Though I own I should like, before I go,
To see for once (as I 'm ask'd below

1 See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.
2 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

If really such odd sights exist),
A regular six-fold Pluralist."
Just then he heard a general cry,
"There 's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"
"Ay, that 's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,
At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
A glimpse of this singular plural man.
But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird! [1]
To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
"Which way, Sir, pray is the Doctor gone?"—
"He is now at his living at Hillingdon."
"No no, — you're out, by many a mile,
He 's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—
"Pardon me, Sir; but I understand
He 's gone to his living in Cumberland."—
"God bless me, no,—he can't be there;
You must try St. George's, Hanover square."
Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,
From living to living, mock'd and tired;—
'T was Hodgson here, 't was Hodgson there,
'T was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
To astonish the natives under ground
With the comical things he on earth had found.

THE CONSULTATION.

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful.—" *The Critic.*

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,
That what to do with him, I 'm curst if I know.
I 've *promised* him anodynes——
Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.
Tie him down—gag him well—he 'll be tranquil enough.
That 's *my* mode of practice.
Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.
'T is so painful——
Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.
He, too, says "'t is painful"—"quite makes his heart bleed"—
But "your eels are a vile oleaginous breed."—
He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says "No,"
And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so. [2]
'T is the same with these Irish,—who 're odder fish still,
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes;—
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent, like him,—so the fish is *but* stew'd,—
Must torture live Pats for the general good.
(*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*)

1 It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that, "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

2 This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it *is* the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient 's so devilish perverse,
That he *won't* be thus tortured?
Dr. Tory. Coerce, Sir, coerce.
You 're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in:
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
With the comfort that, while he retires on his pelf,
He's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?
Dr. Whig (*looking flattered*).—Why, to tell you the truth,
I 've a small matter here,
Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—

(*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-waistcoat and gag.*)

And such rest I 've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,
That I 've made up my mind he shall wear it again.
Dr. Tory (*embracing him*).—Oh, charming!—My dear
Doctor Whig, you 're a treasure,
Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

(*Assisting Dr Whig.*)

Give me leave—I 've some practice in these mad machines;
There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful!—all 's snug—not a squeak need you fear,—
You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*)

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

(See *Edingburgh Review*, N. 117.)

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,[1]
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
Once fairly inspired by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phoebus hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,
The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation),
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-*nined* and be-*tenth'd*, could n't easily do.

Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian,[2] they say,
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
And small sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
Announced the Church poet whom Chester approves.

Oh Horace, when thou, in thy vision of yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily on,
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,[3]
Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all;

1 "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov-rt-n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my "Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*"

2 Sophocles.

3 —— album mutor in alitem
Superne: nascunturque laeves
Per digitos humerosque plumae.

Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a goose.

SCENE FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION."

[*Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.*]

Doctor P.—There, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—
No occasion to count—you 've now only to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-Church than we,
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
Let 's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,
Predestination, and Supererogation,—
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
That 's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,
You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"
(*Boy stares.*)
Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who 're particular.
But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through.
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.
Boy (*poring over the Articles.*)—Here are points which—pray, Doctor, what 's "Grace of Congruity?"
Doctor P. (*sharply*).—You 'll find out, young Sir, when you 've more ingenuity.
At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.
Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan,—
First, to swallow all down, then digest—as we can.
Boy (*still reading*).—I 've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's Creed,
Which, I 'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns—
Doctor P. (*aside.*)—Ay, and so would I, willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming!—all 's o 'er with our land,
When people won't stand what they can't *under*stand;
Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.
[*Exit Doctor P. in a passion.*]

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

"THE Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not*, for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who 've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His "well-beloved" of their pennies fleeced:

But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B — mh — m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying "Take the pig" — "oh take the pence;"
The cries of little Vicarial dears,
The unborn B — mh — mites, reach his ears;
And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L — ndy of L — ck — ngt — n!
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
Who, for sake of the L — ndies of coming ages,
Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.[1]
'T is true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
The claim'd "obvention"[2] of four-pence goes;
But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right *to take*.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still, as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny, on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide:
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'T is the *wish* to look wise, — not knowing *how*.
Self-glory glistens o'er all that 's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 't is n't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather!
You 'll all rejoice to hear, I 'm sure,
Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;

1 Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best-paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of——," &c. &c. — *The Times*, August 1833.

2 One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, &c., are comprised.

And the Premier says, my youngest brother,
(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
Is n't this very, *very* gallant! —
As for my poor old virgin aunt,
Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."
Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
Was a puppet-show, called Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who stood to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink — port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
Where the cure of souls is a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul
Is a fair allowance on the whole."
There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but *quantities*;
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise;
But it was but too plain to see, alas!
That a downfall soon must come to pass.
For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolize,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Aven blessed fools must have their share.
End so it happen'd: — but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My Steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour." — *Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

The account is balanced — the bill drawn out, —
The debit and credit all right, no doubt —
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pounds eight

The Curate, that least well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pounds ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in heaven,
Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,
And the balance settled the other way:
Were Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
Will back to his shade with interest come;
And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw material for *settlers* abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic,
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark, from the shore, a glad welcome there came—
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'T is thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturae*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

Fine figures of speech let your orators follow,
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be,
In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,

For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*"[1] for me!
As for instance, — while others discuss and debate, —
It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate:
In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
'T is certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred, —
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
Just one million five hundred thousands of souls.
And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we 're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
Therefore, if, for *three* millions of souls, 't is conceded
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,
'T is plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
One third of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.
And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
The Irish Church question 's resolved to a T;
Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.
Nay, if, — as St. Roden complains is the case, —
The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
But, as fractions imply that we 'd have to dissect,
And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
We 've a small fractious prelate whom well we could spare,
Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;
And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
We 'll let her have Ex — t — r, *sole*,[2] as her Church.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons." — *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap.* xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested, — lest that Church
Should all at once be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endued
With this gift of ne'er requiring food, —
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There could n't be made, of wood and leather,[3]
(Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
Jointed figures, not *lay*, but clerical,[4]
Which, wound up carefully once a-week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,
Nay even, if requisite, reason too
As well as most Irish parsons do.
The experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who 've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
They think 't is not for her spiritual good
To be served by parsons of flesh and blood),
The Patentees of this new invention

1 The *total*, — so pronounced by this industrious senator.
2 Corporation sole.
3 The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.
4 The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "lay figures."

Beg leave respectfully to mention,
They now are enabled to produce
A large supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,
Or any such-like post of skill
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson:
But, if the Church any such appoints,
They 'd better, at least, have iron joints.
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
A figure *to look at* 's all that 's wanted
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating 's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer need
Imitation-parsons that never feed,
And these creatures of ours, broke up, will sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
Should transmigrate into *turning*-machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'SSELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.

CHOOSE some title that 's dormant—the Peerage hath many—
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—
Fig, the grocer himself, if your 're hard run, will do;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well?
Thus, having your couple,—and one a lord's cousin,—
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;
And 't is hard if, inventing each small mother's-son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em.
Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise,—*don't* be particular.
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,*
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'T' is true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways—when folks are resolved to be lords—
Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
What think ye of scissors? depend on 't no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,

* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." — *Watts's Logic.*

Your scissors does wonders in proving descent,
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,
But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be-Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.—
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip,—and the urchin hath *never* existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick, the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—
No such people have ever lived, married, or died!
Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who 've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And—*who* knows but you 'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

FRAGMENTS.

---

[1]CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way —
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing.

---

[2]LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!

---

[3]I KNOW thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most!

---

[4]I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

---

[5]FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep
I 'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there I 'll float, to waves resign'd,
For love intoxicates my mind!

1 Barnes, 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's *Poetics*. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

2 This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephaestion. See BARNES (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

3 Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenaeus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

4 This fragment is in Hephaestion. See BARNES, 95th.

Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate,
may I die!

CARM. 53. I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot
tell why.

5 This also is in Hephaestion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

[1]Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED FROM ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

Among the Epigrams of the *Anthologia*, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work: but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety; a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but, designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρου Σιδωνιου, εις Ανακρεοντα.[2]

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἅβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οςεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χδιμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον ςερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

Around the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure!—

1 This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form, To δ' ως' *Ανακρεοντος.*

2 Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, *de Poetis Græcis*, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvvisatore. See *Institut. Orat.* lib. x, cap. 7.—There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the *Anthologia*, among which are these I have selected, upon Anacreon. Those remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet (*) of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Caesaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate *Ανθολογιας*, lib. iv, tit. *εις Ορχηςριδας.* At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos, ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione," &c. &c.

(*) Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur.
Brunck, *Lectiones et Emendat.*

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεοντος· ὁ Τηΐος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὕδει, χη παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλῳ
Ἱμερα· και κισσου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αἴδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν· εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ὢν, ὅλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερῃ.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here, mute in death, the Teian swan is laid.[1]
Cold, cold, the heart which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!
And yet, O bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;[2]
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through the Elysian grove:
And dreams are thine that bless the elect alone,
And Venus calls thee, even in death, her own!

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρεοντος αμειβων,
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ἡλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμῃ σποδιῃ, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινῳ
Οζεια γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουασε κωμος,
Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητου ουντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχου διχα τουτον ὑποισω
Τον γενεῃ μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

The reader who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, *Lexic. Univers.* By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodaeus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodaeus with another annotator on the *Anthologia*, Vicentius Obsopaeus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

1—*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συντροφον
Αυαιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηΐον κυκνον,
Κοφηλας ὑγρῃ νεκταρος μελιδονῃ.
Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd,
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!
The Teian, nursed with all those honied boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

2 *Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath.*] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπεος, αλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευνασεν εν αϊδη.
Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

[1]O stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell[2]
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear,[3]
In exquisite libation here!
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.[4]
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When Fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine," though Le Fèvre, in his *Poètes Grecs*, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobaeus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopaeus, the commentator, here appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

1 The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

2 ——*if Anacreon's shell*

Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess, from the words εκ βιζλων εμων, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these M. Le Fèvre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

Εις Αναχρεοντος ανδριαντα.

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον, ω ξενε,
σπουδῃ, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ενθῃς,
Αναχρεοντος εικον' ειδον εν Τεῳ.
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ῳδοποιων.
Προσθεις δε χωτι τοις νεοισιν ᾀδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ὁλον τον ανδρα.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANACREON.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
And you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

3 *And drop thy goblet's richest tear, &c. &c.*] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ἡς ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ ζοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreathed,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breathed,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

4 *And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.*] The original here is corrupted, the line ὡ ὁ Διονυσου, &c. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ὡς ὁ Διωνυσοιο λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See BRUNCK, *Analecta. Veter. Poet. Graec.* vol. ii.

Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον.

ΕΤΑΕΙΣ εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα ποιησας,
Εὶδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
Εὶδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων εαρ, ᾧ συ μελισδων
Βαρβιτ', ανεκρουου νεκταρ εναρμονιον.
Ηϊθεου γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος' ες δε σε μουνον
Τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἑκηβολιας.

At length, thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,[1]
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She, too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,[2]
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,[3]
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart[4]
That Love could scatter from his quiver;

1 *Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.*] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

Ως ὁ φιλαχρηστος τε και οινοβαρες φιλοκωμος
Παννυχιος κρουοι (*) *την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.*
Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he loved on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild aerial shell!

2 *The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.*] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but "nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

3 *She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.*] The original, *το Ποθων εαρ*, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress, Eurypyle, would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

Ἐγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ουλον αειδοις,
Αιθυσσων λιπαρες ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
Ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *ανθος κομης*, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobaeus: *Απεκειρας δ' ἁπαλης αμωμον ανθος.*

4 *Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, &c.*] *εφυς σκοπος*, "scopus eras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopaeus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

(*) Brunck has *κρουων* but *κρουοι*, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

And every woman found in thee a heart,[1]
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her.

1 *And every woman found in thee a heart, &c.*] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ῳδας.
Ηδυν Ανακρειοντα (*), *Τεως εις Ἑλλαδ' ανηγεν,*
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.*

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids, who blush'd approving!

Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

(*) Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:
Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

A Bishop and a bold Dragoon,
  Both heroes in their way,
Did thus of late, one afternoon,
  Unto each other say:—

"Dear Bishop!" quoth the brave Hussar,
  As nobody denies
That you a wise logician are,
  And I am—otherwise;

"'T is fit that, on this question, we
  Stick each to his own art—
That *yours* should be the sophistry,
  And *mine* the *fighting* part.

"My creed, I need not tell you, is
  Like that of Wellington;
To whom no harlot comes amiss,
  Save Her of Babylon;*

"And when we're at at loss for words,
  If laughing reasoners flout us,
For lack of sense we 'll draw our swords—
  The sole things sharp about us."

"Dear bold Dragoon!" the Bishop said,
  "'T is true for war thou art meant;
And reasoning (bless that dandy head!)
  Is not in thy department.

"So leave the argument to me—
  And, when my holy labour
Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
  Thou 'lt poke them with thy sabre.

"From pulpit and from sentry-box
  We 'll make our joint attacks,
I, at the head of my cassocks,
  And you, of your cossacks.

* Cui nulla meretrix displicuit, praeter Babylonicam.

"So here 's your health, my brave Hussar!
  My exquisite old fighter—
Success to Bigotry and War,
  The musket and the mitre."

Thus pray'd the minister of Heaven—
  While York, just entering then,
Snored out (as if some *Clarke* had given
  His nose the cue) "Amen!"

THE DAY-DREAM.*

They both were hush'd, the voice, the chords;—
  I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
  My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
  Like echoes of some broken strain:—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
  That nothing now could join again.

Even these, too, ere the morning, fled;
  And, though the charm still linger'd on
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
  The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
  On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
  Though *what* they were we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
  I woo'd this truant air to come,—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
  To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
  In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave
  Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
  In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
  To the full truth of day-light's beams,

A face,—the very face, methought,
  From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought,—
  Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
  Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,
  All perfect, all again my own.

Like parted souls, when, 'mid the blest,
  They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through Memory's realm had wing'd in quest
  Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

Nor even in waking, did the clue,
  Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
  So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when Memory's wondrous spell
  Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
  The vision of that morning hour.

TO LORD BYRON.

ON READING HIS STANZAS ON THE SILVER FOOT OF A SKULL MOUNTED AS A CUP FOR WINE.

Why hast thou bound around, with silver rim,
  This once gay peopled palace of the soul?
Look on it now! deserted, bleach'd, and grim,
  Is *this*, thou feverish man, thy festal bowl?

Is *this* the cup wherein thou seek'st the balm
  Each brighter chalice to thy lip denies?
Is *this* the oblivious bowl whose floods becalm
  The worm that will not sleep, and never dies?

Woe to the lip to which this cup is held!
  The lip that 's pall'd with every purer draught,
For which alone the rifled grave can yield
  A goblet worthy to be deeply quaff'd.

Strip, then, this glittering mockery from the skull,
  Restore the relic to its tomb again,
And seek a healing balm within the bowl,
  The blessed bowl that never flow'd in vain!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us! there's nothing now safe from assault,
  Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr *Galt*
  Has declared open war against English and grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design—
  And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately among C-lb-rn's troops of *the line*
  (The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
  Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He at length against syntax has taken his stand,
  And sets all the nine parts of speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;—
  In the mean time the danger most imminent grows:
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
  And who he 'll *next* murder the Lord only knows!

Wednesday Evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene—
  Though the rebel, 't is stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—no—Puff Magazine,
  And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical "ichor,"[1] "gelatinous" prose,[2]
And a mixture call'd "amber immortalization."[3]

Now he raves of a bard, he once happen'd to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings" and "churming" a sonnet,[4]
Now talks of a Mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it![5]

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines—
Something bad they must mean, though we can't make it out;
For whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *anti*-English no Christian can doubt.

THE WITCH'S SABBATH.

A FRAGMENT.

"Ay, write their names on my darkest page,"
Said Bigotry, opening wide her book—
That book, in whose leaves, now black with age,
None but the worm and Copley look:

"Write, write them down—as witches of yore
The name of each imp of darkness knew,
And nightly call'd their bead-roll o'er,
I 'll know the name of my servants too!"

She spoke—and, behold! a scribe was near,
Who straightway taking a pen of flame
From behind his ancient, ass-like ear,
Wrote down, as she bid, each minion's name.

And never, oh! never—not even then
In her youthful days of murderous tricks—
Was Bigotry half so pleased as when
She counted Two Hundred and Seventy-six!

With joy, I wist, each name she kiss'd,
Though even in joy a sigh heaved she,
When out of that list one name she miss'd,
Her own dear Wilks, of Sudbury.

"'T is well, 't is well—so far our spell
Is a match for even my darkest days;—
Now, draw me a circle round, and tell
What Sprite of them all I first shall raise."

The circle is drawn.—She squats within,
And "Arise," she cries, "some imp of flame,
Who will do my bidding, through thick and thin!"—
She spoke but the word, and Duigenan came!

His torch was ready—his eyes were wild—
Away to his northern hills he flew,
And 't was rare to see how the beldam smiled,
As she track'd his flight by the glare he threw;

As she saw, by her gift of second sight,
The mingling flash of the pike and sword,
And the burning cottage's crimson light
On the baleful Orange banner pour'd!

1 "That dark diseased ichor, which coloured his effusions."—GALT'S *Life of Byron.*
2 "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*Id.*
3 "The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization."—*Id.*
4 "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churming an inarticulate melody."—*Id.*
5 "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo."—*Id.*

But, see — what spell doth she now prepare?
  What strange zigzaggeries round her draw,
As she mutters, backward, many a prayer? —
  'T is to call to her aid some imp of law;

Some dusky Gnome, who shivers at light;
  Who, bred in the dark, his life hath pass'd,
In playing, for hire, with Wrong and Right,
  Till he knows not one from t' other, at last;

Who, kept by his masters under cork,
  Like bottled-up imps, is but brought out
To help in any unholy work
  The wise state-conjurors are about; —

Who, ready at hand for dingy deeds,
  Not only is bottled, convenient sprite!
But labell'd and priced, and only needs
  A seal on his cork to fix him quite.

"Up!" said the hag, with visage stern,
  "My master imp, who art learn'd in all
The wise and good would most unlearn:"
  She said — and Coptey came at her call;

Came (while the beldam cried "All hail!")
  In a shape she loves the best of any, —
A Rat,[1] who was n't "without a tale,"
  As he told of a cook an a "bull"[2] full many.

And much he squeak'd of queens and kings,
  Of James the first, and James the latter,
And "bloody Queen Mary," and lots of things
  Which, he ow'nd, had nothing to do with the matter.

Thus, one by one, did the Witch call up
  The legion of imps that fill'd that roll;
And to each she pledged her venomous cup,
  While each one pledged to her his soul:

Till, hark! in the midst of all their rites,
  While (counting two hundred and seventy-seven,
The hag included) this band of sprites
  Were playing their tricks before high heaven,
There came a loud crash! * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

EXTEMPORE.

TO——, TO WHOSE INTERFERENCE I CHIEFLY OWE THE VERY LIBERAL PRICE GIVEN FOR LALLA ROOKH.

When they shall tell, in future times,
Of thousands given for idle rhymes
  Like these — the pastime of an hour,
They 'll wonder at the lavish taste
That could, like tulip-fanciers, waste
  A little fortune on a flower!

Yet wilt not thou, whose friendship set
  Such value on the bard's renown —
Yet wilt not thou, my friend, regret
  The golden shower thy spell brought down.
For thou dost love the free-born muse,
Whose flight no curbing chain pursues;

1 "And like a rat without a tail."—*Macbeth.*
2 The "Bull" part of the story belongs more properly to Mr. Peel.

And thou dost think the song that shrines
That image, — so adored by thee,
And spirits like thee, – Liberty,
Of price beyond all India's mines!

REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast;
It foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

FROM PLATO.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye
To wonder on thy beauties here!

In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death hath stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

NATIONAL AIRS.

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Danish Air.

Do not say that life is waning,
  Or that Hope's sweet day is set:
While I 've thee and love remaining,
  Light is in the horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
  Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying
  Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms the newest, brightest,
  That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
  That is lingering now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Hindoo Air.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
  Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'T is my lady's light gazelle,
  To me her love-thoughts bringing—
All the while that silver bell
  Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath
  My love hath kiss'd in tying:
Oh what tender thoughts beneath
  Those silent flowers are lying!
Hid within the mystic wreath
  My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
  And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus sends her soul to me
  In every leaf thou bearest.
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
  And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail! ye living, speaking flowers,
  That breathe of her who bound ye;
Oh! 't was not in fields or bowers,
  'T was on her lips she found ye!
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
  'T was on her lips she found ye!

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

Spanish Air.

No— leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth and love and hope have pass'd away.
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that 's fallen and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth and love and hope have pass'd away.

Oh! had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light:
But now thou break'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies.
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth and love and hope have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS?

Air unknown.

Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,
Forms that had grace in their shadows alone,
Looks, fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
And voices that music might take for her own?

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say—"Where are those visions, oh where?"
And, pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There!"

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
On to the dim-shining ruins of day,
And there, in that light, like a talisman broken,
Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt away.

"Oh! lend me thy wings, Time," I hastily utter'd,
Impatient to catch the last glimmer that shone;
But scarcely again had the dark wizard flutter'd
His wing o'er my head, ere the light all was gone.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

German Air.

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs:
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilliho! hilliho! hilliho! hilliho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies:
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild-boar lies.
Hark! the cry, "He 's found, he 's found!"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilliho! hilliho! hilliho! hilliho!

OH! GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Scotch Air.

Oh! guard our affection, and ne'er let it feel
The blight which this world o'er the warmest will steal:
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let our truth, at least, keep its bloom to the last.

It is safer for Love to be watchful and weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
For death on his slumber, cold death, follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Yet transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER!

Air unknown.

"Slumber, oh slumber! if, sleeping, thou makest
My heart beat so wildly, I 'm lost if thou wakest."
Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'er-laden
With noon-tide sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber! if, sleeping, thou makest
My heart beat so wildly, I 'm lost if thou wakest.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks!
If mute thus she charm me, I 'm lost when she speaks."
Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;
If murm'ring she charm thus, I 'm lost when she speaks.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

Russian Air.

Bring the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying:
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark! that low, dismal chime—
'T is the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty! bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while beauty is shining,
Love – or she 's lost for ever.
Hark! again that dull chime!
'T is the dreary voice of Time.
Oh! if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing.

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

Spanish Air.

If in loving, singing, night and day,
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Or day-flies skimming o'er the stream;
Like summer odours, born to sigh
Their sweetness out and die;

How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever play'd so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor odours ever mix'd their sigh
So close as thou and I.

TOO PLAIN, ALAS!

French Air.

Too plain, alas! my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er:
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken—
Thou lovest no more, thou lovest no more!
Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone which once they wore;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'T is not the same—thou lovest no more!

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I 've thought thee all thou wert before;
But now, alas! there 's no deceiving—
'T is all too plain—thou lovest no more!
Oh! thou as soon the dead couldst waken
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

Italian Air.

When abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,
To my heart while of all thou 'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou 'rt of all the most fair.
They pass one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the sun,
"See how bright we can be!"
But where 's the light like thine,
In sun and shade to shine!
No, no, no, no, no!
'Mong them all there is nothing like thee;
No, no, no, no!
There is nothing like thee 'mong them all.

When of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies,
Wrap a mist round her head of a morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;

No matter what crowd
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd "'t is she!"
So thou, where thousands are,
Dost shine the only star!
No, no, no, no, no!
'Mong them all there is nothing like thee;
No, no, no, no!
There is nothing like thee 'mong them all.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

German Air.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be;
When they must for others shine,
Then think they 're turn'd on me.

Should those lips, as now, respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they 're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If, when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

Old English Air.

HOPE comes again — to this heart long a stranger;
Once more she sings me her flattering strain:
But hush! gentle syren, for ah! there 's less danger
In still suffering on, than in hoping again.

Long, long in sorrow too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
And joy, coming now like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly, then, ye visions that hope would shed o'er me:
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that 's before me,
But, ah! in forgetting how once I was blest!

I WOULD TELL HER I LOVE HER.

Italian Air.

I WOULD tell her I love her,
Did I know but the way;
Could my lips but discover
What a lover should say, —
Could my lips but discover
What a lover should say.
Though I swear to adore her
Every morning I rise,
Yet, when once I 'm before her,
All my eloquence flies.
Oh, ye gods! did ye ever
Such a simpleton know?
I 'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so, —

No, no, ne'er have the heart to say so, —
No, no, ne'er have the heart to say so.

Having pluck'd up a spirit
One moonshiny night,
Then, thought I, "I 'll defer it
Till to-morrow's daylight—
Yes," thought I, "I 'll defer it
Till to-morrow's daylight."
But, alas! the pale moon-beam
Could not frighten me more,
For I found by the noon-beam
I was dumb as before.
Oh, ye gods! did ye ever
Such a simpleton know?
I 'm in love, and yet never
Have the heart to say so.
No, no, ne'er have the heart to say so —
No, no, ne'er have the heart to say so.

OH SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

Spanish Air.

Oh say, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And, dying, loved thee still?

If, when that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah! blush not while it flows:
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "'This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine!"

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

Florentine Air.

When night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts;
With lips in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is—
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flowers there are found

Most shining and sweet.
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play.
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd over my lyre,
You 'd fancy its strings
Were all turning to fire.
Guess who he is —
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE, WHO DOOM'D.

Indian Air.

Like one, who doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure:
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down —
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him this heart, through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.
Like him, alas! I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What took whole years to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

French Air.

Fear not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.
Fear not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile now charms no more.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
But, how this heart is breaking,
For thy own peace forget.
Fear not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile now charms no more.

LOVE ALONE.

French Air.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies.
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne;
Her right divine is given by love alone.

What would the rose, with all her pride, be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
Maidens unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light which comes from love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Ah! trust them not — they 'll fade from year to year.
Wouldst thou still have them shine as first they shone,
Go fix thy mirror in love's eyes alone.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

Italian Air.

The garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd, in long vanish'd hours.
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too late;
Where, ling'ring full oft, through a summer night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often we 've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time flew, that love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

Italian Air.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
  Thou think'st I talk too coldly;
If I mention love's devoted flame,
  Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires
  Why doom me thus to hover?
  'm a friend, if such thy heart requires;
  If more thou seek'st — a lover.
Which shall it be? how shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Though the wings of Love will brightly play
  When first he comes to woo thee,
There 's a chance that he may fly away,
  As fast as he flies to thee;
While Friendship, though on foot she come,
  No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
  When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? how shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

But if neither feeling suits thy heart,
  Let 's see (to please thee) whether

We may not learn some precious art
  To mix their charms together.
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
  From two, so sweet already, —
A friendship that, like love, is warm,
  A love, like friendship, steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo;
Dearest, thus we 'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.*

French Air.

Every season hath its pleasures:
  Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
  Brighten Autumn's soberer time.
So life's year begins and closes;
  Days, though shortening, still can shine;
What, though youth gave loves and roses,
  Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
  All the spring look'd coy and shy;
Yet, herself, in autumn sought me,
  When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah! too late — she found her lover,
  Calm and free, beneath his vine,
Drinking to the spring-time over,
  In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
  To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
  While we still can taste the fruit.
Oh! while days like this are ours,
  Where 's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flowers,
  So autumn leaves us friends and wine.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

Austrian Air.

When love is kind,
  Cheerful and free,
Love 's sure to find
  Welcome from me.
But when love brings
  Heart-ache or pang,
Tears and such things,
  Love may go hang!

If love can sigh
  For one alone,
Well pleased am I
  To be that one:
But should I see
  Love given to rove
To two — or three,
  Then good-bye, love!

Love must, in short,
  Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
  And evil too:

* Partly borrowed from the "Printemps et l'automne" of Béranger.

Else here I swear,
Young love may go,
For aught I care,
To Jericho. *

HARK! I HEAR A SPIRIT SING.

Hindostanee Air.

HARK! — I hear a spirit sing from yonder vale,
With voice as sweet as summer's rosy gale.
"Come, sweetheart," it seems to say, "with me away,
To Beauty's bower away, away."
Who art thou? and whence thy birth?
"Pleasure I 'm call'd, and born on earth."
No, no!
Though full of charms thy pathway be,
Oh, Pleasure, thou art not for me.

Hark! — I hear another voice from yonder height,
That now is bathed in heaven's calmest light:
"Come, pure heart," it seems to say, "with me away,
From Pleasure's call away, away!"
Who art thou? and what thy name?
"Virtue I 'm call'd — from heaven I came."
Yes, yes!
Though rude and steep thy pathway be,
O Virtue, I will fly to thee.

* Suggested by the old song, "Prudence may go to Jericho."

SACRED SONGS.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

Air—HAENDEL.

ANGEL of Charity, who from above
  Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
  And pity's soul is in thy tear!
When on the shrine of God were laid
  First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever grew in Eden's shade,
  Thine was the holiest offering there!

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
  But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
  Lost in that blaze of bliss, they die. *
But long as Love, almighty Love,
  Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou shalt, O Charity, dwell above,
  Smiling for ever by his side.

BEHOLD THE SUN.

Air — LORD MORNINGTON.

BEHOLD the sun, how bright
  From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
  Were breathing from his wings:

So bright the gospel broke
  Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
  In truth's full radiance then!

* "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy," — PRIOR.

Before yon sun arose,
  Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But, oh! how dim, how pale were those,
  To his one burning eye!

So truth lent many a ray,
  To bless the Pagan's night—
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they,
  To thy one glorious light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY?

Air—Dr Boyce.

Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
  When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
  And hear him swear by thee that time 's no more? [1]
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray—
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded—
  "Wake, O ye dead, to judgment wake, ye dead!" [2]
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
  The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head; [3]
While earth and heaven before him pass away— [4]
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, the eternal Judge shall sever
  Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
  To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!" [5]
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

OH! TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

Air—Haydn.

Oh! teach me to love thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
  Shall all other passions disown—
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
  Reserved for thy worship alone!

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Oh! still let me, living and dying the same,
  In thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
  In holiness wasteth away!

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
  On thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
  Still looks for its light from the sky!

1 "And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer."—*Rev.* x, 5, 6.

2 "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment."

3 "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven,—and all the angels with him."—*Matt.* xxiv, 30, and xxv, 31.

4 "From his face the earth and the heaven fled away."—*Rev.* xx, 11.

5 "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another."

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," *&c.*

"Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed," *&c.*

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment but the righteous into life eternal."—*Matt.* xxv, 32 *et seq.*

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

Air—STEVENSON.

WEEP, weep for him, the man of God—[1]
In yonder vale he sunk to rest,
But none of earth can point the sod[2]
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrines fell like heaven's rain,[3]
His words refresh'd like heaven's dew—
Oh! ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief, to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died![4]
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away![5]
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

Air—BEETHOVEN.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there!

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire—
But when he swept its chords along,
Even angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Air—*German.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;

1 "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab."—*Deut.* xxxiv, 8.
2 "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Ibid.* Ver. 6.
3 "My doctrines shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—*Moses' Song.*
4 "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—Ver. 5.
5 "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—JOSEPHUS, book iv, chap. viii.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying —
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

Air—STEVENSON.

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come; [1]
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb —
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise — the Gentiles, to thy ray,
From every nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre. [2]

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters. [3]

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee. [4]

See who are these that, like a cloud, [5]
Are gathering from all earth's dominions!
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me, [6]
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace — [7]
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways, [8]
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

1 "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—*Isaiah*, lx.

2 "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—*Ib.*

3 "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."—*Ib.*

4 "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense."—*Ib.*

5 "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—*Ib.*

6 "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish, first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them."—*Ib.*

7 "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."—*Ib.*

8 "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, nor wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise."—*Ib.*

The sun no more shall make thee bright,[1]
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God Himself shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heaven itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown —
Thy days of mourning all are ended.[2]

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand —
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.[3]

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

Air — CRESCENTINI.

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary —
What may that Desert be?
'T is Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 't is not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies —
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'T is Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing —
What may that Fountain be?
'T is Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.[4]

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell —
Who may that Spirit be?
'T is Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, wherever
Her wand stoops to worship, the Truth must be there.

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

Air — NICHOLAS FREEMAN.

SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see —
All bonds of earth I sever —
Thee, O God! and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

Like him, whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,[5]

1 "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—*Isaiah*, lx.

2 "Thy sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Ib.*

3 "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands."—*Ib.*

4 In singing, the following line had better be adopted —

Can but by the gifted of heaven be found.

5 "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands."—*Acts*, xii, 7.

My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
  Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free
  Return to bondage? — never!
Thee, O God, and only Thee
  I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'T IS THE BREEZE.

Air—ROUSSEAU.

HARK! — 't is the breeze of twilight calling
  Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
  Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
  Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of cherubs shining
  From out the veils that hid the Ark!

Guard us, O Thou, who never sleepest,
  Thou who, in silence throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
  Thy watch of Glory, Power, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely
  Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
  Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

Air—HASSE.

WHERE is your dwelling, ye sainted?
  Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
  Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
  Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits?
  Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages who, even in exploring
  Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the seraphs, adoring,
  And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—
Martyrs, who left for our reaping
  Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners, whom long years of weeping
  Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens who, like the young Crescent,
  Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the present,
  Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
Say, through what region enchanted
  Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
Or, oh! to whom is it granted,
  Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

Air—ANONYMOUS.

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
  Whose theme is in the skies—
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
  The nearer heaven they rise!

Though Love his wreathed lyre may tune,
  Yet, ah! the flowers he round it wreaths
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
  Whose madness from their odour breathes.
How purer far the sacred lute,
  Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flowers that turn to heavenly fruit,
  And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
  Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas! his chords of victory
  Are bathed, all o'er, with tears.
How far more sweet their numbers run,
  Who hymn, like saints above,
No victor, but the Eternal One,
  No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

Air—STEVENSON.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,[1]
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
From that time,[2] when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
  Looking motionless down,[3] saw the kings of the earth,
In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale—
  Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree
That is worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.[4]
From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
  With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide,
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—[5]
  Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

Air—HAYDN.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
  When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
  To those she long hath mourn'd for here?
Hearts, from which 't was death to sever,
  Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
  Shall meet us, and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
  Of earth and heaven, where are they
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—
  Blest, and thinking bliss would stay!
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
  Pointing to the eternal home,

1 "And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches," &c. &c.—*Neh.* viii, 15.
2 "For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun, unto that day, had not the children of Israel done so; and there was very great gladness."—*Ib.* 17.
3 "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."—*Josh.* x, 12.
4 "Fetch olive-branches and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—*Neh.* viii, 15.
5 "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."—*Josh.* iii, 17.

Upon whose portal yet they linger,
  Looking back for us to come.

Alas! — alas! — doth Hope deceive us?
  Shall friendship — love — shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
  Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
  To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
  Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON!

Air—NOVELLO.

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we around,[1]
  Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound —[2]
  "War against Babylon! shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest an many waters,[3]
  Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
  Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
        War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,[4]
  Set the standard of God on high —
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
  "Zion," our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
Woe! woe! — the time of thy visitation[5]
  Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast —
And the bleak wave of desolation
  Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
        War, war, war against Babylon!

1 "Shout against her round about."—*Jer.* i, 15.
2 "Set up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms," &c. &c.—*Ib.* li, 27.
3 "Oh thou, that dwellest upon many waters, thy end is come."—*Ib.* i, 13.
4 "Make bright the arrows; gather the shields. . . . . set the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—*Ib.*
5 "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation."—*Ib.*

A SET OF GLEES.

TO MRS JEFFREY,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE PLEASANT HOURS PASSED AT CRAIG-CROOK, WITH HER AND MY VALUED FRIEND HER HUSBAND, I HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN INSCRIBING THE FOLLOWING GLEES.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MEETING OF SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas, alone
For days and nights we 've cheerless gone,
Oh, they who 've felt it, know how sweet,
Some sunny morn, a sail to meet.
Sparkling at once is every eye —
"Ship a hoy!" our joyful cry;
While, answering back, the sounds we hear,
"Ship a hoy! what cheer, what cheer?"
Then sails are back'd — we nearer come —
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRA!

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper, I pledge not to him:
Here 's "the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue
Or lustre it may, so her heart is but true."
Charge!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!

Come, charge high again, boy, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer where daylight may shine;
Here 's "the friends of our youth, though of some we 're bereft;
May the links that are lost but endear what are left."
Charge!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill the glass round — ne'er talk of the hour,
On hearts thus united old Time has no power:
"May our lives — though, alas! like the wine of to-night,
They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright!"
Charge!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick—now I 'll give you, since Time's glass will run
Even faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one:
Here 's "the poet who sings—here 's the warrior who fights—
Here 's the statesman who speaks in the cause of man's rights!"
Charge!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more a bumper!—then drink as you please,
Though who could fill half-way to such toasts as these?
Here 's "our next joyous meeting—and, oh, when we meet,
May our wine be as bright, and our union as sweet!"
Charge!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra!

THE WATCHMAN.

Good night, good night, my dearest—
How fast the moments fly!
'T is time to part—thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry.
Past twelve o'clock! past twelve!

Yet stay a moment longer:
Alas! why is it so?—
The wish to stay grows stronger
The more 't is time to go.
Past one o'clock! past one!

Now wrap thy cloak about thee;
The hours must sure go wrong,
For, when they 're pass'd without thee,
They 're, oh! ten times as long.
Past two o'clock! past two!

Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky—'t is morning—
So now, *indeed*, good night.
Past three o'clock! past three!

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

On to the field! our doom is seal'd—
To conquer or be slaves:
The sun shall see our nation free,
Or shine upon our graves!

Farewell, oh! farewell, my love!
May Heaven thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above,
To bring thee back to me.

On to the field—the battle-field,
Where Freedom's standard waves!
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.

Hark! the trumpet's signal blast—
Take this last farewell;
Yet, oh! not the last;
On to the field!

For hope whispers fondly that hearts so united,
So happy, even death would be loth to destroy,
And, checking his dark hand, would pause ere he blighted
A love but just opening in sunshine and joy.

Onward to the battle-field,
Where Freedom's standard waves!
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves!

HUSH, HUSH!

"Hush, hush!"—how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night rounds!
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark! 't is he,"
The night-elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony
While he steals by.
But if his silvery feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard, in chorus sweet,
Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of France, of Italy, Greece or Spain?
Shall we, like them who rove
Through bright Granada's grove,
To the light bolero's measures move?
Or prefer the Guraxia's soft languishing lay,
And thus to its sounds die away?
Say, what shall we dance!

Sound the gay chords—
Let us hear each strain from every shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
Hark! 't is the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polonaise, by her lover led,
Delights through the gay saloon with slow step to tread;
Or, sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
Whose dim shadows serve to hide
The blush raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side.
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound,
Like dreams, we go gliding around.
Say, which shall we dance?

THE EVENING GUN.

Remembrest thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee?

When loud we heard the evening gun
  Peal o'er the twilight sea.
The sounds appear'd to sweep
  Far o'er the verge of day,
Into realms beyond the deep
  They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
  In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun
  Peal o'er the stormy sea:
And while o'er billows curl'd
  The distant sounds decay,
I weep, and wish from this rough world,
  Like them, to die away.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

A Poem,

WITH SONGS.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable *Fête*, given, some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that Evening, — of which the Lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments, — I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside, unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet, whose playful and happy *jeu d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary *Fête* as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed, by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,
November, 1831.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days,
That once inspired the poet's lays?
Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
  For lack of sunbeams, took to coals:
Summers of light, undimm'd by rains —
Whose only mocking trace remains
  In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
  As, on the morning of that Fête
  Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky, —
The important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, swains, and Exquisites.
Faint were her hopes; for June had now
  Set in with all his usual rigour;
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how

To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
  But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph, now nestling there,
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine, —
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
  With hands uplifted to the flame;
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
  Through the white fingers flushing came.

But, oh! the light, the unhoped-for light,
  That now illumed this morning's heaven!
Up sprung Ianthe at the sight,
  Though — hark! the clocks but strike eleven;
And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.
Who now will say that England's sun
  (Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
  And must retrench his golden rays, —
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calumnious thought!" Ianthe cries,
  While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
  Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
  Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
  To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be — if thus so fair
'Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square —
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green?
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk, between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes:
A Lover, loved for even the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
  One, the most flowery, cool, and bright,
By which that lingering river roams,
  The Fête is to be held to-night, —
That Fête, already link'd to fame,
  Whose cards in many a fair-one's sight
When, look'd for long, at last they came,
  Seem'd circled with a fairy light; —
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank, and power,
From the young spinster, just come *out*,
  To the old Premier, too long *in*, —
From legs of far-descended gout,
  To the last new-mustachio'd chin, —
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells:
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
  Gay atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
  Sets dancing thus, and calls "the World."

Behold! how busy in those bowers,
Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,
The countless menials swarming run,

To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table, richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice;
And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer throne of ice
A spirit of coolness over all.

And now the important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,
All London's world for mirth let loose,
And moved, — as he of Syracuse
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, — by force
Of four-horse power, were, like the wind,
Through Grosvenor-Gate to speed their course,
Leaving that portion of mankind
Whom they call "Nobody" behind; —
No star for London's feasts to day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray: —
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by, —
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned!
Even Parliament, this evening, nods
Beneath the harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiates' share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose,
Being all call'd to — prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square, —
That last impregnable redoubt
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Good ancient Error still holds out;
Where never gleam of gas must dare
Against Old Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt: —
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time, *
Let intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still:
Soon as through that illustrious square
The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warn'd by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the daylight's westering beam,
The young Ianthe, who, with flowers
Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there; —
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry, —
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile, what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near — like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,

* I am not certain whether the inhabitants of this Square have yet yielded to the innovations of Gas and Police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old *régime*.

Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to B *alt*;
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and flies.
Tones of a harp, too, lightly play'd,
  Came with this youthful voice communing;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
  Of that most penal process, tuning, —
That process which must oft have given
  Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound,
So pleased, among the joys of heaven
  He specifies "harps *ever* tuned." [1]
She who now sung this gentle strain
  Was our young nymph's still younger sister, —
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
  In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.
The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in Morning Post much famed,
From a *divine* collection, named
  "Songs of the Toilet;" — every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse
  Some branch of feminine array,
Some item with full scope to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing-shoes;
From the last hat that Herbault's hands
  Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce, that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder — or expands
  Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says: —
"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
  That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
  This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
The very notes themselves reveal
  The cut of each new Sleeve so well;
A *flat* betrays the *imbecilles*, [2]
  Light fugues the flying lappets tell;
While rich cathedral chords awake,
Our homage for the Manches d'Évêque."

'T was the first opening song — the Lay
  Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, to while away
  The tiring-hour, thus warbled o'er.

SONG.

Array thee, love! array thee, love!
  In all thy best array thee;
The sun 's below — the moon 's above —
  And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that 's bright and rare —
  The zone, the wreath, the gem;
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
  As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love! array thee, love!
  In all that 's bright array thee;
The sun 's below — the moon 's above —
  And Night and Bliss obey thee.

1 " . . . . Their golden harps they took—
  Harps ever tuned . . . . . "
Paradise Lost, Book 3.

2 The name given to those large sleeves that hang loosely.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave—
  The plumes that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
  Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
  From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
  To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love! array thee, love!
  In all that 's bright array thee;
The sun 's below – the moon 's above—
  And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Now hie thee, love! now hie thee, love!
  Through pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
  Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
  Thy every look a ray;
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
  The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love! now hie thee, love!
  Through pleasure's circles hie thee;
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
  Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now, in his Palace of the West
  Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch, fann'd to rest
  'Mid the cool airs of evening, lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
  The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept,—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
  And catch his last smile ere he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
  The golden eve its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames,
  Now grouped around that festal board!
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As they had robb'd both birds and bowers—
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue:
  While, as the sparkling grape of France
High in the crystal brimmers flow'd,
  Each sunset ray that mix'd by chance
With the wine's diamonds, show'd
  How sunbeams may be taught to dance.
If not in written form exprest,
'T was known, at least, to every guest,
That though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade
(A pastime little found to thrive
  In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit 's the thing we best contrive,
  On such occasions, to disguise),
It yet was hoped—and well that hope
  Was answer'd by the young and gay—
  That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope;
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy;
The tailor, in inventive trance,
  Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
And all the regions of Romance
  Be ransack'd by the *femme de chambre*.

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves, whom Love would pay

Half his maternal realms to ransom;—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome!
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids,
With hats from the *Arcade*-ian shades;
And fortune-tellers—rich, 't was plain,
As fortune-*hunters*, form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
Were mix'd no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look, even more than usual, killing;
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious;
Grave friars (stanch No-Popery men),
In close confab with whig Caciques;
And M.P. Turks, all Moslem then,
Who last night voted for the Greeks.

But where is she, the nymph whom late
We left before her glass, delaying
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error?
"Where is she," ask'st thou?—watch all looks,
As centring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers, by the sides of brooks
Turn'd to the sun—and she is there.
Even in disguise, oh! never doubt
By her own light you 'd track her out:
As when the moon, close shawl'd in fog,
Steals, as she thinks, through heaven *incog.*
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light;
For see! she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledged in Olympus, and make known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow—
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (though few would think it),
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we 've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her ears—
And lo, how pleased! as though she 'd ne'er
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
Her goddess-ship approves the air,
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gaily nods
As though she sate, with all her train,
At some great concert of the Gods,
With Phoebus, leader—Jove, director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—
A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his lay,
Less and still less, like dying day,
The flask's rich radiance ebb'd away.

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But as *I* 'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay,—humble and strange as, my tastes may appear,—
If driven to the worst, I could manage, thank heaven!
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And with wine such as this is, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound,
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan:
But as we are *not* sages, why—send the cup round—
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we 're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind,
But talk of *new* pleasures!—give me but the old,
And I 'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we 've here be the stars of my way!
In the mean time, a bumper—your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But as we are *not* Angels, why—let the flask fly,
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still, where Day had set,
A flush that spoke him loth to die—
A last link of his glory, yet
Binding together earth and sky.
Oh! why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half, enchant the more!
Why is it, but that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd?—
That Beauty, dimly shone upon,
A creature all ideal grows;
And there 's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws?—
Why is it, but that fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And, turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will *be*?

Such was the effect of twilight's hour
On the fair groups, that round and round,
From glade to grot, from bank to bower,
Now wander'd through this fairy ground;
And thus did Fancy (and champagne)
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd, at noon-day, plain
Now brighten'd in the gloom, to belles;
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
  The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
  Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
  Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide,
Astonishing old Thames, to find
  Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last beam from daylight's quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene;
And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
  A band of mariners from the isles
  Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oars' cadence, sung this lay: —

TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
  Our home is on the sea —
    When Nature gave
    The ocean-wave,
  She mark'd it for the Free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
  Whatever storms befall,
    The island bark
    Is freedom's ark,
  And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
  Behold yon sea of isles,
    Where every shore
    Is sparkling o'er
  With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
  For us hath Freedom claim'd
    Those ocean-nests
    Where Valour rests
  His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
  And shall the Moslem dare,
    While Grecian hand
    Can wield a brand,
  To plant his Crescent there?
No — by our fathers! no, boy,
  No, by the Cross we show —
    From Maina's rills
    To Thracia's hills,
  All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts, that o'er the mind
  A minute come, and go again,
Even so by snatches, in the wind,
  Was caught and lost that choral strain, —
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length, when lost, the closing note
  Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy-boat,
  Freighted with music, came this song: —

SONG.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
  Gentle river! thy current runs,

Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
  Shaded cool from summer suns:
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide
  Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
  All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river! the day will come,
  When, woo'd by whispering groves in vain,
Thou 'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
  To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet youth! too soon wilt pass
  Into the world's unsheltered sea:
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas!
  All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Resplendent as a summer noon,
  Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads) —
  Quadrille performs her masy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er curls and capers; —
Working to death each opera strain,
  As with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
  From "Maid and Magpie," up to "Moses;"*
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
  Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respires;
Till Meyerbeer for mercy sues,
  And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased, the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose;
While, light along the painted floor,
  Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
  Till nothing 's left, at last, to say.
When, lo! most opportunely sent —
  Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandy-land, and meant
  For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room – and scarce were there,
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Among the critics, as is common, a
Difference rose 'bout these phenomena.
Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the waists
(That, in particular, of the *he* thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
  The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
  Must manage not to breathe at all.
The female (these same critics said),
  Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet wanted that due width of head,
  To hat of toad-stool much akin, —
That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
  Puzzle church doors to let it in: —
Nor half had reach'd the pitch sublime
To which true *toques* and *berets* climb,

* In England the *partition* of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit; by which means the indecorum of giving such names as "Moise," "Pharaon," &c. (as was done in Paris) to the dances selected from it, has been avoided.

Leaving, — like lofty Alps, that throw
  O'er minor Alps their shadowing sway, —
Earth's humbler bonnets far below,
  To poke through life their fameless way.

However, — sad as 't was, no doubt,
That nymph so smart should go about
With head unconscious of the place
It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space —
Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*,
A prettier show 't was hard to find;
While of that doubtful genus, "dressy men,"
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
Such *savants*, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race —
To know what rank (if rank at all)
'Mong reasoning things to these should fall —
What sort of notions Heaven imparts
To high-built heads, and tight-laced hearts —
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays —
Had now, if gifted with discerning,
Full opportunities of learning:
As these two creatures, from their pout
And frown, 't was plain, had just fallen out,
And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full fret and force; —
Like mites, through microscope espied,
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek
The tempest of their souls to speak:
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a duet.

WALTZ DUET.*

HE.

Long as I waltz'd with only thee,
  Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
  Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone — heigho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
  Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
  To Collinet's immortal strain.
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone — heigho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
  I know no bounds of time or breath;
And should the charmer's head hold out,
  My heart and heels are hers till death.
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round through life we 'll go.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that this duet is a parody of the often translated and parodied ode of Horace, "Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
  A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
  A *vested* interest in my heart.
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round with him I 'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
  Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
  And I *levant* from Lady Jane,
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round again we 'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
  And thine, dear youth! are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I 'd live,
  With thee, to Weber's Stop-waltz, die!
    Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Thus round and round through life we 'll go.
[*Exeunt waltzing.*

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil,—
That dancing doom, whose law decrees
  That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
  Of Broadwood's in a long concerto:—
While thus the fiddle's spell, *within*,
  Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without,—as if some Mandarin
  Were holding there his Feast of Lights,—
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden,—lamps all o'er,
  As though the spirits of the air
Had taken it in their heads to pour
  A shower of summer meteors there;—
While here a lighted shrubbery led
  To a small lake, that sleeping lay
Cradled in foliage,—but, o'erhead,
  Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
  Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood,
And, looking bashful in the flood,
  Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither to this sweet place of calm,
Fit but for nights whose air is balm,
Whose light so gladsome shines aloft,
  That even the dew refrains from weeping,
And every breath that comes is soft
  And pure as that of infants sleeping:
Nights such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour,—when all
  So silent is, below, on high,
  That if a star falls down the sky,

You almost think you hear it fall!
Hither, to this retreat, a few,
  To shun the dancers' wildering noise
And give an hour, ere the night flew,
  To music's more ethereal joys,
Came, with their voices, — willing all,
Like Echo, waiting for a call, —
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And first a dark-eyed nymph — array'd
Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,
Bright Mona Lisa,* — with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone, —
With face, too, in its form resembling
  Da Vinci's beauties — the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
  Now soft as if suffused with sighs —
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light fingers o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful words; —

SONG.

Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying: —
  Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;
Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
  Tones of a light heart, now banish'd so long,
Chase them away, — they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute — day is fast going,
  Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
  When that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy lay!
Mark, how it fades! — see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group that, late, in garb of Greeks,
  Sung their light chorus o'er the tide, —
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
  Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or nightly, on her glistening sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody, —
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
  But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
  And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.

SONG AND TRIO.

On one of those sweet nights that oft
  Their lustre o'er the Aegean fling,
Beneath my casement, low and soft,
  I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,

* The celebrated portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting.

These sounds upon the night-breeze caught —
"Oh, happy as the Gods is he,
Who gazes at this hour on thee!"
The song was one by Sappho sung
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still at close of every strain,
I heard these burning words again —
"Oh, happy as the Gods is he,
Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
Each asking eye, - nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again, —
Like flushes Evening wears, when shy
She meets the sun's too ardent eye, —
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
Of southern sunshine seem'd to float,
So rich with climate was each note, —
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy with this soft theme: —

SONG.

Oh! where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
Thou comest not, —No, thou comest not!

'T is the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'T is the hour of all hours,
When the lute murmurs best:
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glances they see,
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee:
Yet thou comest not, — No, thou comest not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light boyish form, with trip
Fantastic, up the green walk came,
Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;
As though a live cameleon's skin
He had despoil'd, to robe him in.
A zone he wore of clattering shells;
And from his lofty cap, where shone
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells,
That rung as he came dancing on.
Close after him, a page, — in dress
And shape, his miniature express, —
An ample basket, fill'd with store
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;

Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
He laid it at his master's feet,
Who, half in speech and half in song,
Chaunted this invoice to the throng:—

SONG.

Who 'll buy? 't is Folly's shop, who 'll buy? —
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners here 's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing s' in it;
And nine-pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who 'll buy? 't is Folly's shop, who 'll buy? —
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fool's supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather:
Tetotums we 've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Alike their short and dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
Who 'll buy? 't is Folly's shop, who 'll buy? —
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.

Here misers may their bones inter
In shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we 've quicksilver
That, fast as heart can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we 've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who 'll buy? 't is Folly's shop, who 'll buy? —
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.

No time we 've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then, — as we with lawyers do, —
To Knavery's shop, next door, we 'll send you.
Who 'll buy! 't is Folly's shop, who 'll buy? —
We 've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Beside our usual fools' supply,
We 've lots of playthings, too, for sages.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That, here and there, their gleams unfold
In this dark world, — like grains of gold
In the mine's refuse, — few and bright;
Behold! where, opening far away,
The long conservatory's range,

Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
  But gaining lovelier in exchange,
Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah, much loved supper! blithe repast
Of other times, now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deploy'd his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
Put supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.
Now waked once more by wine,—whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills before they sing,—
The Minstrels of the table greet
The listening ear with descant sweet.—

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVER AND COUCHER.

  CALL the Loves around!
    Let the whispering sound
Of their wings be heard alone,
    Till soft to rest
    My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
    Let Fancy's beams
    Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
    Her spirit be
    Like a summer sea,
Shining and slumbering too.
    And while thus hush'd she lies,
    Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
"Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright eyes."

    But the day-beam breaks
    See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,—
    Like stars that wait
    At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore.
    Let the veil of night
    From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,
    Like mists that flee
    From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
  And while her last dream flies,
  Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
"Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright eyes."

SONG.

IF to see thee be to love thee,
  If to love thee be to prize,
Nought of earth or heaven above thee,
  Nor to live but for those eyes;
If such love, to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth—be wrong to heaven,

'T is not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
  In this heart more pride 't will raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
  Than right, with all a world to praise!
But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whispering round
From lip to lip,—as if the power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look towards yon enchanted chair,
  Where, like the Lady of the masque,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
  As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there:
Who is this nymph? and what, O Muse!
  What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
  What man these mystic whisperings?
Thus runs the tale:—yon blushing maid
Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the marriage service,
Is the bright heroine of our song,
The love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We 've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.

But no,—earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the gods, must wait a while,
And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
  A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
  Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night in yonder half-lit shade,
  For love-concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
  And love and silence blush'd consent.
Parents and friends—all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, house-maids, Turks, Hindoos—
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie;
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Ducal shape,—but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all-glorious,—such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 't is morn in heaven; the sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
  And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leaders' nostrils send a steam
  Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
  As makes their onward path all light:
What 's to be done? If Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;

And when the day thus shines outright,
Even dearest friends must bid good night.—
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking!
  Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauties, late in lamp-light basking,
  Now, by daylight, dim and pale;
Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bored you keep
Tune by nodding, not to sleep;
Heads of hair that stood last night
Crépé, crispy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa:
Fare ye well!—Thus sinks away
  All that 's mighty, all that 's bright:
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
  And even a Ball—has but its night.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

THE SKY IS BRIGHT.

"THE sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
And the mainsail flowing, full and free—
Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
And the hope before us—Liberty!
Farewell—farewell.
To GREECE we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young ZEAN Maids!

"The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of Liberty!
Farewell—farewell.
To GREECE we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young ZEAN Maids!"

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave,
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving, on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh speed their way—the chosen flow'r
Of ZEA's youth—the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour—
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas, no more is seen—
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it hath been!

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your belov'd are gone;—
Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck,—watching the flame
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Had made them droop and weep like you.

Home to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Aegean deep,
And your brave warriors, hastening back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home!
There is a Fount on ZEA's isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of GREECE looks down,—
Pleas'd as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow hath twin'd,
When he beholds each floweret there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose,[1] whose wreath
Hangs radiant round the CYPRIOT shrine,
And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe
Their odour into ZANTE's wines:—[2]
The splendid wood-bine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of PATMOS weave—[3]
And that fair plant, whose tangled stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair,[4] when spread,
Dishevell'd o'er her azure bed;—
All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born:
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen.
Towering on every verdant height—
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth—
Fair oaks, that over ZEA's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd;
While Commerce, from her thousand sails,
Scatters their acorns through the world![5]
'Twas here—as soon as prayer and sleep,
(Those truest friends to all who weep,)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—
'Twas here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose hreathings calm and sweet
Grief might be sooth'd, if not forgot,
The ZEAN nymphs resolv'd to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewell tears that night,
And try, if sound of lute and song,
If wandering mid the moonlight flowers
In various talk, could charm along,
With lighter step, the lingering hours,
Till tidings of that Bark should come,
Or Victory waft their warriors home!
When first they met,— the wonted smile
Of greeting having beam'd awhile,—
'Twould touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O'er their young brows, when they look'd round

1 "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rododaphne, and the Cypryots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days."— *Journal of Dr. Sibthorp, Walpole's Turkey.*
2 Id.
3 Lonicera Caprifolium, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.
4 Cuscuta Europaea. "From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids."— *Walpole's Turkey.*
5 The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals."— *Clarke's Travels.*

Upon that bright, enchanted ground,
And thought, how many a time, with those
  Who now were gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening's close,
  And danc'd till morn outshone the stars!

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
  Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—
The breath from her own blushing lips,
  That on the maiden's mirror rests,
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass!
Soon did they now, as round the Well
  They sat, beneath the rising moon,
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
  In holy founts,—while some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain;—
And some, from all the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,
Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets, that all in turn would hear;—
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
  That many a nymph, though pleas'd the while,
  Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she *could* be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
  Who to LEUCADIA[1] late had been—
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
  On its white towering cliffs, and seen
The very spot where SAPPHO sung
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her lov'd lyre,) into the deep,
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,
At once, of both her heart and lyre!

Mutely they listen'd all—and well
Did the young travell'd maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddying deep—[2]
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound—
And of those scented lilies[3] (some
  Of whose white flowers, the ZEAN said,
Herself had gather'd and brought home,
  In memory of the minstrel maid,)
Still blooming on that fearful place,—
As if call'd up by Love, to grace
The immortal spot, o'er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to every listener's thought
These legends of LEUCADIA brought
All that of SAPPHO's hapless flame
Still hovers round the wrecks of Fame—
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round her, mute,
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
That o'er the tender LESBIAN stole,

1 Now Santa Maura,—the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.
2 "The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour, and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks." *Goodisson's Ionian Isles.*
3 See Mr. Goodisson's very interesting description of all these circumstances.

And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the LESBIAN's own,
One of those fervid fragments gave,
  Which still — like sparkles of Greek Fire,
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave —
  Burn on thro' Time, and ne'er expire!

SAPPHO AT HER LOOM.

As o'er her loom the LESBIAN Maid
  In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
  She weeping turn'd away, and said:
"Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
  "I cannot weave, as once I wove —
"So wilder'd is my heart and brain
  "With thinking of that youth I love!"*

Again the web she tried to trace,
  But tears fell o'er each tangled thread,
While, looking in her Mother's face,
  Who o'er her watchful lean'd, she said:
"Oh, my sweet Mother, — 'tis in vain —
  "I cannot weave, as once I wove —
"So wilder'd is my heart and brain
  "With thinking of that youth I love!"

A silence followed this sweet air,
  As each in tender musing stood,
Thinking, with lips that mov'd in pray'r,
  Of SAPPHO and that fearful flood:
While some, who ne'er till now had known
  How much their hearts resembled hers,
Felt, as they made her griefs their own,
  That *they*, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,
So faint it was, came from the lute
Of a young melancholy maid,
Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd
From chord to chord, as if in chase
  Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
  She sought among those chords again.
Slowly the half-forgotten theme
  (Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory — as a beam
  Falls broken o'er some shaded spot; —
And while her lute's sad symphony
  Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
  (As fays behold the wither'd green
Where late they danc'd) what misery
  May follow where his steps have been,
Thus simply to the listening throng
She breath'd her melancholy song: —

Weeping for thee, my love, through the longh day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night —
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!

* I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning Γλυκεῖα μάτερ, which represents so truly (as Warton remarks) "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love."

Nought left but Memory — whose dreary tread —
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies dead —
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had scaped oblivion - like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, that, thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power —
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element —
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own —
With friends or joys gone by — will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!
But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their fancies longer droop,
Ev'n under music's melting art;
And one, upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round,
With eyes that, though they laugh'd with light,
Had still a lingering tear within;
And, while her hand, in dazzling flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her — the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All ZEA met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea shore.

THE ROMAIKA.

When the Balaika [1]
Is heard o'er the sea,
I 'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away. [2]
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then at the closing
Of each merry lay,
We'll lie, reposing,
Beneath the night ray;
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We 'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

1 This word is, I fear, defrauded of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."

2 "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave." — *Douglas, on the Modern Greeks.*

Oh then, how featly
  The dance we'll renew,
Wandering fleetly
  Its light mazes through.[1]
Till stars, shining o'er us
  From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would give their bright chorus
  For one dance of ours!
When the Balaika
  Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
  My own love with me.

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth 'twixt smiles and tears!
Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispell'd
  The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
  Full empire o'er each fancy now.

But say—what shall the measure be?
  "Shall we the old Romaika tread"
(Some eager ask'd) "as anciently
  "'Twas by the maids of DELOS led,
"When, slow at first, then circling fast,
"As the gay spirits rose,—at last,
"With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,
  "Through the light air they seem'd to flit
"In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd
  "Each dazzled eye that follow'd it?"
Some call'd aloud "The Fountain Dance!"—
  While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon,
Whose step was air-like, and whose glance
  Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said—"shame on these soft
"And languid strains we hear so oft.
"Daughters of Freedom! have not we
  "Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
"The Dance of GREECE, while GREECE was free,—
  "That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
"But sword and shield clash on the ear
"A music tyrants quake to hear?[2]
"Heroines of ZEA, arm with me,
"And dance the dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Loos'd the white hat, that o'er her face
(From ANATOLIA[3] came the maid)
  Hung, shadowing each sunny charm,
And, with a fair young armourer's aid,
  Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd;
Then, springing tow'rds a grove that spread

1 "In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure."

2 For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance see De Guys, &c.—It appears from Apuleius (lib. X.) that this war-dance was, among the ancients, sometimes performed by females.

3 See the *costume* of the Greek women of Natolia in *Castellan's Moeurs des Othomans.*

Its canopy of foliage near,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head
She wav'd the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
The grove, their verdant armoury,
Falchion and lance[1] alike supplied;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a throng
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
PENEUS' silver-eddied[2] stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
Martially, o'er the shining field;
Now, to the mimic combat led,
A heroine at each squadron's head,
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield:
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices,—heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
From lips of aged sires who, round,
Stood smiling at their children's play,—
Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:—

(*The War-dance.*)

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when GREECE was free;
When SPARTA's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory!
"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such was the SPARTAN warriors' dance.

"Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
Attack—defend—do all, but yield;"
Thus did thy sons, oh GREECE, one glorious night,
Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light,
They grandly died for thee and liberty!"[3]
"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such was the SPARTAN heroes' dance.

Scarce had they clos'd this martial lay,
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,
All breathless from the war-field fly!
And down, upon the velvet banks
And flowery slopes, exhausted lie,
Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

1 The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.
2 Homer Il. 2. 753.
3 It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zean said—
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, half delight,
Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight—
"Fond maids! who thus with War can jest,
"Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest—
"When, in his childish innocence,
"Pleas'd with the shade that helmet flings,
"He thinks not of the blood, that thence
"Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.
"Ay,—true it is, young patriot maids,
"If Honour's arm still won the fray,
"If luck but shone on righteous blades,
"War were a game for gods to play!
"But no, alas!—hear one, who well
"Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave—
"Hear *me*, in mournful ditty, tell
"What glory waits the patriot's grave:"—

AS ON THE SHORE.

As on the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the Free;
And there, the last unfinished word
He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty!

That tribute of subdued applause
A charm'd, but timid, audience pays—
That murmur, which a minstrel draws
From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,
Followed this song, and left a pause
Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried—
Like roses, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The clustered leaves, herself unseen—
And, as that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err'd,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
Th'attentive ear, this strain was heard:—

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I saw from yonder silent cave,*
Two Fountains running, side by side,

* This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows through stupendous rocks."—*Williams's Travels in Greece.*

The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
  The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"Oh Love!", said I, in thoughtless dream,
  As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,
"Here in this dark and chilly stream
  "Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
  Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
  And brought the past all back again;
And said "Oh Love! what e'er my lot,
  "Still let this soul to thee be true—
"Rather than have one bliss forgot,
  "Be all my pains remember'd too!"

The group that stood around to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as swell'd the lay
More strongly forth, retir'd away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside:
For such she was—a creature, bright
  And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
That, while they last, make up, in light
  And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice's melody,—its tone
Gathering new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round,—
That, ere the nymph (with downcast eye
Still on the chords) her lute laid by,
"Another Song" all lips exclaim'd,
And each some matchless favourite nam'd,
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O'er the sweet chords, she thus began:—

OH! MEMORY.

Oh! Memory, how coldly
  Thou paintest joy gone by!
Like rainbows, thy pictures
  But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,
  That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
  Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
  Thou paint'st the grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
  But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
  Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
  But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade; and so, with song
And witching sounds, — not such as they,
  The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away,[1]
  But soft and holy, — did each maid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,
  On the sea-shore, a ruin stood; —
A relic of th' extinguish'd race,
Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,
When fair Ioulis,[2] by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
  Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
  Call'd from the wave by witchery!

This ruin now by barbarous hands
  Debas'd into a motley shed,
Where the once splendid column stands
  Inverted on its leafy head,
Was as they tell, in times of old,
  The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
  And sadden, mid their mirth, the gay, —
Simonides,[3] whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears —
Like Hesperus, a star of tears!

'Twas hither now, — to catch a view
  Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light, — a few
  Of the more restless damsels stray'd;
And some would linger mid the scent
  Of hanging foliage, that perfum'd
The ruin'd walls; while others went,
  Culling whatever floweret bloom'd
In the lone leafy space between, —
Where gilded chambers once had been, —
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
  Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free,
And thought, alas, how cold might be,
  At that still hour, his place of rest!

Meanwhile there came a sound of song,
  From the dark ruins — a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumbered long,
  Were murmuring into life again.

But, no — the nymphs knew well the tone —
  A maiden of their train, who lov'd,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
  Had deep into the ruins rov'd,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
  Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
  Her lover sung one moonlight night: —

1 This superstitious custom of the Thessalians existd also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among the Persians.

2 An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) "extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Ioulis received its name."

3 Zea was the birth-place of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."

THEY ARE GONE.

Ah! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?
They are gone— they all are gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own—
He is gone—he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to die—
She is gone—she too is gone!

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her, who hears, and him, who sings this lay—
They are gone—they both are gone!

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silvery urn
Into the bright and silent deep—
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other play-mates, rang'd around
The sacred Spring, prepar'd to tune
Their parting hymn,[1] ere sunk the moon,
To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old ELEUSIS' worshipp'd Well,
Or heard what legend songs recount
Of SYRA, and its sacred Fount,[2]
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
Into the laps of living flowers—
Where village maidens lov'd to flock,
On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
Charm'd the unconscious night along!
While holy pilgrims, on their way
To DELOS' isle, stood looking on,
Enchanted with a scene so gay,
Nor sought their boats, till morning shone!

Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now display'd,
As round the Fount, in linked ring,
They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted Spring
Warbled their farewell for the night:—

1 These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. *De Guys* tells us that he has seen "the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung in concert to them."

2 "The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale—telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification."—*Clarke.*

MAIDENS OF ZEA!

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
  Maidens of ZEA!
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
  Oh Maids of ZEA!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
  Bright Fount of ZEA!
Not even CASTALY,
Fam'd though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
  Oh Fount of ZEA!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shalt bring,
Answering, answering,
  Sweet Fount of ZEA!
Oh! of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
  Bright Fount of ZEA!

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heav'n's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
  Daughters of ZEA!
Such as, in former days,
Were danc'd, by DIAN'S rays,
Where the EUROTAS strays,*
  Oh! Maids of ZEA!

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
  Maidens of ZEA!
No, nought but Music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
  Oh! Maids of ZEA!

* "Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per juga Cynthi Exercet Diana choros."—*Virgil.*

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

SECOND EVENING.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

SECOND EVENING.

WHEN EVENING SHADES ARE FALLING.

When evening shades are falling
  O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
  Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
  The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
  Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,*
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
  Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
  Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
  Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
  Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
  Floated along its azure tide,—
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
  And light and song together died!
So soft through evening's air had breath'd
That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd
In many-linked harmony,
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
Paused, when they reached this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
  In song and dance this evening's hours,
Far happier now the bosoms beat,
  Than when they last adorn'd these bowers;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
  At break of day, from the far isles,—
Tidings like breath of life to some,—
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
  Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles,

* One of the titles of the Virgin: — "Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris." — *Isidor.*

To meet that brightest of all meeds
Which wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
  Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
When the long-absent sun appears,
  Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast!
  More ripe for change than a young moon;
Nor e'er was joy so new possest
  But Youth would leave for newer soon.
These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot,
  Where first they held their evening play,
As e'er yet fell to fairy's lot
  To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
Had now exchang'd that sheltered scene
  For a wide glade beside the sea, —
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green
  Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joyed to give him light for light!

  And ne'er did evening more serene
  Look down from heaven on lovelier scene.
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
  O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet
  That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er
  The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
Had put forth from the Attic skore,
  Or the near Isle of Ebony; —
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves
  Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves
  Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
Woe to the craft, however fleet,
These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,
Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendelee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
  Where these young island nymphs are met!
Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade
  Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to night.
On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
A Chapel, fronting towards the sea,
Built in some by-gone century,
Where, nightly, — as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark —
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And prayer to heaven, as they went by.

'Twas there, around that rock-built shrine,
  A group of maidens and their sires
Had stood to watch the day's decline,
  And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Virgin Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now woo the coming hours along.
For, mark, — where smooth the herbage lies, —
  Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which, bright eyes,
  From time to time, are seen to peep;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
  Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.
Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
  That mystic curtain backward drew,
And all, that late but gleam'd between,
  In half caught glimpses, burst to view.
A picture 'twas of the early days
Of glorious GREECE, ere yet those rays
Of high, immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by heaven alone;
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalized her rills;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
Illum'd that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
  That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
  Where glorious Art was to be born!
Such was the scene that mimic stage
  Of ATHENS and her hills pourtray'd;
ATHENS, in her first, youthful age,
  Ere yet the simple violet braid,[1]
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
While yet undreamed, her seeds of Art
  Lay sleeping in the marble mine, —
Sleeping till Genius bade them start
  To all but life, in shapes divine;
Till deified the quarry shone,
And all OLYMPUS stood in stone!

There, — in the foreground of that scene, —
On a soft bank of living green,
Sate a young nymph, with her lap full
  Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
  All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden rais'd
  Her speaking eyes to his, while he —
Oh *not* upon the flowers now gaz'd,
  But on that bright look's witchery.
While, quick as if but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew:
And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
  Form lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
  And sung the Birth of Portraiture.[2]

1 "Violet-crowned Athens."—*Pindar.*
2 The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, Lib. 35, c. 40.

BLEST BE LOVE.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
  Her garland mid the summer bow'rs,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
  To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
  But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor known the colouring, which the heart
  Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
  And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
  To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh! if such magic pow'r there be,
  This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
To paint that living light I see,
  And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard,
  His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
  From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
  The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
  Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
  And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
  Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
  Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets, transformed to eyes,
  Inshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below,
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till Song and Painting learned from him!

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
  Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
  This tale of yore so aptly sung;
And while some nymphs, who longed to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crown'd with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
The rest, in happy converse, stray'd, —
  Talking that ancient love-tale o'er, —
Some to the groves that skirt the glade,
  Some to the chapel by the shore,
To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of the absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
  Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
  Lovers and slaves alike commands, —
  The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd; —
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of far-off rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene, — a waste
  Of Lybian sands, by moonlight's ray, —
An ancient well, whereon were traced,
  The warning words, for such as stray
  Unarmed there, "Drink and away!" [1]
While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
  And like his bells, in hush'd repose,
A camel slept, — young as if wean'd
  When last the star, Canopus, rose. [2]

Such was the back-ground's silent scene; —
  While, near the eye lay, slumbering too,
In a rude tent, with brow serene,
  A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue,
And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
  Thinking the long wished hour is come
  When, o'er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough, —
Trophy of his accomplish'd vow. [3]

But brief his dream — for now the call
  Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
"Bind on your burdens," [4] wakes up all
  The widely slumbering caravan;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
  Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, lingering near,
  Had watched his slumber, cheerly breaks.

THE CARAVAN SONG.

I.

Up and march! the timbrel's sound
Wakes the slumb'ring cap around;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on!
Long and weary is our way
O'er the burning sands to day;
But to pilgrim's homeward feet
Ev'n the desert's path is sweet!

1 The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large bason called *Shrub wee krub*, "Drink and away," — there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.

2 The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel: when the proper time arrives, he turns the camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, "Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk." — *Richardson.*

3 "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey." — *Hasselquist.*

4 This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death: — "For me what room is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty, when every moment the bell makes proclamation, 'Bind on your burdens!'"

II.

When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,
Hearing but the watchman's tone
Faintly chaunting "God is one,"[1]
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village home,
Where that chaunt, when evening sets,
Sounds from all our minarets.

III.

Cheer thee! — soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red-Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan:[2]
Oh what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmured out by voices dear!

So passed the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.
Nor long the pause between, nor mov'd
The spell-bound audience from that spot;
While still, as usual, Fancy rov'd
On to the joy that yet was not; —
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight!

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm, — rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
That Freedom's falcon nest is there,
Too high for hand of lord or king
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis MAINA's land — her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs[3] — her countless rills
And torrents, in their downward dash
Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flowering ash, —
All with a truth so fresh pourtray'd
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance, —
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
Link'd in the Ariadne dance;[4]
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of these wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
As war or sport inspires the lay,
Follow each change that wakes the strings
And act o'er all the lyrist sings:

1 The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, "God is one, &c. &c."

2 "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

3 ——virginibus bacchata Laconis
Taygeta.— *Virg.*

4 See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.

NO LIFE IS LIKE THE MOUNTAINEER'S.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
  His home is near the sky,
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears
  Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come — we come,"
Each crag that towers in air
Gives answer "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
The swarming warriors mingle,
And "Hurra!" their cry will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who 'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side,
And each shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot!
Oh! no life is like the mountaineer's,
  His home is near the sky,
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears
  Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs —
  Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
  Brings joyous hours to him;
When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along;
Or, provok'd by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, tired at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams the chase and dance again,
  Dreams, dreams them o'er again. —

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
  Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Pourtray the lull, the nod, the start,
  Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
  Their startled ears, — song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
  Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
  Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
  The requiem of her Brave and Free.
Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
  The wondering nymphs, and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
  With mute enquiring eye look round,

Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
  Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright waves swift along,
  And haply soon beneath the brow
  Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
  'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
  Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rds them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
  From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
  And, while their pinnace idly roll'd
  On the light surge, these tidings told: —

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From MISSOLONGHI, last they came, —
  Sad MISSOLONGHI, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
  That e'er in life's young glory set! —
And now were on their mournful way,
  Wafting the news through HELLE's isles; —
News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
  And sadden Victory mid her smiles!

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again,
And, as she sped her swift career,
Again that Hymn rose on the ear, —
"Thou art not dead - thou art not dead!"
As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
  A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

THOU ART NOT DEAD.

I.

THOU art not dead — thou art not dead! *
  No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
  Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
  No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.

II.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread,
  And flowers ethereal blow,
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
  Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
  No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.

III.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
  Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed, —
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread, —

* Φίλταθ' Ἁρμοδι, οὐπω τεθνηκας.

Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.

IV.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.

V.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt HYMETTUS' head,
Or HELLE's waters flow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest HARMODIUS, no.

'Mong those who linger'd listening there,
Listening, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could to'rds them bear
A murmur of that fading song,
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call'd up feelings fas too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of JOVE himself, while, on the other,
'Mong tiny stars that round her gleamed,
The young moon, like the Roman mother
Among her living "jewels," beamed.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid, — one who, though young,
Had known what 'twas to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had clung, —
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung:

CALM AS BENEATH ITS MOTHER'S EYES.

I.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
Yon landscape sleeps in light!
And while the night breeze dies away,
Like relics of some faded strain,
Lov'd voices, lost for many a day,
Seem whispering round again.
Oh youth! Oh love! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled?

II.

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
  Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
  In that bright sea beyond:
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
  Than even that tranquil, moon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
  Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power
  And play of smiles, — and each bright eye,
Like violets after morning's shower,
  The brighter for its tears gone by,
Back to the scene such smiles should grace
These wandering nymphs their path retrace,
And reach the spot, with rapture new,
Just as the veils asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood; —
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
  With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
  When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings
O'er her stern features, gently sings.
But who is he — that urchin nigh,
  With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
  So full of soul, for one, so young? —
That child — but, silence! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear: —

LOVE AND WISDOM.

I.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
  Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
  Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
  That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
  As woman will be woman still.

II.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
  To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even
  Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
  Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour — whate'er her learning —
  A woman will be woman still.

III.

Her flute he prais'd in terms extatic,
  Wishing it dumb — nor car'd how soon —
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
  To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,

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The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;
As, weak or wise,—it does not matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

IV.

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming
"How brilliant was her lips' soft dye!"
And much that flute, the sly rogue, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

V.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
At distance long 'twas heard repeating,
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

An interval of dark repose,—
Such as a summer midnight knows,
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright
The quick revealment comes and goes,
Opening each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light—
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,
Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bower it seem'd, an Indian bower,
Within whose shade a nymph reposed,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour,—
Lovely as she, the Sprite who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy—she, too, dreams!
Oh for a wizard's art to tell
The wonders that now bless her sight!
'Tis done—a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
Thus brings her vision all to light:—

WHO COMES SO GRACEFULLY.

I.

"Who comes so gracefully
Gliding along,
While the blue rivulet
Sleeps to her song;
Song, richly vying
With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying,
Sweetly prolong?"

II.

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat

Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

III.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
That vision, speeding,
Glided away.

IV.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on; —
Like flowers, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon
She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvelled that it came not soon
As her young thoughts would have it come.

But joy is in her glance! — the wing
Of a white bird is seen above —
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird * would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had herself, last evening, sent
A winged messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
She watch'd till, lessening out of sight,
Far to the golden East it went
Wafting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flowers can speak, when aptly wove, —
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought!

And now — oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone! —
Ere yet another evening takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

WELCOME, SWEET BIRD.

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number! —
Saying oft "idle bird, how could he rest?"

* The Huma.

But, thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
  And dream, sweet bird, of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop — even now while I utter
  Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away:
Cheer thee, my bird — were it life's ebbing flutter,
  This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
But no — thou'rt dying thy last task is over —
  Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!
Beaming thou camest with smiles from my lover,
  Which now are all turn'd into weeping for thee.

While so this scene of song, the last
That was to charm their fancies, pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
  Watch'd over all, invisibly, —
As do those guardian sprites of air,
  Whose watch we feel, but cannot see, —
Had from the circle, (scarcely missed,
  Ere they were sparkling there again,)
Glided, like fairies, to assist
  Their handmaids on the moonlight plain,
Where, hid by intercepting shade
  From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid, —
  Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
  Steering through Heav'n, — as tho' she bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
  To some remote immortal shore, —
Had half-way sped her glorious way,
  When, round reclined and hillocks green,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
  The Zeans at their feast were seen.

Gay was the picture, — every maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd; —
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
  Beside the nymph of India's sky;
While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whispered in young Minerva's ear,
  And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,
  By mirth and wit themselves made young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian poured,
  And, while the flask went round, thus sung.

UP WITH THE SPARKLING BRIMMER!

I.

Up with the sparkling brimmer!
  Up to the crystal rim:
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
  'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
  Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er the cup's horizon
  Dawns in bumpers bright?

II.

Truth in a deep well lieth —
  So the wise aver;

But Truth the fact denieth—
  Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
  Like this mighty cup,—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
  Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
  And all was tuneful mirth the while,
  Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As fixed they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly.
What see they there? a bright blue light
  That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight,
  As though 'twere wing'd to ZEA's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
  It seemed the night-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
  Of a pine torch, luring his prey;
While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,
  They breath'd the bless'd PANAYA's* name,
Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
  But of that drear ill-omen'd flame,
Which mariners see on sail or mast,
When death is muttering in the blast.

While marvelling thus they stood, a maid,
  Who sate apart, with downcast eye,
Nor yet had, from her seat of shade,
  Look'd at that light which now was nigh,
Soon as it met her sight, with cry
  Of pain-like joy, "'tis he! 'tis he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
  The assembled throng, rush'd towards the sea.
At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed,
All stood like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew:—
A youth, the flower of all the band,
  Who late had left this sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
  Lingering, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
  The ominous thought which cross'd him then,
That once those hands should loose their hold,
  They ne'er would meet on earth again!
In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free
As generous woman's only is,
Veil her own fears to banish his:—
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
  Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this martial strain,
  His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
  Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:—

MARCH! NOR HEED THOSE ARMS THAT HOLD THEE.

I.

MARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
  Though so close they round thee come,
Closer still will they enfold thee,

* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March! — one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

II.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, if wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh, —
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down, and die!

III.

There! I see thy soul is burning —
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then —
March! — nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, ere loath their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,
That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
He home would speed, if safe and free, —
Or, even if dying, still would come,
So the blest word of "Victory!"
Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
"By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my bark,
"But, should I come through midnight dark,
"A blue light on the prow shall tell
"That GREECE hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light,
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd.

Happy signal — for her, for all —
Fleetly the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.
Oh the blest hour, when those who 've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security —
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er —
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, *indeed*, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As father, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him, — all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd —

Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from victory scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

"Ere morn" — said he, and, while he spoke,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear and pale,
The star of dawn already broke
"On yonder wave we'll greet their sail!"
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while even amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song beguile the anxious hour.

'TIS THE VINE!

I.

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flam'd
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it turn'd pale:
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

II.

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.
"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail;"
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

III.

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er,
Oh! never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

IV.

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

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